

**THE
SECRETS
OF
MULTIPLE
ERECTIONS**

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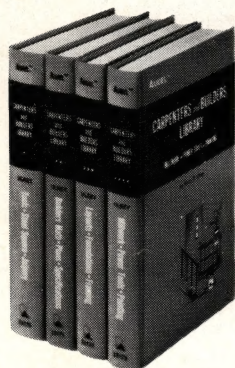
**THE WIFE-SWAP
LETTERS**Readers Write To The Editors About
Their Mate-Switch Experiments**LOUIE: THE
STORY OF A
MAFIA
BAG MAN****A 3-HOOKER
TOUR OF THE
SEXUAL
UNDERGROUND****MR. POISON:
THE BLIND EX-COP
CHICAGO'S
STREET GANGS
FEAR MOST****"MY 12-MONTH
ADVENTURES
WITH
WANT-AD
LOVERS"****PRE-MOVIE BOOK BONUS:
"A BURNING
SHIP IS
BLOCKING
THE PANAMA
CANAL!"****PLUS: A SENSATIONAL
FULL-COLOR PORTFOLIO
OF FABULOUS
FRAN STOWE (PAGE 19)
AND JANE PERKINS
(PAGE 31)**



**"For an amateur,
he's a whiz.
How'd he get
so good?"**

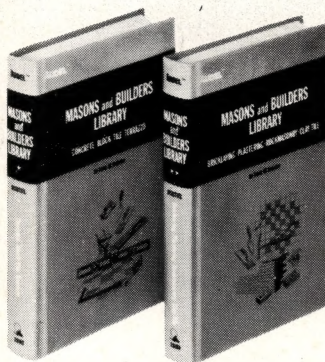
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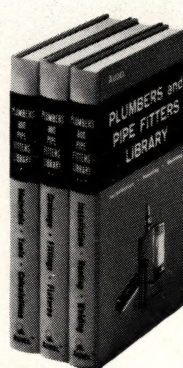
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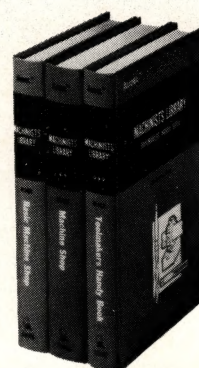
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At 23, Bill De Medio has more freedom, more security, and gets more respect than guys twice his age. (Photograph by Frank Cowan.)

Men

VOL. 24 NO. 9 SEPTEMBER, 1975



Had this summer not been so hot, we couldn't have brought you Fran Stowe. To learn why this Southern belle posed for us, turn to page 19. Then flip further to page 31 and find out what Jane Perkins caught up to when she finally stopped running.



THE WIFE-SWAP LETTERS 12

The "Swinging" life: Is it good or bad? How wild is it? How does a couple enter it? Here are the answers, detailed by the mate switchers who've been there.

BY HERMANN K. WOLFF, Ph.D.



24 "A BURNING AMMO SHIP IS BLOCKING THE PANAMA CANAL!"

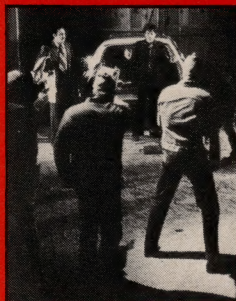
As the world held its breath, a handful of men gambled their lives against a time bomb that could blow them and the canal into bits of fiery pulp.

BY ROLAND EMPEY

KIDNAP! 14

It's the ultimate crime of terror . . . you pay the blood money and wait—a day, a week, a year never knowing if your loved one will be returned.

BY GIL PAUST



26 THE SECRETS OF MULTIPLE ERECTIONS

"Jerry couldn't believe what I did to him. Once we got started, he lasted the entire night."—Nan V., explaining how she turns her lovers on.

BY RICHARD DINES, Ph.D.

A 3-HOOKER TOUR OF THE SEXUAL UNDERGROUND 16

MEN follows a madam, a call-girl and a streetwalker on a personalized tour of the after-hours, sex-filled world in which these women live, play and love.

BY ALEX AUSTIN



28 MR. POISON

A slug took Kelly's eyes but he could still see the job that had to be done. If he didn't take a stand, all of Chicago would fall into the gang's grip.

BY WADE SULLIVAN

THEY KILL, MAIM AND DESTROY 18

Roaming the streets at will, these hell-bent vandals indulge in an all out orgy of destruction that stops short of nothing—not even the crime of murder.

BY TED FOSTER



36 LOUIE: THE STORY OF A MAFIA BAG MAN

"Everyone's got his price: A million bucks or maybe his wife and kids. If he's human, I'll get to him. If not, it could mean his funeral."

BY LOUIS GIGLIARI

BONUS FEATURE

HOTLINE ON WOMEN
CONSUMER CONFIDENTIAL
MEN'S NEWSLETTER

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IN THE SPOTLIGHT
PHOTOSTOPPERS

"SEX PARTNERS WANTED"

KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD

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HOT LINE ON WOMEN

IF A GIRL ENTERS COLLEGE A VIRGIN, WHAT ARE THE CHANCES SHE'LL LEAVE THERE IN THE SAME CONDITION FOUR YEARS LATER?

Forget it. Dr. Malcom Potts, writing in **Family Planning**, estimates that one out of every 10 coeds in the school he studied will become pregnant during the years they attend. That of course is merely considering the girls who actually become pregnant in this era of The Pill and other advanced forms of contraceptives. The number of girls who lose their virginity in college is virtually total—excepting of course those who were non-virgins before reaching college. The average coed, says Dr. Potts, was a virgin when she entered the university. She engaged in her first sexual experience more out of curiosity than real passion or love. "Some time later she fell in love



with a student of about her own age, and they began having regular intercourse . . . she used a tolerably effective method of contraception and three months later obtained The Pill . . . she plans to marry the boy . . . she does not take drugs . . . she expects to have children and a secure marriage."

DOES WEATHER HAVE ANY EFFECT ON A WOMAN'S SEX DESIRE?

Yes, far more than it does on a man's. Say psychologists K. and M. Wagner: "Neither rain, nor lightning or thunder make a woman more sexually responsive. Women tend to become depressed and introspective. In folklore, lightning and thunder supposedly make a woman fearful and cause her to seek out the protection of a male, and thus an 'easy sex mark.' In actuality it makes her tense, anxious, irritable, even frightened. When a man's plans go awry because of rain, he is likely to suggest to the girl they remain indoors and have sex. To a woman this indicates his interest in her is only secondary. It is far better for the man to press on with their plans and not broach the matter of sex until much further along in the day. Many men think that snow brings on a sexual elevation in women, and it does, for a short time only. Then their reaction tends to bring on moods similar to those associated with rain." So strike with the first snow flakes, or not at all!

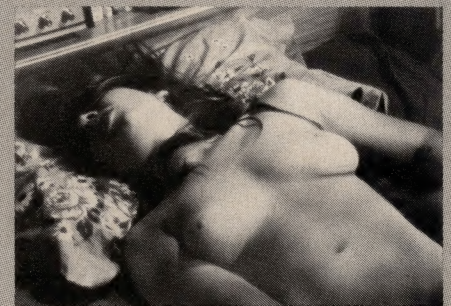
SHOULD THE LAWS ON STATUTORY RAPE BE CHANGED BECAUSE GIRLS ARE GETTING SEXIER AT A YOUNGER AGE?

There can be no doubt of that any place in the world. In every country there is an earlier onset of puberty and the beginning of menstruation today, as contrasted with that of 100 years ago. Sweden, which probably has kept the most accurate statistics on the subject, reports that in 1865 the age of onset was 16.75 years. By 1914 the figure had dropped to 15.5 and in 1965 the "complete girl's age" was 13.25. Now it is estimated at about

12.90. Such figures, according to sexologist Herman Davies, are "sexual dynamite and produce a young girl who is determined to have sex and, legal restraints or not, men will not be able to resist."

IF A HUSBAND CATCHES HIS WIFE MASTURBATING, IS THAT A SURE SIGN SHE IS BEING "MENTALLY UNFAITHFUL" TO HER?

Not really. According to Dr. Eugene Brubaker, "There is a profound difference in masturbation



between men and women. Women simply do not fantasize as much as men. When they masturbate, the physical pleasure is often all that's involved. And even when there are sexual fantasies, they're usually memories of a simple kiss or something equally mundane. And very often her thoughts will be centered on her mate."

WHAT MAKES A HOUSEWIFE TURN PART-TIME HOOKER?

Many will insist it's for the money, but it almost always is out of boredom. Generally, only wives with no children or those with some no younger than the first grade of junior high school will turn to hooking. In a recent study of housewives arrested as prostitutes, 39 out of 39 met these criteria. Clearly, before thinking of outside sex, a housewife has to have the time to spare.

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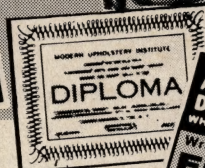
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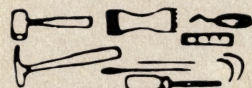
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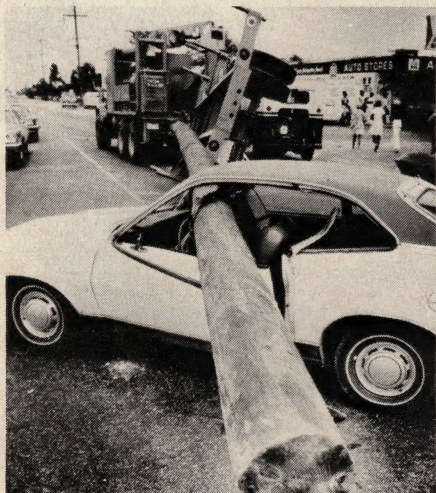
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INSIDE TIPS FOR SMART BUYERS

AUTO INSURANCE HEADING FOR A HIKE—Look for your auto insurance rates to take a jump upward. Blame it on two things: Infla-



Not the only reason for rate boosts.

tionary pressures that drive claims higher; investments made by insurance companies that have turned sour.

HOW TO BEAT SUMMERTIME INJURIES—A good number of the 50,000 annual victims of power mower accidents sustained their injuries trying to clear discharge chutes of debris or adjusting machines while they were still running. Don't do any work on your mower until you shut it off and disconnect the spark plug. Never buy insecticides, weed killers or pesticides unless they come in child-proof packages. Even then, put the cans out of reach. Never use gasoline on your charcoal grill and never reapply lighter fluid after the fire has started.

LICENSE TO STEAL?—With more and more cities picking up on the idea of licensing repairmen, many consumers are being conned into feeling that as long as their communities issue a license to the ser-

vicemen, they must be honest. Actually, all the license does is make it easier to track down the gyp artist once he gives you a screwing. Among the more common rip-off practices of home repair crooks are these: 1. Roofing reconditioner will, in many cases, turn out to be nothing more than used crankcase oil; 2. The silicone basement waterproofing will turn out to be plain water; 3. Your asphalt driveway coating will prove to be nothing more than black paint. Since the license won't turn a swindler into an honest man, make sure that once you've been taken you get your city officials after the phony.

SOFT ICE CREAM SNOW JOB—If the experience of one Florida county is any indication, that creamy, soft, frozen custard-type ice cream cone you can't resist may be loaded with death. When Florida officials checked on bacteria count of soft ice cream being dispensed by seven stores in its area, plus two

school cafeterias, seven of them showed a higher bacteria count in their products *after* the cream was processed than before the ingredients went through the ice cream making machines. Not only that, but at least three of the commercial establishments had bacteria counts well over the maximum level considered safe to eat. Officials feel inadequate storage and improper handling caused the bacteria count to jump during processing.

"EARTHQUAKE" TOO REAL FOR MOVIE AUDIENCES—In case you haven't seen the movie *Earthquake*, theaters showing the film are equipped with a system called "sensurround"—a subsonic sound gimmick that lets you feel, rather than hear, the sounds of the earthquake. For all its realism, sensurround's frequency has been checked out at a slightly higher vibration frequency than those found to be injurious to industrial workers.



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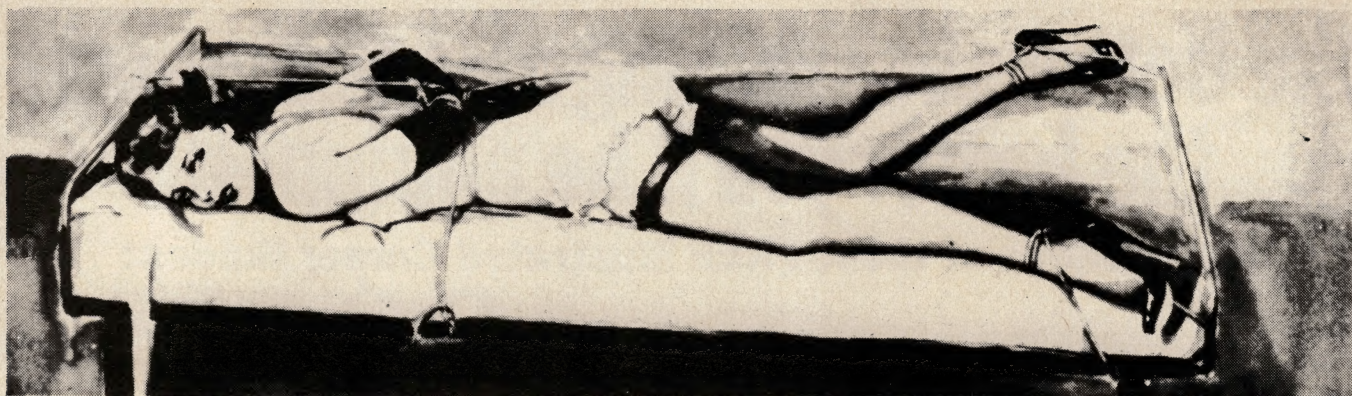
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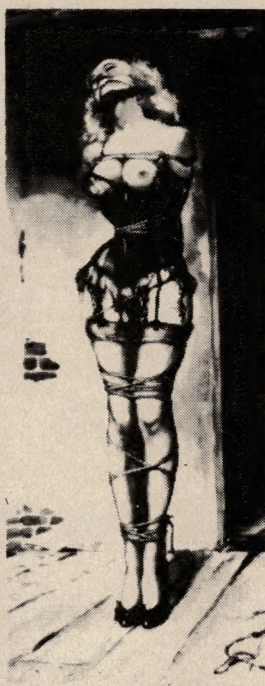
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Just a few of Gwen's tantalizing dilemmas

Men's NEWSLETTER

SHORT SHOTS

In Sweden, if a shrink decides a man's trouble is sexual, he simply calls a certain volunteer agency and a female volunteer rushes over to help out. It is considered very proper for young girls to do such "good works" . . .

IN A NEW CLINICAL STUDY, WIVES WERE ASKED TO CHART THEIR HOTTEST TIMES IN BED. IT TURNED OUT THAT SOME OF THEIR WILDEST SEX SCENES FOLLOWED THE VIEWING OF ROMANTIC-TYPE MOVIES ON THE LATE SHOW . . .

Wildest seduction case ever: A guy in Israel was charged with raping a girl as they bobbed about in the waves on a surfboard . . .

THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT JAPANESE MEN SEEM TO RETAIN THEIR SEXUAL VIGOR LONG AFTER MEN OF OTHER NATIONS HAVE FADED. IT'S NOT AT ALL UNUSUAL TO SEE 80-YEAR-OLD GUYS WAITING THEIR TURN AT A CAT HOUSE. SCIENTISTS INVESTIGATING THE MATTER NOW SPECULATE IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE COUNTRY'S HEAVY SEAFOOD DIET . . .

What's the surest way to a seduction? According to many girls, it's a man's total self-confidence. If he acts like everything he's doing is absolutely natural, right,



Doing what comes natural.

and the way to go, he's in business, even if what he demands sexually is really far-out . . .

THE FRENCH HAVE THE MOST ADVANCED ATTITUDE TOWARD THE PILL. IF A DOCTOR PRESCRIBES THEM FOR A GIRL, THE COST CAN BE CLAIMED FROM THE STATE SOCIAL SECURITY OFFICE . . .

Many wives report that they were particularly vulnerable to sexual advances during the period of their engagements. A certain "last-fling" mania seems to take over even the most pure-minded of girls . . .

MOST BABIES BORN AS A RESULT OF RAPE ARE BOYS. ACCORDING TO RESEARCHERS THIS IS BECAUSE THE SEX OF THE OFFSPRING IS MOST LIKELY TO BE THAT OF WHICHEVER PARENT IS UNDER THE LEAST STRESS DURING THE TIME OF CONCEPTION . . .

UNDER THE HOOD

IF YOU ARE THE AVERAGE MOTORIST, YOU'LL BE INVOLVED IN AT LEAST ONE MINOR TRAFFIC ACCIDENT EVERY FOUR



Once every four years.

YEARS AND PERHAPS A BAD ONE EVERY 20 YEARS . . .

Hint when nearing the town of Hartsburg, Ill.: Slow Down! The town meets half its total budget just out of the fines it gives speeders . . .

IT'S SAD BUT TRUE THAT A HUGE NUMBER OF ACCIDENTS HAPPEN BECAUSE A MOTORIST IS ADJUSTING HIS SEAT BELT WHILE HIS CAR IS IN MOTION . . .

If you buy a car from a private party through a newspaper want-ad, the biggest danger is that it's a stolen job. Your best protection is insisting on paying with a post-dated check until you have time to authenticate the car's ID number on the engine. Of course, a bank legally will cash a check regardless of the date, so make sure you leave the check uncovered until all systems are go . . .

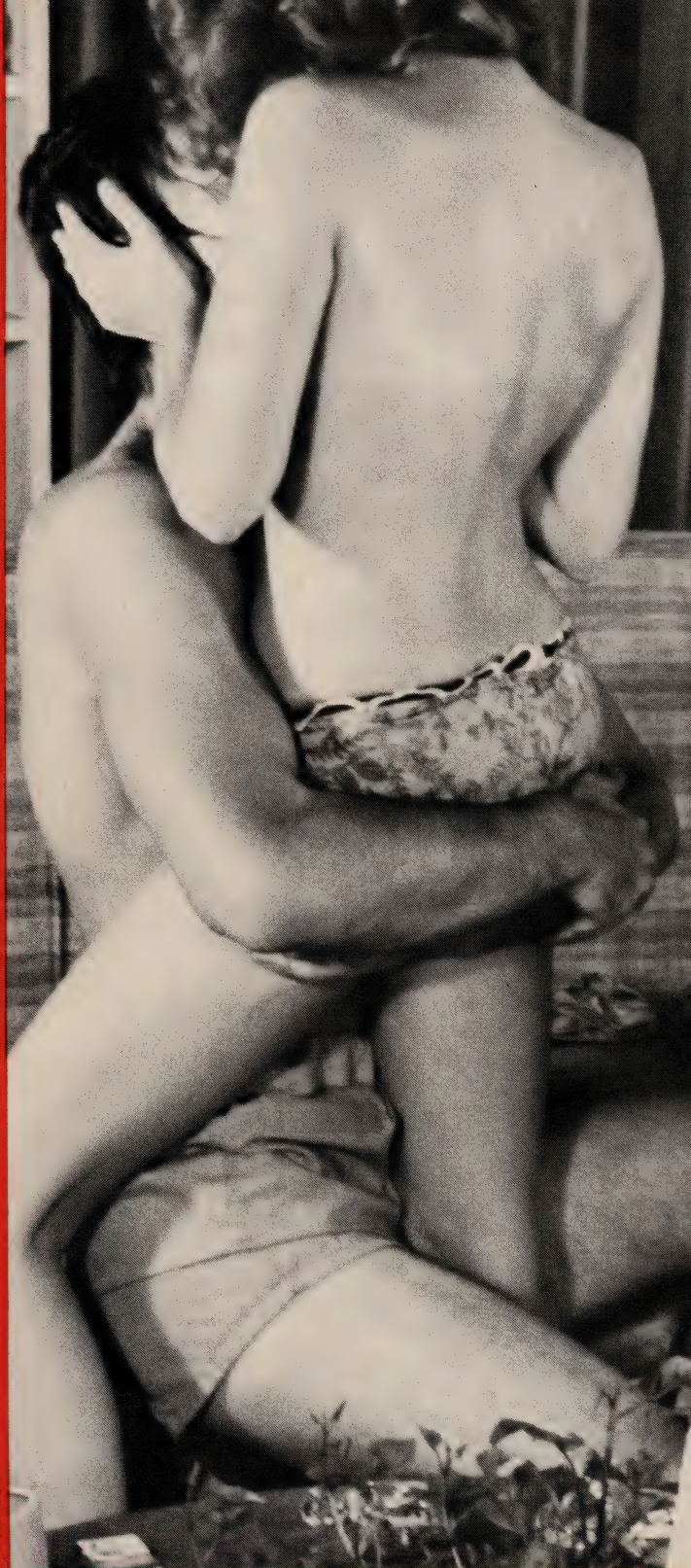
(Continued on page 42)

THE WIFE- SWAP LETTERS

The "Swinging" life: Is it good or bad? How wild is it? How do average couples enter it? Here's everything you wanted to know about switchers, detailed in their own words

Edited And With Comments
By HERMANN K. WOLFF, Ph.D.

READERS WRITE
TO THE EDITORS
ABOUT THEIR
MATE-SWITCH
EXPERIMENTS



Q. What are the statistics on mate-switching? How many couples who try it continue with it, and how many go back to being monogamous?
J.T., Kentucky

A. I haven't been able to uncover any statistics on this subject. I'd be grateful if readers with swapping experience would write to let me know how long they stayed with it.

When I published the above exchange in my



monthly column, "You Asked About Sex," I received several thousand letters that went into great detail about the readers' mate-switching experiences. Many correspondents not only revealed whether they continued swapping or returned to monogamy; they also provided detailed accounts of their introduction to swapping, their experiences along the way, and their reactions to their experiences.

The letters that follow are my choices as the most interesting and insightful.

VOLLEYBALL ROMANCE

If anyone had told me two years ago that my wife and I would be into swapping, I'd've said they were nuts. That just goes to show you how mistaken some people can be about themselves.

I am now 28, she is 25. We've been married for 5 years. We'd been lovers for about a year and a half before marriage. For as long as we've been together, we've been very happy. There definitely was no big *(Continued on page 90)*

Armed with automatic rifles, brazen South American revolutionaries snatch executives of big companies.

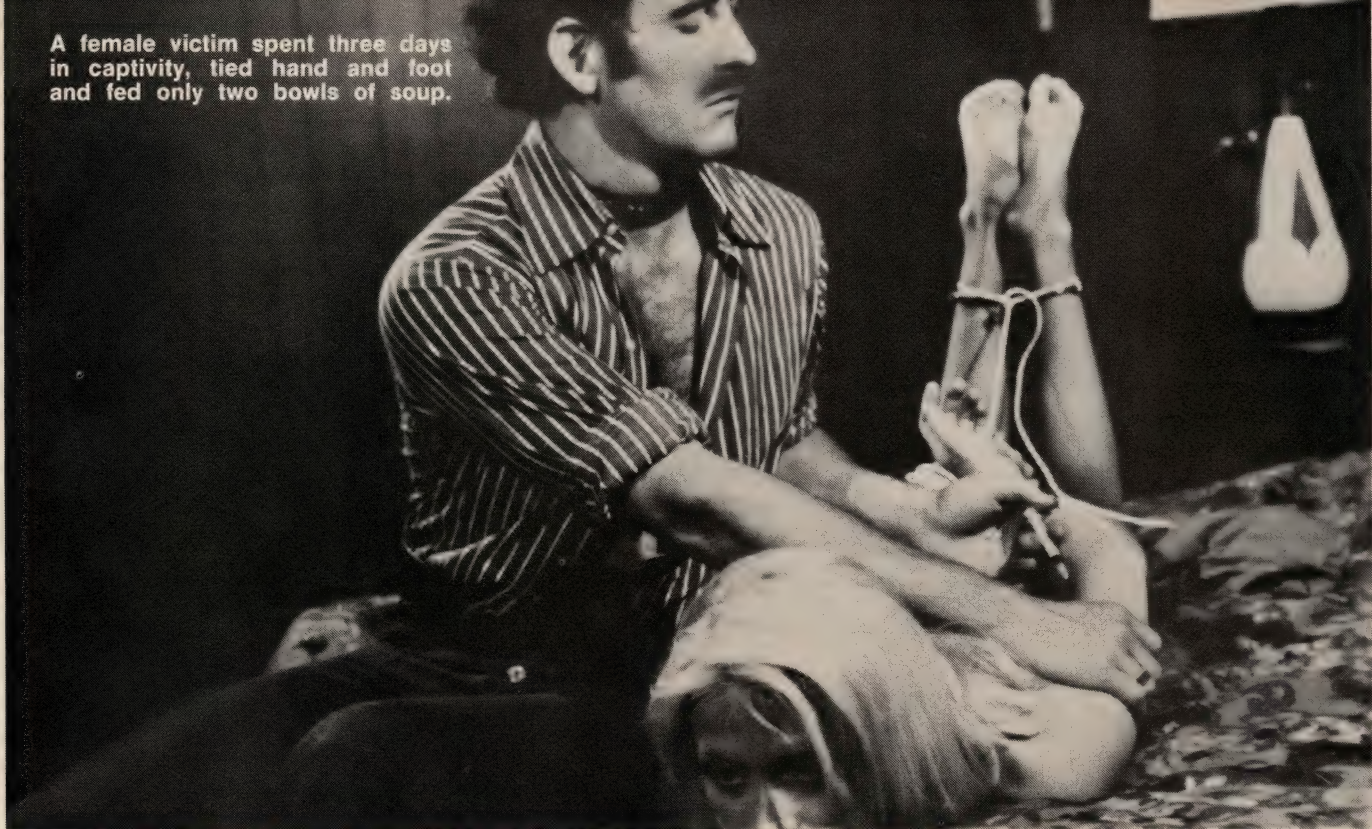


KIDNAP!



When trapped, desperate kidnapers will often choose to shoot it out rather than surrender to FBI men.

A female victim spent three days in captivity, tied hand and foot and fed only two bowls of soup.



It's the ultimate crime of terror . . . you pay the blood money and wait—a day, a week, a year, never knowing if your loved one will be returned dead or alive

By GIL PAUST

DANIEL Ebersole was the 14-year-old son of a prominent radiologist in Jamestown, New York. One afternoon last year, he left home to visit the local Teen Center and did not return. Late that evening his anxious parents called the police. Near midnight they received an anonymous phone call, "Pay \$15,000 ransom or your son will be killed."

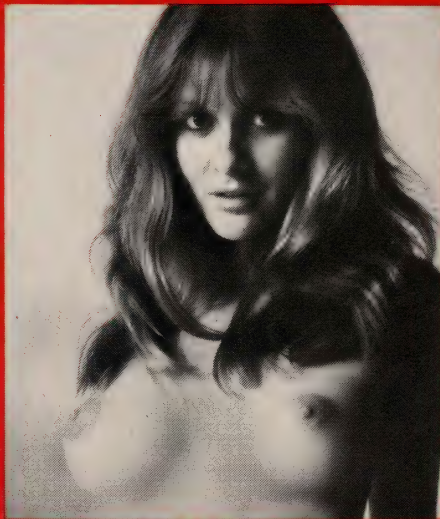
While police searched for clues, the parents received a second, similar call which this time included instructions for dropping the payoff. Obeying them, Dr. Ebersole wrapped 10 and 20 dollar bills in aluminum foil, *(Continued on page 44)*



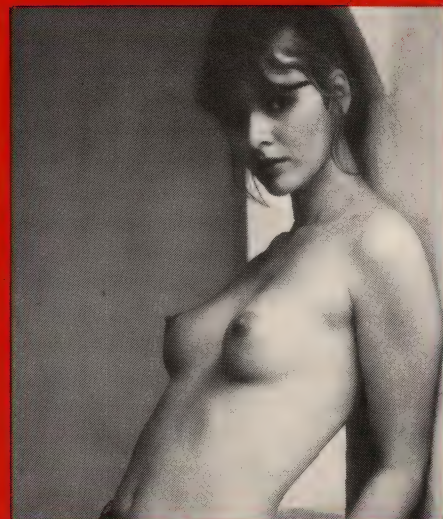
Kidnaping has become big business in Italy. Recently, one man was ransomed for 14-million dollars!



Angie (Streetwalker): "My hobby, like my work, is good lovemaking."



Anne (Madam): "The real action in my place happens after we close."



Kathy (Call-girl): "On off-nights a few of us like to play by ourselves."

A 3-HOOKER TOUR OF THE SEXUAL UNDERGROUND



MEN follows a madam, a call-girl and a streetwalker on a personalized trip through the wild, after-hours, sex-filled world in which they live

WHEN I perform oral sex on a john, he knows damn well he's getting the best money can buy. Lots of my 50-buck guys have told me just that.

"And when we finally get into bed, I make sure he gets a little bit of everything—like one of those 25-course Chinese banquets.

"I can make a john come in a minute-flat. I very rarely do that—only with a real creep I want to get rid of. And I can also stretch it out for an hour—depending on how much I got paid, how much I may dig the guy, and if I want him back as a return customer.

"But if any john thinks I'm wild as hell for his 50 or 100 bucks, he should see me when I'm on my own time! I make that paid-for tiger look like a pussy cat."

The above was said by a successful, 24-year-old New York call-girl. She has been a pro since she was 18—in Pittsburgh (where she was born), in Miami, Las Vegas and San Francisco. She came to New

York 11 months ago because it's where the big money is for a girl who knows how to shake her butt right.

"Any whore," she went on, "—and I don't care if she's a 100-dollar call-girl or a two-buck doorway stand-up girl, we're all whores—any whore needs a completely different world to live in once she's finished with business for the day, or night.

"You need boyfriends. Boyfriends who don't care if you might have spread legs for a dozen johns that night before you climbed into their beds for your *own* good time. You can't start dealing with any guy who'd be jealous or live by any of the values the regular or straight people live by. They have their values. We have ours. Like a straight woman puts out for one guy outside her own house, and she's in trouble with herself or her husband if he finds out. Me, I'm for sale six or seven nights a week. My guy knows that, and there's no sweat.

What he also knows is that he's getting more than I'd give the most generous john in town. He's getting my *real* feelings, my *real* passions and when I cry out with him he knows there's no faking involved. He knows I'm coming like the whole damn Mississippi River at flood time!

"You'd have to say we live 'underground', I guess. You know—by the time I finish work most nights, the regular clubs are closed. We feel like going out for some laughs, we hit one or another of the after-hours joints we know about. Those are places that open up when the others are closing.

"And you get some really great talent in these joints. Lots of top comics, for example, started in the after-hours joints in different cities. Singers too.

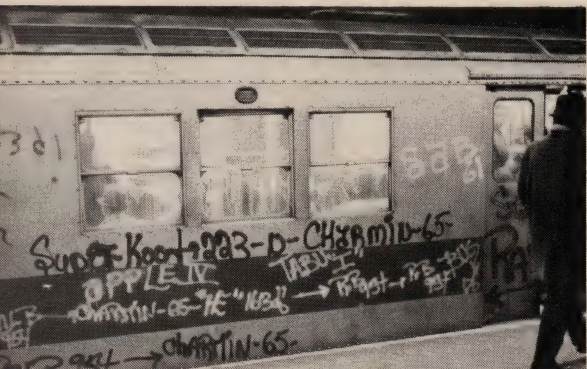
"The crowds you get in these joints are really crazy. You get lots of pimps and their girls, the Mob, girls like me with their guys. And then you get the fancy social (Continued on page 66)



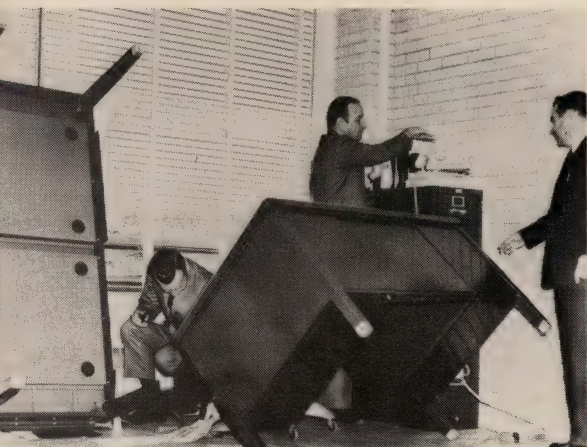
As Reported By
ALEX AUSTIN



A restroom destroyed by disgruntled workers.



Hoodlums spray paint their names on subways.



Schools are regular targets of many vandals.



Stolen road signs often cause auto accidents.

**Roaming the streets at will,
these hell-bent vandals indulge
in an orgy of destruction
that stops short of nothing—
not even murder**

By TED FOSTER

“BOB, where’s Nancy? She was walking on that path only a moment ago . . . I heard her scream; she just disappeared. Oh, God, what happened?”

The frantic words of his wife penetrated the sleepy mind of Robert Tucker, a 28-year-old San Francisco machinist who had been dozing on a sunny slope in Golden Gate Park on this August day in 1974.

Stumbling to his feet, the young father ran along the path where his four-year-old daughter had been bouncing a ball. He called her name. There was no answer. He stopped abruptly in front of a yawning hole on the asphalt pathway. It was an open sewer entrance. Its protective, 80-pound iron cover, he quickly noted, had been hoisted into the crotch of a nearby elm tree.

Dropping to his knees, Nancy’s father squinted down into the dark and stinking pit. In the half-light that filtered into the 30-foot deep hole, he discerned a small, *(Continued on page 70)*

**THE \$1 BILLION-
A-YEAR BASTARDS**

**THEY KILL,
MAIM AND
DESTROY**

LONG
HOT
SUMMER





The sweltering heat of this summer was cursed by everyone, MEN's managing editor being no exception. Motoring through the 90-degree-plus heat of Louisiana, his car gave up the spirit and rolled to a halt in a cloud of scalding steam.

Grabbing a bucket from his trunk, he walked towards the nearest house to beg some water. But before he could ring the bell, his instincts—journalistic and otherwise—were aroused by a sight not unlike the one you see here.

Lounging on the side porch of her home was Fran Stowe, five feet, eight inches of beautiful Southern hospitality.

Smiling from behind the parasol that kept the blistering sun off her delicate skin, she asked what she could do.





SEPTEMBER, MEN—FRAN STOWE

Well, one thing led to another and after a few refreshing gins on the porch, our managing editor asked the question that had been in his mind since he first laid eyes on Fran. Would she like to pose for our magazine?

"I didn't know what to say," draws this lovely 23-year-old. "Here was this total stranger sitting on my porch and actually asking me to pose in the nude for a magazine. But he seemed sincere and was very persuasive so I agreed."

But before you start accusing our editor of corrupting the morals of some sweet, young thing you have to remember how Fran looked when he first saw her. She was lazing in a hammock, rocking gently with the wind that blew the Spanish Moss in the elms above her and wearing only her parasol.

"It was hot," she explains, "and I was trying to keep cool. The heat was awful this summer."

1975 was indeed a long, hot summer. And one that neither our editor or Fran will ever forget.



"A BURNING AMMO SHIP IS BLOCKING THE PANAMA CANAL!"

PRE-MOVIE BOOK BONUS

As the world held its breath, a handful of men gambled their lives against a time bomb that could blow them and our only ocean-to-ocean passage into fiery pulp

ART BY EARL NOREM



By ROLAND EMPEY

GATUN Locks, The Panama Canal, January 6, 1975—

"Maybe you want to go sack out, Captain. Al and I will be taking care of your ship for the next hour or so."

The two men from the Canal had just come aboard the *General Parker* to take her through the locks. The big freighter had been waiting its turn for close to two hours, and Captain Leroy "Bulldog" Fitts wasn't trying to hide his irritation. Fitts was a stocky, balding, pugnacious-looking man in his early forties.

"What kind of nuttiness is that?" he said now, annoyed and impatient. "I should go sack out? Do you know what I'm carrying (Continued on page 47)



**“How We Turn
Our Men Into
All-Night Lovers”**

The Secrets Of Multiple Erections

"Jerry couldn't believe what I did to him. Once we got started, he lasted the entire night."—Nan V., explaining what she does for her lovers

By **RICHARD DINES, Ph.D.**

SEX TECHNIQUES

PURE sex technique is not everything in producing multiple erections, but it has an important place. "We'd already made love twice," Josie S. remembered. This raven-haired, diminutive, but busty 22-year-old, had a steady, well-worked out relationship with her 27-year-old construction worker boyfriend. "We'd do it once early, and once late, and that was it."

"But this one time he looked so beautiful, just lying there, that I just rolled over and took him into my mouth. Then all of a sudden I was excited, and the next thing I knew he had this erection, even though only a few minutes had passed. I couldn't believe it. I climbed right onto him, and the third time was better than the first two combined!"

Oral sex, unquestionably, is the erection-raising technique of first choice. In Josie S.'s case, it led to nights of almost endless, repeated lovemaking. "You expect that sort of things on the first date, but we'd been going together for months."

But oral sex is not the only

technique especially effective after the first act of intercourse has been completed. Anal sex, which can be shocking if it is attempted instead of conventional intercourse, serves remarkably well as a stimulant to both partners when it is part of the foreplay towards another penetration, rather than a goal in itself. The adoption of novel sex positions, or the exploration of a partner's body, with the goal of finding the most sensitive points for stimulation, are also powerful tools for renewing excitement.

Josie S.: "If I'm not kissing him down there, then I'll sit on his lap with him kind of half in me—soft—and suck his nipples. Most men don't know it, but they're terrifically sensitive there. With me, it's the rear end. When he strokes my bottom a certain way, even if he slaps me a little, I start going wild. And when I get going that gets to him. Pretty soon he's not in me soft any more, but hard. . . ."

Some couples develop a regular check-list of technical variations to insure renewed orgasm. Some write down (*Continued on page 80*)

Most men believe that their sexual capacity, their ability to produce new erections, and perform again and again on a given night, is something purely inherited, like height or their hair color. They think of sex capacity as something unchangeable.

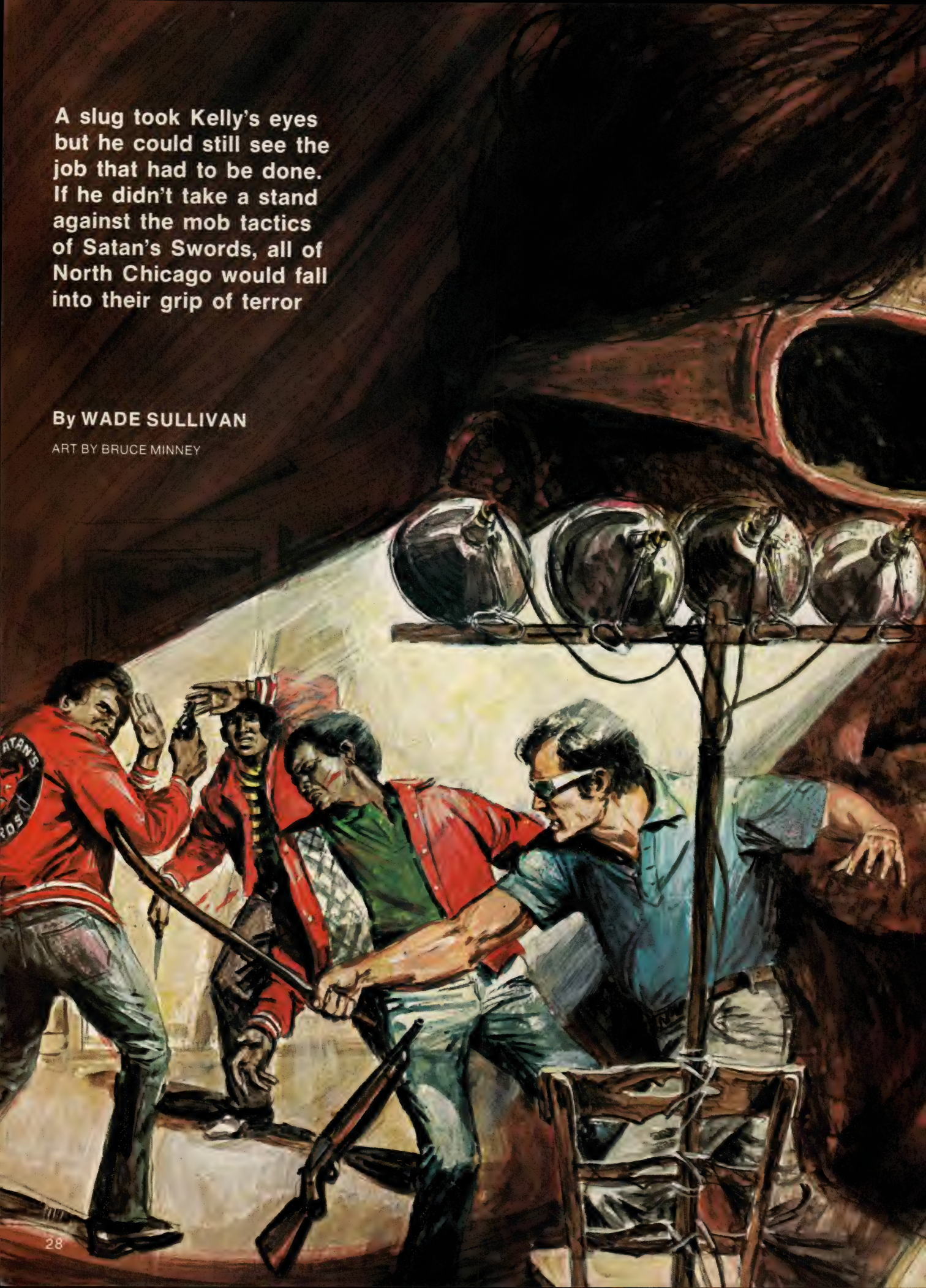
But a new series of studies has cast doubt on this whole structure of thought. Investigations from widely varying sources, totaling in many hundreds of individual case histories, indicate that for many men increased sex frequency may be no more than a matter of technique. And that the technique employed by his female may be more important than anything he himself is likely to do, except perhaps the initial move of finding the right partner.

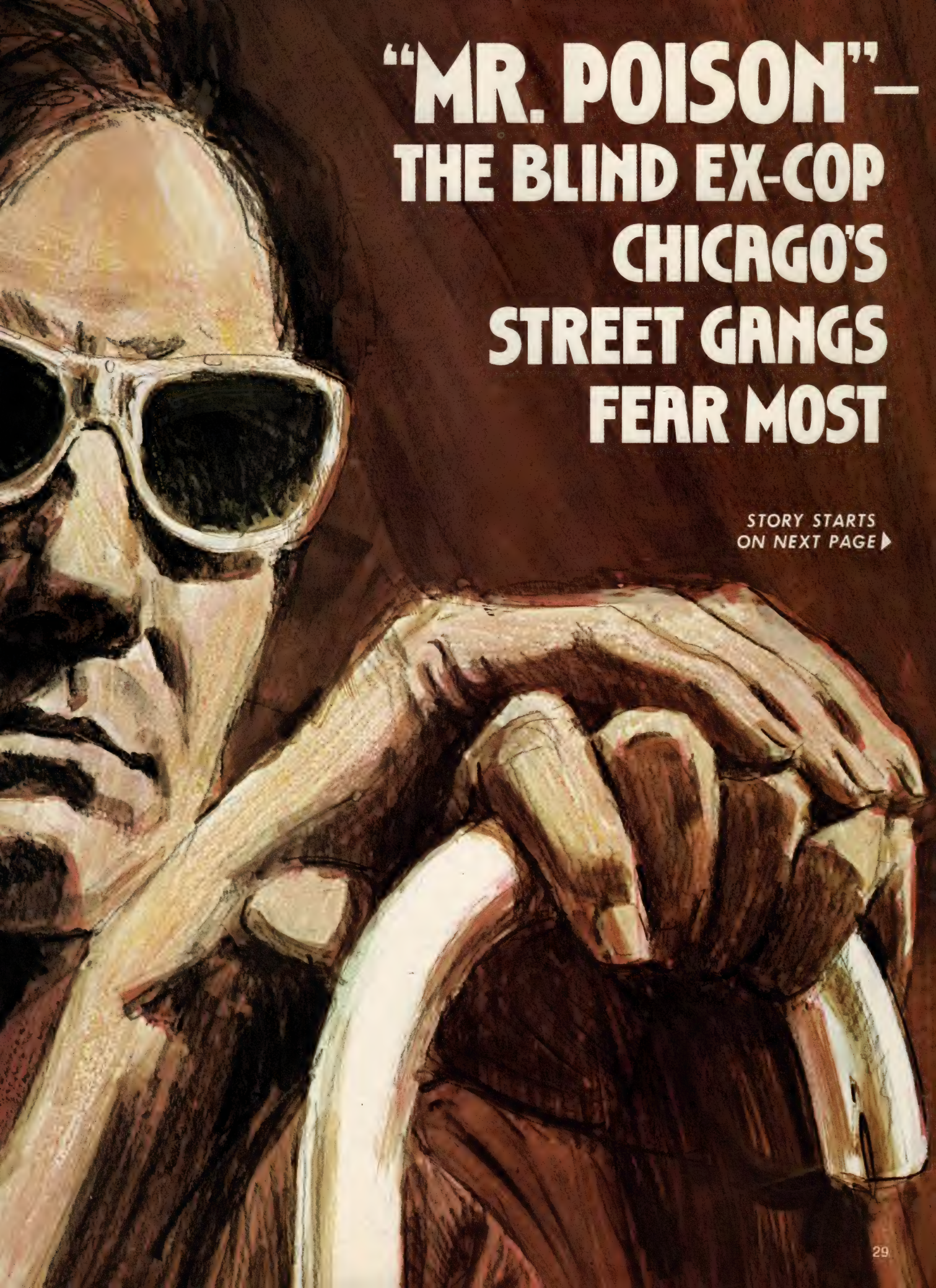
No man, of course, should ever try to "push" himself, merely to up his sexual scoreboard. But there is substantial evidence that an increased frequency of sex also makes for a higher level of satisfaction. The techniques for this increased enjoyment, as described in interviews with these "more satisfying" women, are readily available. For many men, and just as importantly, for their partners, simple knowledge of these techniques can sometimes make all the difference between just good sex and great sex.

A slug took Kelly's eyes but he could still see the job that had to be done. If he didn't take a stand against the mob tactics of Satan's Swords, all of North Chicago would fall into their grip of terror

By **WADE SULLIVAN**

ART BY **BRUCE MINNEY**





“MR. POISON” — THE BLIND EX-COP CHICAGO’S STREET GANGS FEAR MOST

STORY STARTS
ON NEXT PAGE ►

"MR. POISON"—

Editor's Note: This story could not have seen print unless names and locations were deliberately disguised. Some of the participants are in the course of appealing their convictions. Others involved have been declared innocent of any crimes.

THE bar was crowded with the after-work rush-hour mob when Kelly heard three men come in. They squeezed into the small space made by the turn of the bar where nobody ever wanted to sit. He walked towards them to take their order. He could hear that one was at the bar, the other diagonally behind him, and the third diagonally behind the second. Suddenly there was the sound of feet moving violently, striking the floor sharply, and chair legs scraping along the tiles. Voices cried out protests.

"What the hell?"

"Goddammit! Watch yourselves!"

A black man's voice broke in. "Move, you effing honkies. When I want room, I make room."

Kelly McCabe knew what had happened. He had seen it often working the tough districts on Chicago's Police Department. One hood takes a spot at the bar, his friends get behind him, they all shove and push everybody else away from the bar.

Sighing, Kelly reached over, zeroing in on the trouble makers. He grabbed the loudmouth in the crook of his left arm, brought him in close, squeezing the face against his chest. He took the second one by clamping his right hand around the guy's throat. It looked like a delicate tea cup grip, yet the very husky hood couldn't move, much less talk.

Promptly the third one belted Kelly in the jaw. It was like hitting a basketball braced against a wall. The punch bounced. The only noticeable effect was that Kelly McCabe's dark glasses flew off.

There were some gasps. The bar patrons knew Kelly McCabe was blind but few had ever seen him without his sun glasses covering the scarred lids and empty eye sockets. The other astonishing thing was that a blind man was immobilizing two very husky black hoods.

He leaned forward so that the man he was squeezing to his chest, Scott 'Ace' Parkes, had his neck bent back at an acute angle,

almost to the point of breaking. 'Ace' had his hands against the edge of the bar, trying to push away and prevent his neck from being snapped. Blood flowed from his nose and onto Kelly's shirt, yet 'Ace' couldn't make a sound, nor could he fight back. He was glued.

Adrian 'Bomb' Beaumont was possibly in worse shape. He wasn't breathing. A thick red tongue poked from his open mouth. His eyes were bulging. He hung on to Kelly's wrist to keep from falling.

Kelly told the third man, Le Roy 'Footsy' Dorsay, "One more punch from you, and I'll break this one's neck and tear the throat out of the other. Start for the door while your friends are healthy."

'Footsy' Dorsey hesitated. Kelly tightened his grips. From the way Parkes and Beaumont expressed agony, 'Footsy' thought it best to obey. He went to the door and stood there.

Kelly McCabe shook his two victims. "You punks try to put the squeeze on me again and I'll break all your bones. Get outta here! Don't ever come back!" He threw them away.

'Bomb' Beaumont went to his knees, had to be helped up by Dorsey. 'Ace' Parkes mopped blood from his crushed nose.

"We'll be seeing you," he promised, and they left.

One of the customers said, "Those punks, they think they own the damn city."

That was the prevalent opinion of the white working class in that changing neighborhood. These hard working men worried about their families in an area where the crime rate was soaring. They said they were going to move and the only ones who did were those who could afford it. The rest were economically trapped—like the black people who were forced to live in the deteriorating tenements in the same area.

One segment of the black community, a very small segment, was Satan's Swords, a street gang who committed a large portion of the crime. In their criminal pursuits they weren't prejudiced; they preyed on blacks as well as whites. In the spring of 1975, with the pressure of the recession, they were graduating from rip offs to extortion. They had discovered the 'insurance' racket. Scott 'Ace' Parkes and his crew were the chief salesmen for the president, Malcom 'Main Man' Moore. Malcom was clever enough never to engage directly in criminal activity. He planned things.

When he saw the condition of his three salesmen, and heard their story, he flipped out. Kelly McCabe was a neighborhood leader. Admired by blacks as well as whites, not only for his remarkable adjustment to blindness, but because he was straight with everybody. His bar was sort of a community meeting hall. Among Chicago's political gladiators, Kelly had influence. (Continued on page 84)



Some people have goals they're always running to, only to find out it wasn't worth it when they get there. For ex-Woman's Libber Jane Perkins, that goal was once trying to prove to herself she was every bit as equal to any man—in anything. And when she ran, she literally ran!—that is, for mayor of her small Northern California home town.

Why Jane Stopped Running

Suddenly, in the middle of the race, she stopped running and pulled out of the campaign, even though she was given a good chance of winning.

Why?

"My opponent was the reason why," this Political Science college graduate explains. "He was an old boyfriend of mine I started seeing again when I returned home from college. On the campaign trail the old flame was rekindled. At least in me it was. But not in him. And it didn't have anything to do with the race.

"It had to do with something that had happened to me, to my personality. He told me one day that in competing so hard with him I had lost my femininity. I thought long and hard about it and saw what he said was true. I drop-

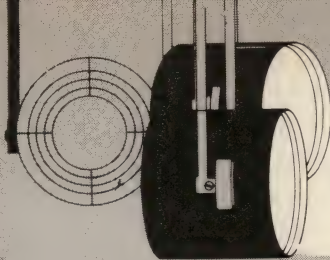
ped out of the race, and suddenly felt like the old Me . . . the real Me. He noticed the change too, 'cause we're back together again. Now I'm the mayor's—that is, my boyfriend's—secretary.

"He's also the town photographer, and one day he asked me to pose. My first reaction was to say 'Why? Why should I make a sex object out of myself?' Then I realize that there is nothing wrong about being a sex object—being wanted for your body. After all, your body is part of you! And if there was anything wrong with the female body, God wouldn't have given me one in the first place.

"And these pictures, which he took, are proof of my 'conversion.' I'd never have posed like this in my Libber days."







In the SPOTLIGHT

SEX SCORE—the girls would rather watch the late show

THE singles scene flourishes with the new, sexual liberated female. Woman are often as aggressive as men in making the first move. San Francisco recently reported a rash of fanny-pinching. That would hardly be enough to raise a yawn if it were not that the offended fannies belonged to men and the pinchers were women merely showing their appreciation of a shaply male derriere.

"This is a new age," one leading feminist said recently, "A new era in the saga of man-woman relationships. Woman is coming out of the closet in every way: Intellectually, professionally and, most of all, sexually."

But, alas, if we are to believe the results of a just-completed study, these appearances are deceiving. It found (sorry, any of you lib ladies who



Despite Women's Lib claims, the gals just don't like it.

may be reading this) that, contrary to all propaganda, women still do not enjoy sex as much as men.

Commented the director of the study, "Even

though the sexual revolution is upon us and there are female sex magazines enjoying healthy sales, and the tube is filled with daytime sex and commentators assure us that the female's appetite is being loosed from the dark age of its imprisonment, our results suggest that females just don't enjoy sex as much as males."

This conclusion was arrived at by no easy testing procedure. Working at four locations scattered around the country, testers interviewed 818 people representing a wide cross-section of ages. They used special questionnaires which, among other things, asked the respondents to pick from a number of choices the activities which gave them the most pleasure. With such diversions as parties, hobbies, sex, eating, drinking alcoholic beverages, smoking, watching or participating in sports, television, family, job, etc., to choose from, men between 26 and 39 predictably opted for sex, voting it a stronger number one. But the women of the same age group made it a fourth choice after family, nature and traveling/music and just about tied with job.

In response to that finding, one disgruntled feminist was heard to mutter darkly about men being "liars and braggarts".

However, if this is true, it continues almost unabated into middle age when, traditionally, a man has been thought to be on the downswing while a woman is still at her peak. The tabulations showed that at this point sex had fallen one slot with the men to rank second behind family. But with the women it had dropped to eleventh, greater interest being shown in such joys as church parties, eating, sleeping, TV and housework.

The clearly indicated conclusions have disturbed husbands, wives and singles of both sexes alike.

"Not much to look forward to, is it," said a young truck driver. "I've been thinking about getting married, but I don't want to give up sex at 40."

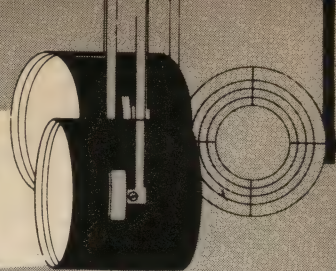
Said a married nurse, 32, "I'm not a sex freak and neither is my husband, but it is an important part of our marriage and I'm going to keep it that way.

The tenor of reactions of those who heard about the study ranged from concerned to indignant. But the Director himself offered one possible explanation for the puzzling statistics when he noted, "I think women would enjoy it more if men performed adequately."

Men of America, that sounds suspiciously like a challenge.

• • •

Special Features of Extraordinary Interest



HIT BOYS—the Mob finds new talent for an old crime

THE time was close. Any minute now. He scanned the street once more, checking the angle and distance. The angle was too steep and the damn doorway was at least 70 yards away. It was a lousy set-up, but it would have to do. They hadn't given him time to work out anything better. Still, he was confident. It was nothing he hadn't done before.

He edged into a more comfortable position at the lip of the roof, settled the rifle deeper into the canvas sandbag and pulled the butt to his shoulder.

Then, suddenly, he tensed and sighted. There he was! The big honky in the brown suit. That was the one. He centered the scope's crosshairs, held a little high to allow for the downward angle and started to squeeze slowly . . .

Down below, on the other side of the street, a bulky man in a countryish houndstooth suit paused to light the dollar cigar he had just wedged between his teeth.

Match never met fine, brightleaf wrapper, because a 7.62 NATO round got there first, blowing the man's sternum and lungs to junk. And even as the man fell, the sniper was already tracing his escape route across familiar roof tops. That he knew them well was not surprising; the roofs are your playground when you're a 15-year-old ghetto kid.

Yes. A kid. A high school truant. But more. A 15-year-old hitman paid and directed by organized crime. This was his third hit.

The case is real, as are the man on the morgue slab and his pubescent assassin. The boy was caught, and finally talked, giving police their first hint of a new, growing, and stunning trend: The use of tough, embittered, street-wise ghetto teenagers as hitmen for the Mob.

Since that first incident in New York, cases have turned up in Newark, Chicago, St. Louis and Los Angeles. Typically the boy is, or has been, a member of a street gang and is usually a veteran of sidewalk warfare conducted with knives, clubs and the ever-present Saturday Night Specials. A profile pegs him as black or hispanic, 17, a high school drop-out with a record of joblessness and petty crime.

And he's tough—genuinely tough. That's one of the

reasons the Mob uses him. Other reasons are that such a boy is hard to identify and even harder to track down. He melts back into the ghetto. And if caught, he receives a lighter sentence than an adult would.

"There's another reason," says a St. Louis police



Lax juvenile laws allow teens to kill indiscriminately.

lieutenant grimly. "In letting a contract to someone with no loyalty ties to the Mob, the Syndicate is taking a very large risk. The sudden big money could make for a sudden big mouth. And they know it. That's why we've had a bunch of ghetto kids turn up dead with all the earmarks of professional executions. The way the Mob figures it, who's gonna miss some anonymous 16-year-old Chicano in an L.A. slum. Even if someone goes to the cops, they're betting it gets written off as a street gang turf fight.

"And the really rotten thing is, 99 times out of 100 they're right. But you know, I think this thing's gonna boomerang on the Mob. One day they're gonna kill the wrong boy and one of those street gangs is gonna go after them. And I'll tell you something else, I'm gonna try to stop them because that's my job, but inside I'll be rooting for those young turks all the way."

• • •



LOUIE: THE STORY OF A MAFIA BAG MAN

"Everybody's got his price: a million bucks; his wife and kids; maybe his judgeship. If he's human, I'll get to him. If not, it could be his funeral!"

**By LOUIS GIGLIARI
As Told To STEVEN RUSSO**

Editors Note: "Louis Gigliari" is the pseudonym for a mobster bag man released from prison last March after serving 18 months of a one-to-three year sentence for bribery. Gigliari agreed to tell his story to crime reporter Steven Russo, a boyhood friend, on the understanding that real names would not be used. At present, Gigliari is ostensibly working as a salesman for a Mafia-run real-estate firm. In truth, he is back plying his old trade.



"The shrimp slobbered all over us and handed us the the money. Next thing I knew I was in handcuffs. There aughta' be a law agains cops like that."

BEFORE I got busted I handled the transfer of maybe between \$100,000 and \$300,000 a year. It varied that much depending on how many of the Mob's guys got arrested in a year. Also on a number of other things. Like whether there was a new Administration in the State Capitol or how many new judges there were, or who they shifted around in the police department. Then there were always guys who were on the take regularly—sort of as a basic payroll—and sometimes they'd get worried, you know, that they might get caught. So you had to cool them out with a little extra shmeer.

I'd probably better explain right now just where I fit in, so there's no confusion. I handled special cases—things that were important to us. You might call me a bag man, but I saw myself more as a kind of diplomat. Like those lobbyists in Washington. I mean, it was my job to see that we had friends where it counted, not to be carrying around grease for every cop on the beat or every lousy ward healer who thought he deserved a piece.

I watched out for the overall interests of the Organizaiton—not just the little day to day crap. I worked for the head of the family.

The actual day-to-day payoffs are taken care of by whoever's got the problems. Let's say you're a book—a bookie, right. Now you got your territory and you know in that territory there's a gambling squad. Well, we're not gonna take care of your obligations or responsibilities to that squad. That's your problem. That's gotta come out of your pocket. Of course, that doesn't mean you don't get family protection, but obviously we can't be laying out the twenty or fifty it's gonna cost you every week to keep each of those guys looking the other way. We're just not organized that way. You're a book, that's your problem.

My responsibility to the organization was to know what was going on downtown, among the police brass and among the politicians. My job was to keep them cooled out so they wouldn't put heat on the local squads to bust every book in their territory, or some bullshit like that. And if heat was gonna

come down, it was my business to know about it in advance. Getting that kind of info takes money and, like I said, diplomacy.

Then, if there was a bust on a big enough scale, I had to make sure it ended up as good as possible. Obviously, I wasn't responsible for every arrest. If you were a loan-shark and one of your enforcers got popped, that was your responsibility. If the guy was really important to you and you couldn't make the connections yourself, okay, you can come to me and I make the introduction that would help you. But it was gonna be your money, not the family's.

The people I was directly responsible for was the Organization leaders and the guys who worked directly for us—numbers bankers, the guys who ran the whore operations, the guys who handled the big stuff from hijackings or securities thefts . . . those were the people I might intervene directly for. Books and (Continued on page 75)



TIE UP: Bound by the neck to a tree, a Viet Cong member is beaten by government soldier during interrogation.



HUNG UP: Swept off course by a sudden wind, this hang gliding enthusiast was electrocuted by high power lines.

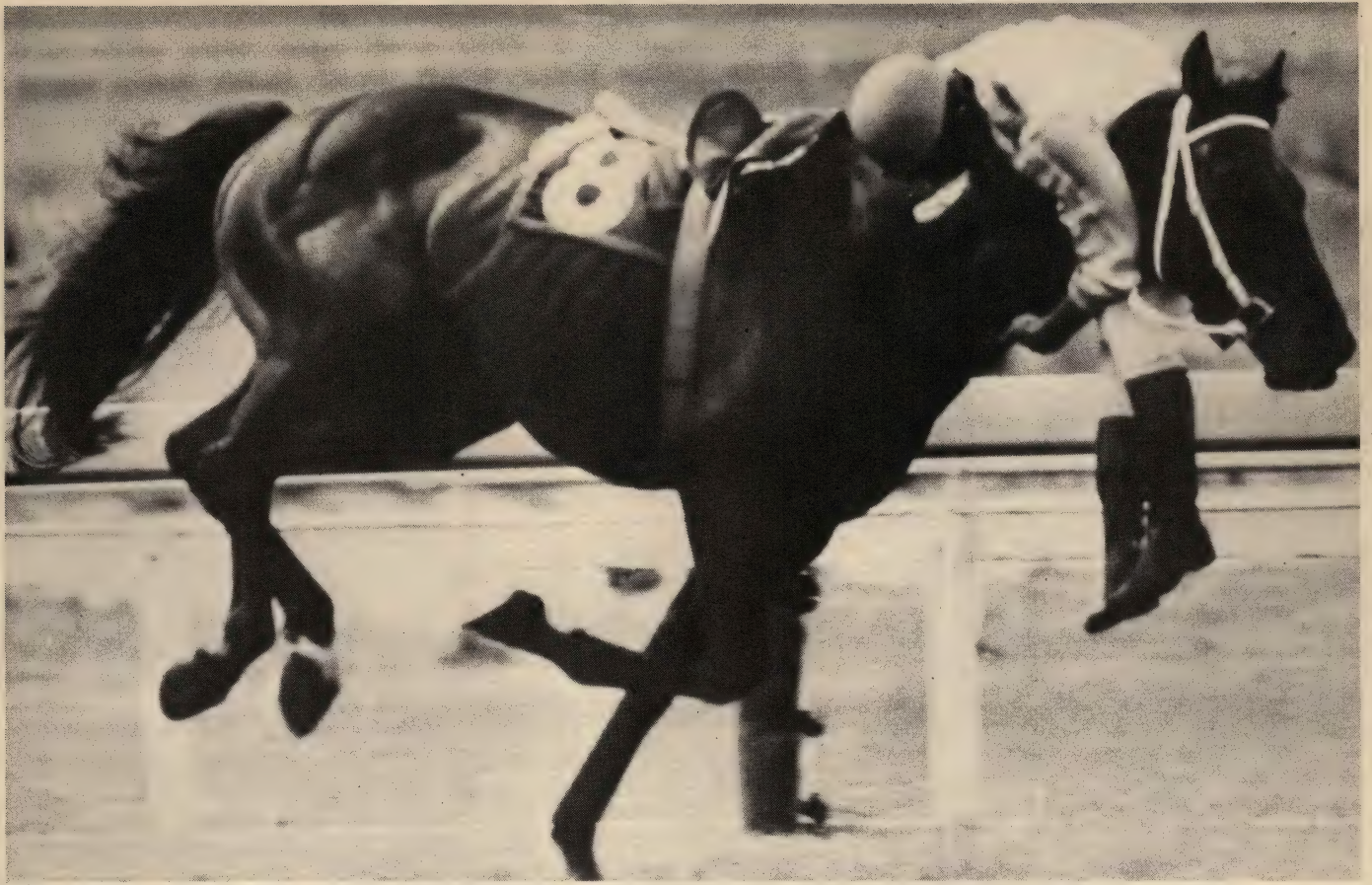


HOLD UP: A rescuer slips and falls as others try to hold onto woman who had threatened to jump from the overpass.

PHOTO STOPPERS



MASKED MEN: Concealing their identities, a group of Iranian students in Rome protest the "lack of freedom" back at home.



NO HOLDS BARRED: Jockey Wayne Neville clings to the neck of his mount after the horse stumbled over a jump at Sandown.



HUNGARIAN PASTRY: 24-year-old Hungarian owner of a sauna club in Copenhagen poses between two of her workers.



I'm a gorgeous 19-year-old blue-eyed blonde with a body Venus herself would envy. I have a very petit figure with perfectly shaped pointed breasts that are tipped with erect ruby nipples. I have a very small waist and beautifully shaped hips and a flat stomach that leads to a pair of long, shapely legs. Between these legs lie the most intimate possession that a woman can give to a man.

Please call me in my air-conditioned private apartment so that we can both enjoy a true sensual experience.

My private apt.

Mon.-Sat.
11am-11pm

I'M WILD, I'M WICKED

And I'm waiting for you to give me a call. Anything she can do I can do better. Elizabeth is my name and fun is my game. At your place or mine, let me know what's happening at

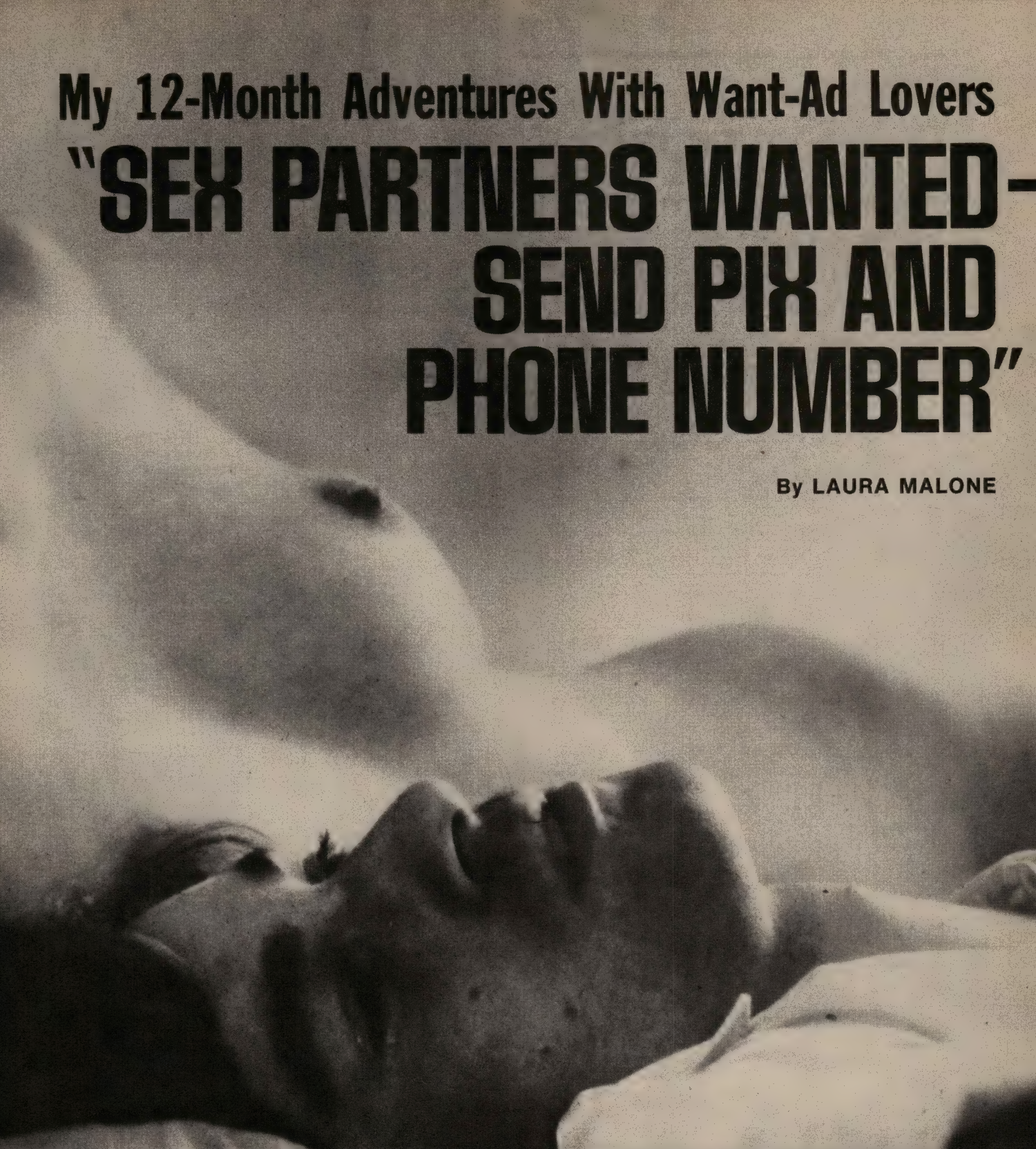
MY NAME IS PEGGY

I never wear panties or bra. I love exhibitioning and what-ever.

Just a little bit of me every day will surely keep your doctor away. What-ever you need, baby, I've got it, and what you've got I'm crazy about. So if you're looking for excitement that you'll never get tired of, baby, I'm yours!

For those of you who do not already know me, I'm a 20 year old willowy blond with blue eyes. Come see me in my new Apt and I'll do for you what I do best.

I AIM TO PLEASE!



My 12-Month Adventures With Want-Ad Lovers

"SEX PARTNERS WANTED— SEND PIX AND PHONE NUMBER"

By LAURA MALONE

OHIO: 25-YEAR-OLD DIVORCEE with long black hair, svelte figure, seeks erotic experiences with uninhibited males. You won't be disappointed. Will travel Cincinnati, Dayton, or anywhere in Ohio, Indiana, or Kentucky. Write Occupant, P.O. Box 391, Oxford, Ohio 45764.

THAT is me, all right, I thought as I read my very own ad. I never thought I'd run any kind of ad in a straight newspaper, let alone an advertisement for myself in an underground sex sheet. But there I was, at 35 cents a word, in the Classified Section—the 25-YEAR-OLD

DIVORCEE, right in there with "DOMINANT BEAUTY" and "SANDAL-FOOT SLAVE" and "HORNY, YOUNG AND HAND-SOME." What a crowd! At least we didn't seem to be competing for the same people, I thought with a grin.

I hadn't (Continued on page 60)

Men's NEWSLETTER

(Continued from page 11)

Do you consider yourself a better than average driver? Of course you do. Surveys show that nine drivers out of ten are absolutely convinced that they are much better than average . . .

TRAFFIC COPS SAY THEY ALMOST HAVE TO USE A CANNON TO GET GIRL SPEEDERS TO PULL OVER. MOST OF THESE HIGH-SPEED CUTIES JUST ASSUME A COP PULLING ALONG SIDE IS ON THE MAKE AND THEY JUST GIVE HIM A WINK AND KEEP ON GOING . . .

Back at the turn of the century it was generally believed that the new-fangled contraption called the automobile would never be able to achieve speeds of 30 miles an hour because doctors warned man would not be able to breathe if that speed was continued for any length of time . . .

UP AT THE FRONT

HARD TO BELIEVE IT, BUT SOME MILITARY NUTS IN FRANCE ARE ACTUALLY SUGGESTING GOING BACK TO BUILDING UP THE MAGINOT LINE, SAYING THE GERMANS DIDN'T BREACH IT BUT JUST OUTFLANKED IT. THEY SAY IF THEY BUILT UP THE LINE THEY COULD DROP OUT OF NATO AND STILL BE STRONG ENOUGH TO STOP ANY ATTACK IN THE FUTURE BY RUSSIA . . .

The one thing we learned in the Vietnam War is it isn't the smartest thing to use dogs in jungle guerrilla combat. The enemy will often kill the dog and end up getting some sorely needed food . . .



K-9 or K-ration?

EVEN THOUGH SOUTH VIETNAM HAS NOW FALLEN, A LOT OF THE SOUTH'S SOLDIERS ARE STILL FIGHTING PRIVATE WARS, TRYING TO GET OUT TO THAILAND FOR EXAMPLE WITH A U.S. MADE TANK. A VIET FAMILY CAN LIVE FOR YEARS ON THE MONEY THAT WOULD BRING IN AS SCRAP . . .

MUGS, MOLLS, MAYHEM

IF YOU ARE WORRIED ABOUT SOMEONE COMMITTING SUICIDE, WATCH HIM CAREFULLY AFTER SOME FAMOUS PERSON DOES SO. FOR INSTANCE, SOCIOLOGISTS NOTE



Stars lead the way.

THAT THE SUICIDE RATE IN THE U.S. JUMPED 12 PERCENT IN THE MONTH FOLLOWING THE MARILYN MONROE SUICIDE . . .

Store detectives insist that when women cut down on almost anything, they'll turn around and shoplift more. It's true if the girl is trying to cut down on food, coffee, cigarettes—or even sex . . .

ABOUT 40 MILLION AMERICANS HAVE "CRIMINAL RECORDS," INCLUDING ALL TYPES OF CRIME, SUCH AS FELONIES, MISDEMEANORS, AND OTHER OFFENSES, SUCH AS SERIOUS TRAFFIC VIOLATIONS . . .

It's a funny thing but criminals still are sweating trying to come up with ways to conceal their fingerprints. Yet all the while there are certain industries where creams are used that seal the fingertips—which means no fingerprints . . .

BIG ROBBERY IN CANADA RECENTLY WAS A HEIST OF A SHIPMENT OF COUNTERFEIT GOLD COINS HEADED FOR THE U.S. WHILE THEY ARE COUNTERFEIT, THERE'S STILL ENOUGH GOLD IN SUCH COINS TO HIKE

THEIR VALUE UP TO \$35 APIECE ...

Big police scandal due to break soon in the Midwest concerns the cops selling corpses to undertakers. Police are required to take stiffies to the nearest funeral home but instead will drive on until they reach one that offers a \$100 bounty per body. The undertaker simply slips the cost of this commission over to the dead man's family ...

SPORT SCENE

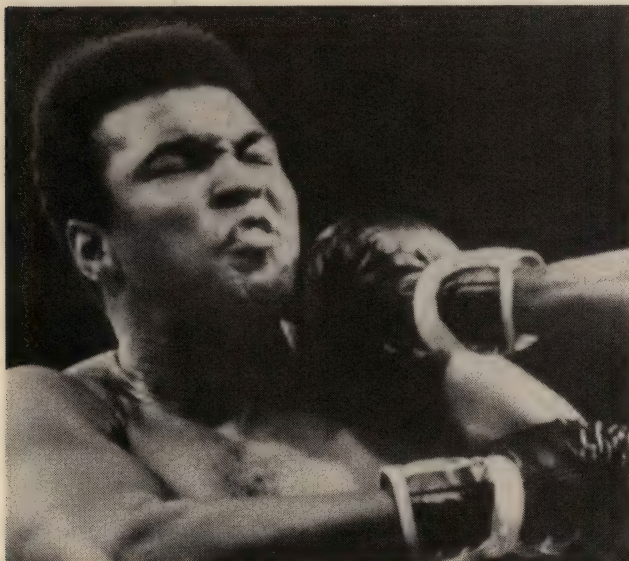
After you take part in a strenuous game such as football or basketball, the best thing to drink is beer—and a lot of it. It's the quickest way to pump in carbohydrates, vitamin B and malt that can make up for the loss of sugar in the body ...

ONE GOOD RULE TO FOLLOW AT THE RACE TRACK: IF RAIN DEVELOPS AND THE TRACK TURNS WET, START BETTING THE FAVORITES. THEY DO MUCH BETTER ON AN "OFF" TRACK—MAINLY BECAUSE THE PROS CAN ELIMINATE ABOUT HALF THE HORSES FROM CONTENTION AND REALLY PACK IN ON THE LOGICAL HORSE ...

Between 18 and 20 million people a year are injured in sports-related accidents, according to Dr. James A. Nicholas, physician to the New York Jets football team. Naturally, football is a real killer, putting 850,000 on the sidelines ...

ONE THING IS SURE, THE OLYMPICS WILL NEVER AGAIN BE HELD IN A HIGH-ALTITUDE LOCATION AS MEXICO CITY. SO MANY ATHLETES DEVELOPED A FEAR OF HEART ATTACK THAT THEY WERE SIMPLY UNABLE TO GO ALL OUT ...

Doctors now are convinced the way to cut boxing injuries is by reducing the amount of padding in gloves and



Taking out the sting.

getting rid of taping. Making boxers more sensitive to hand pain when punching will reduce the force of the blows they throw ...

THE GOOD LIFE

THE RECESSION IS BOUND TO HAVE ONE GOOD LONG-TERM EFFECT. BY 1980 MOST MEN WILL BE ON THE 30-HOUR WORK WEEK—STRICTLY A SPREAD-THE-WORK-AROUND GIMMICK ...

Teenage girls are definitely going back to brassieres.

But that's because there's going to be a transistor radio that hooks right into a B-Cup so that kids can dance to music anywhere at all ...

SOME HYPNOTISTS CLAIM THEY CAN HYPNOTIZE A GUY SO THAT HIS SEXUAL CLIMAX CAN BE PROLONGED FOR SEVERAL ECSTATIC MINUTES ...

There are now more TV sets than bathtubs in the country ...



She logs less tubetime.

THE AVERAGE AMERICAN MALE EATS A HALF A TON OF FOOD A YEAR—126 LBS. OF BREAD AND BUTTER, 102 LBS. OF SUGAR, 247 LBS. OF MILK AND CREAM AND 287 EGGS. HE DRINKS 16 CUPS OF COFFEE A WEEK ...

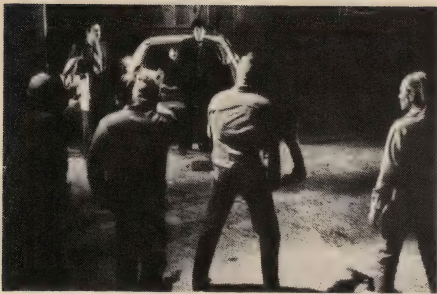
TOP AND BOTTOM OF THE BARREL

ONE WAY TO TEST WHETHER OR NOT YOU ARE AN ALCOHOLIC IS TO ASK YOURSELF WHEN YOU HAD YOUR FIRST DRINK. IF YOU KNOW THE ANSWER, YOU VERY WELL COULD BE AN ALCOHOLIC ...

Headshrinks will tell you the best thing to do when a woman starts screaming is to shout her down. It helps release pent-up tensions, and shows her who's boss, which is what she wants most anyway ...

MAKE SURE YOU KEEP A WASTEBASKET THAT'S "CLEAN" IN EVERY WAY. IF A BOSS IS CHECKING UP ON AN EMPLOYEE THAT'S THE FIRST THING HE'LL GO THROUGH AFTER HOURS ...

If you want to become rich in another 25 years, you should start putting away things that will become more valuable in the year 2000. For instance, a case of the small, hourglass-shaped Coke bottles now brings anything between \$10 and \$25 from collectors of nostalgia. In 25 years as the bottles become more rare, it's estimated the same case will go for a few hundred bucks at least ...



KIDNAP!

(Continued from page 15)

placed the package in a paper bag and left it in a small boat in drydock behind the local Chrysler-Plymouth agency. But the FBI had a stakeout at the scene, and solving the crime was relatively easy. They tracked the man who came to pick up the drop, and soon afterward arrested him and his two accomplices. All the ransom money was found, but there was no trace of the boy.

In falling snow and a 20-degree temperature, hundreds of volunteer firemen, local police and FBI agents, using snowmobiles and a helicopter, combed the surrounding area. Following a telephone tip, they searched a wooded stretch near Lake Chautauqua and finally found Dan Ebersole. His frozen, snow-covered body was tied to a tree. According to the medical examiner, he had been murdered by repeated blows to the head. The penalty—Murder One. It would have been life imprisonment with parole if they hadn't killed their hostage.

In March of 1974 Reg Murphy, editor of Georgia's favorite newspaper, the *Atlanta Constitution*, began receiving a series of strange phone calls from a man who said he was the owner of a construction firm that was going out of business. He claimed he had 300,000 gallons of fuel oil worth \$100,000 which he wanted to give to some worthwhile charities. Murphy figured the caller was just a crank, but invited him to visit him at his home one evening to talk about the proposition. When the man arrived, he drove off with Murphy in his car, supposedly to see his lawyer to discuss the deal. After a few blocks he drew a gun and said, "Mr. Murphy, you have been kidnapped."

Murphy was forced to cover his eyes with adhesive tape, then he was pushed into the car's trunk and taken to a secluded house some distance away. He spent an uncomfortable night crammed between a bed and a chest of drawers. The next day he was required to make a tape recording, in the style of the Patty Hearst case, which was sent to his office. Its message was that the kidnaper wanted the news media to change its thinking; it was "too leftist and too liberal." He wanted all Federal officials to resign immediately so a free election could be held. He also demanded \$700,000 for Murphy's safe release. Murphy later told police that the kidnaper had asked him, "Did you know that eight Jews run this country and they weren't even elected?" He had listed them, and the first had been Kissinger.

But as is often the case, the money was more important to the kidnaper than his politics. As ordered, it was in old 5, 10, 20 and 50 dollar bills, stuffed into two suitcases and dropped off on Highway 400. It was soon picked up by the kidnaper who had been driving around with Murphy, first in the trunk, then lying on the rear floor for the eight dismal hours covered with a blanket. The man gleefully opened one of the suitcases and showed his hostage the money, "You ever

smell any filthy lucre?" Then he commented with a laugh, "I would have snatched the mayor but he would have been too fat to fit in the trunk." A few hours later an exhausted, disheveled and bewhiskered Murphy staggered to freedom from a motel parking lot.

By checking on all local building contractors, in case the kidnaper had really been one, the FBI hit pay dirt—Warren Williams. In his home they found the \$700,000 still in the original suitcases. On the bumper of his truck was a sticker: "Oil yes; Jews no."

One of the most botched up kidnappings occurred when a group of amateurs ripped off the Mafia's most dangerous godfather, Don Carlo Gambino. The hostage, held for \$350,000 ransom, was his nephew Manny Gambino whom Uncle Carlo had never considered the pick of the litter. As a shylock, Manny had dispersed \$1-million from the family treasury to clients who had a knack of avoiding payment. Even worse, he wanted to divorce his wife and marry his mistress, an action forbidden among the Mafia because a discarded wife has a nasty habit of blabbing family secrets. Mistress—okay; divorce—never!

Manny was last seen near New York's Columbus Circle. That afternoon, Don Carlo received a phone call advising him of the ransom amount and giving him directions for the drop. He was told to have his soldiers take the money and call a certain number from designated phone booths along the Jersey Turnpike. At one of them, they would be told the drop spot. But they made a mistake. They had finally been told the spot was the Molly Pitcher Service Area below Route 9, but they turned off on Route 9 and went to the Molly Pitcher Inn, swaggering inside in typical gangster fashion and scaring hell out of the desk clerk and guests. Two of them guarded the phone booth, waiting for the call that never came. Meanwhile, two of the kidnappers were wading in mud in a cloudburst near the service area.

A new drop was arranged for the following night. But driving to it, the kidnappers ran out of gas, and when they finally reached it, they saw a police car parked nearby. They had to drive 20 miles to find a public phone so they could give Don Carlo a third set of instructions. Later one of the kidnappers moaned to the police, "Here was the Mafia willing to hand us 350 grand and we couldn't tell them where to leave it."

The third attempt was almost a fiasco. Without stopping their car, the Mafia bag men threw the suitcase full of money from a low bridge. The bag burst open when it hit the ground and the bills scattered all over the woods. The kidnaper told police he never would have found it in the dark if he hadn't accidentally tripped over it. But the bag held only \$60,000. By this time the FBI had become interested in the case and Don Carlo figured they might drop a hint to the IRS if he blew the entire \$350,000.

Eventually, police found an abandoned truck registered to gambler Robert Senator who owed Manny \$40,000. He confessed to the kidnapping but swore it had been arranged by Manny as an easy way to milk Uncle Carlo of a bundle and finance his getaway with his mistress. But his girl friend was still around and alone, crying for her lost lover. Then the FBI found a blood-stained car parked at Newark Airport. In it was Manny's bullet-riddled body. Sentner was convicted of murder.

ALTHOUGH the Mafia is behind most organized crime in the U.S. their capers seldom include kidnapping for ransom. In Italy, however, there have been so many cases recently that it seems to have become the favorite pasttime of the bandit families. The take, during the past few years, total over \$45 million. Last year in Lodi, Italy, the family of Emilio Baroni, millionaire dairyman, paid \$1.2 million for his release. And in April of this year, Italy was the scene of an all-time ransom record—\$14 million.

Last March, 40-year-old bachelor Giovanni Bulgari, international jeweler with a store in New York City, was being driven home by his chauffeur when his car was attacked by several armed kidnappers. In the shooting, he suffered a wound in his right arm. He was held captive for 31 days, during which time he was kept in a windowless room, gagged and chained to a bed. Meanwhile, his family, refusing to cooperate with the police, negotiated the ransom themselves and paid the \$14 million in two installments through an intermediary in Switzerland. After a phone tip, Bulgari was found with his mouth taped, almost unconscious from ether, gaunt and 20 pounds lighter, in the back of a stolen Fiat. As of this writing the identity of the kidnappers remains a mystery and none of the ransom money has been recovered. But police suspect a Mafia family with a doctor as an accomplice because Bulgari's bullet wound had received professional treatment.

An Italian kidnapping that made headlines in the U.S. was that of 17-year-old John Paul Getty II, grandson of the oil billionaire. Young Getty was living a hippy life in Rome and sharing an apartment with an artist. His friends said he'd always been broke and had once mentioned that a quick, easy way of getting some bread would be to stage his own kidnapping. One night, after an argument with a Belgian go-go dancer who told him to get lost, he barked a few choice Italian curses, ran out into the street and really did get lost.

Shortly afterward his mother, also living in Rome, was phoned by a man with a Sicilian dialect who told her he would kill the boy unless she handed over \$17 million. To prove he was serious, he said he would send her one of young Getty's fingers. Instead, he sent her the right ear, a grand old custom of the Sicilian Mafia. Getty reported later that the kidnaper had hit him on the head to knock him out so he wouldn't feel his ear being sliced off.

When he heard of the high ransom demand, grandfather Getty tightened his grip on his wallet and announced, "I'm against paying any money. It only encourages kidnappers." But he changed his mind, maybe when he learned about the ear, or maybe because the ransom was reduced to \$2,890,000. The drop was to be made by an associate of the elder Getty, an American named Fletcher Chase by the Italian newspapers. The 1,000 bills in Italian lire, first microfilmed by the police,

were carried in three sacks.

The pickup could have been a comedy scene from an Italian movie by Mastroianni. Following instructions, Chase rented a car and drove down the autostrada from Rome. Below Naples a sedan pulled alongside and the men in it started throwing stones at his car to attract his attention. Then they rubbed their fingers together which meant money in the Italian sign language. While the money sacks were being transferred, another car drove up and parked nearby. Its occupants, a young man and his pretty girl friend, apparently tourists, began taking photos of the breathtaking scenery. They also photographed the kidnapers. Actually undercover agents, they returned to police headquarters in Rome where authorities soon identified the men. With payment of the ransom, Getty was released.

Capture of the kingpin of the kidnapers could have been another comedy scene. One night, dozens of the carabinieri military police, armed to the teeth, stalked the tiny sleeping village of Cicala in Southern Italy, creeping through gardens, over walls and across tile roofs. Their target was a small house where the kidnaper was hiding. Suddenly, the quiet night erupted into violent sound. Every dog in the village—it seemed there were hundreds—started barking at once. There was instant and complete confusion. The villagers, awakened by the dogs, screamed at the police who screamed back at them while they tried to beat off the attacking dogs. It seemed that Mancuso, the kidnaper, had plenty of time to escape. But when the police finally arrived, he opened the door and meekly surrendered. A total of eight Getty kidnapers were finally rounded up in various parts of Italy. But the amount of the ransom recovered was never revealed by authorities, which undoubtedly means it wasn't enough to brag about.

In Dallas, Texas two years ago Mrs. Amanda Mayhew Dealey, a bride of six weeks, was on her way to her car in an adjacent parking lot when two strangers, one waving a gun, bundled her into a sedan, jammed dark glasses over her eyes, and drove off. Joe Dealey, father of her husband and president of the *Dallas Morning News*, was chosen as their contact. They phoned him several times. One of them spoke with a harsh voice, sounded belligerent and used profanity. They told him his daughter-in-law was being held for \$250,000 ransom and that she was alive but buried in a airtight coffin, so he should act fast. They also cautioned him they would kill anyone who made their kidnapping public news. For Mrs. Dealey's safety, all the paper killed their headlining stories and remained silent.

Desperately, Dealey packed the ransom in 20 dollar bills as directed, and the drop was made by an FBI agent posing as a family friend; but it was complicated. The agent had to make calls from 15 consecutive public

phones before he was told the exact drop spot. Meanwhile, although Mrs. Dealey had not been buried in a coffin as her kidnaper had reported, her experience was almost as unpleasant. With wrists, mouth and eyes taped, she was held in an empty house that had neither water nor a telephone. During her captivity, which lasted almost three days, she had no heat except an electric blanket and no food except two bowls of soup. When the kidnapers received the payoff, they "wrapped me mummy fashion," dumped her behind a fence on a dead-end road and phoned a tipoff to police.

Clues were scarce, but the FBI agent had seen the kidnapers at the money drop. And the man's harsh voice was a lead. Checking all suspicious characters, the investigators finally found two brothers, Franklin and Woodrow Ransonette, counting the ransom money in their apartment. They were tried and given the longest sentences in Texas history—5,500 years each! Ordinarily, since the victim was not murdered, parole would be possible after 20 years. And even after nine and one-half years if the victim had not been harmed. But it is difficult for kidnapers to confine a hostage for any length of time without resorting to brutal measures such as gagging, tying with ropes or confinement in some deserted hideout without adequate toilet facilities. Often the victims must sleep in their own excrement. Some injury, as well as discomfort, is impossible to avoid. No parole board would conclude that Mrs. Dealey had been unharmed.

TWENTY-YEAR-OLD Barbara Mackle actually was buried alive by her kidnapers. She was the daughter of Robert Mackle who had made millions in the Florida land boom. She was also a student at Emory University in Atlanta, Georgia. One day while in bed with the flu and tended by her mother in an Atlanta motel room, there was a knock on the door. A voice said, "Police." When the door was opened, a man with a carbine shouldered his way inside, followed by a woman. They chloroformed the mother, then pushed Barbara, wearing only her nightgown, out the door.

A phone call to Mackle demanded \$500,000 in old 20 dollar bills. He made the drop over a sea wall a few miles from his home in Coral Gables, Florida. The waiting kidnapers grabbed the money-stuffed suitcase and raced away in a stolen outboard motorboat, then further up the coast switched to a car. A deputy sheriff, unaware of the ransom payoff, happened to drive by their car just as they reached it. They panicked and ran. The man fired his carbine at the sheriff who responded with his pistol, and the kidnapers dropped the heavy suitcase. In desperation, Mackle explained to them when they called him that he'd had nothing to do with what had happened, and he begged for another chance. He got it and this time the drop was successful.

The search for Barbara began. Following an anonymous tip, which may have come from the kidnapers, the FBI discovered a large box buried two feet deep in a field outside Atlanta. Inside it was Barbara, still wearing only her nightgown, physically unharmed but near collapse from her ordeal. It was a miracle that she had retained her sanity. She had remained in the pitch-black coffin for over three days, surviving on bread and water that had been left for her, and

breathing through two snorkel-like tubes assisted by a battery-operated fan.

The kidnaper's getaway car was traced to Gary Krist who later, under the name of Arthur Horowitz, bought a motorboat with 115 of the unmarked 20 dollar bills and took off alone through the Florida canals toward the Gulf of Mexico. When a suspicious canal attendant phoned the FBI, they tracked him in helicopters. To hide Krist beached his boat and waded off through the waist-deep swamp. Deputies found him sitting disconsolately on a log. In his pocket was \$17,000; hidden in his abandoned boat they discovered \$480,000. His accomplice, Ruth Schier, was later apprehended.

One sensational kidnaping involved six-year-old Robert Greenlease. While attending his first-grade class at a Kansas City school, a frowzy woman with dyed-red hair convinced the nun in charge that she was Robert's aunt and had come to take him to the bedside of his mother who had suffered a serious heart attack. As she and the boy left in a cab, the worried nun phoned Mrs. Greenlease to inquire about her condition. Immediately the mother suspected kidnaping. She soon received a special delivery ransom note demanding \$600,000. It took 80 bank clerks five hours to sort the bills into 10s and 20s which were packed in a duffle bag; the weight of the bag and its 40,000 bills was 85 pounds. The police didn't interfere and the drop was made successfully. But Robert did not return.

Some days later an ex-con cab driver in St. Louis knew he'd found a pigeon when his drunken passenger, his pockets bulging with money, tipped him \$18. Then, at the man's request, he recommended a hooker and drove both of them to a big-spender's motel where he was paid a generous \$3,000. When he picked up the girl the next morning and she told him she had seen a suitcase "bulging with money," he figured the deal was too hot and tipped off the police. Visiting the mysterious playboy, they found him to be Carl Hall, high on drugs as well as alcohol. But they didn't realize they had the Greenlease kidnaper until they spotted his suitcase stuffed with almost \$300,000.

Still drunk, he confessed and revealed the details of the kidnaping. He didn't know where the rest of the money was. He claimed he'd lost another suitcase somewhere in a bar. The woman who had snatched the boy was an alcoholic hooker named Bonnie Heady with whom he had shared a small cottage until he'd split after beating her senseless in a drunken argument. Eventually, he admitted killing the boy. He led the police to a spot in the garden behind the Heady cottage where they dug and found Robert Greenlease's body jammed into a plastic garbage bag. In the back of his head was a .38-caliber bullet hole.

When Frank Sinatra, Junior was kidnaped, he may not have been aware of the FBI's suggestions to kidnap victims, but nevertheless he seemed to be the perfect hostage. Don't struggle and risk injury or death, they warn. Cause as little trouble as possible. Obey all orders. The kidnaper is scared. Unless he's a psycho, he wants you alive and well. He knows the penalty if you die.

Young Sinatra was almost too cooperative.

Three men with guns snatched him from his motel room at Lake Tahoe. When they reached the getaway car, he voluntarily lay down on the back seat and told them he'd be as quiet as a mouse. When they reached a

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road block, he advised them to explain, "We've been to a party and I've had too much to drink." After his father had paid the \$24,000 requested by the kidnapers, Junior was released. He gave the leader of the kidnapers a hearty handshake and said, "Too bad we could have met under different circumstances." When they were about to drop him off near his mother's home in Bel Aire, he advised them to stop in a dark place "so I can't see your license plate."

It may have been that his unusual agreeableness and nonchalance rattled his kidnapers. The caper had gone too easily; something had to be wrong. When one of them had phoned his father, giving him instructions for the drop, he had added, "I'm terribly nervous. I'm upset. I wish I wasn't in on it." Later, even though the FBI was not yet hot on the trail, the man whose hand young Sinatra had shaken, John Irwin, turned himself in. His two pals were quickly arrested and all of the take except \$2,000 was recovered. Another crime solved.

Or had it been just a publicity gimmick, as Irwin insisted at the trial? Junior's friendliness with the kidnapers was suspicious. Irwin's defense lawyer, platinum-blond Gladys Root, accused young Sinatra

after his company had dipped into its vaults for \$750,000. Francis Brimcombe, Argentine board chairman of the British-American Tobacco Co. had been freed after a payment of \$1.8 million. Executives of Kodak, ITT and Coca Cola had been brought back alive after huge ransoms had been paid. There had been a dozen others.

However, when Guatemala had refused to pay a bargain \$700,000 to ransom Count Karl von Spreti, West German Ambassador, and had even refused to allow his country to pay the bill, the Count was found face down on the mud floor of a hut with a bullet hole in the back of his head. In Argentina, John Swint of the Ford Motor Co. had been murdered while resisting kidnapers and his company had been assessed \$4 million to guarantee the safety of its other employees.

Exxon paid the ransom, but somewhere in the deal the Robin Hood idea got sidetracked; the guerillas themselves would keep the largest slice—\$10-million. And \$4-million would go to charity. Samuelson was released for one of the largest kidnaping ransoms in modern history; previously the largest had been \$4 million paid by Swissair to spring its Latin American manager. A significant feature of Latin American kidnappings is that

for one million pounds (\$2.3 million).

Until 1960, kidnappings were so rare in France they were called "kidnaping à l'américaine," but the French learned fast. One of their most interesting cases was that of Eric Peugeot. Grandson of the millionaire head of the Peugeot Car Co., he was snatched from his bed and released after payment of \$100,000. When the kidnaper, William Holland, was arrested during a spending spree in the Swiss Alps, he said his project has been inspired by a mystery novel, *The Snatchers*, written by American author Lionel White. His ransom note had been an exact copy of the one used in the book.

THE list of kidnappings in the U.S. is almost endless. The FBI reports there were 1,556 in 1973, some of these simple child custody cases. Last year the number approached 2,000 including Mrs. Eunice Kronholm, wife of St. Paul banker, ransomed for \$200,000; Mrs. Frank von Balen of Roanoke, released after payment of \$25,000; George Jackson of Sanford, Florida, ransomed for \$25,000; Long Island schoolboy John Calzadilla, freed after kidnapers were paid \$50,000.

Although no kidnaping is funny, there were a couple with a humorous twist. In Decatur, Illinois, a kidnaper planned to snatch lawyer Charles Huthmacher and hold him for \$50,000 ransom. But when he broke into the house, he found the Huthmachers had moved. So it wouldn't be a total loss, he decided to make it a robbery. But when he tried to tie up his victims, he found the rope was too short. And when he attempted to lock them in a closet, he found the door had no lock. In frustration, he grabbed \$22 and left.

When Tony Brucia received a phone call informing him that his young son, Aldo, had been kidnapped and would be returned after payment of \$10,000, he told the kidnaper, "Keep him! I got 13 more!" The boy was released unharmed.

An increasing number of lawbreakers are turning to body snatching. The fact that in almost every case in the U.S. the kidnaper is caught and the ransom money recovered doesn't seem to discourage them. They study a case, figure the kidnaper was a jerk and made stupid mistakes, then come up with what they figure is a foolproof plan.

At the trial of convicted kidnap-murdered Bruno Hauptmann, Harmon Waley attended every court session. He studied every detail until he was convinced the German had screwed up a great idea for getting rich quick. A few months later, the son of John Weyerhaeuser, millionaire Tacoma lumberman, was ransomed for \$200,000. Waley held the money for what he thought was a safe period. When he passes some of the bills in Salt Lake City, the FBI grabbed him before he could count his change.

The FBI is persistent, investigates every clue and uses the latest scientific detecting devices and laboratories. A chip of paint led to the arrest of one murderer. A spot of blood on the sole of a shoe led to another. FBI files contain fingerprints of over 100 million criminals and non-criminals. Just a partial fingerprint can prove identity. Voiceprints are taken when a kidnaper phones. Experts analyze the kidnap notes, even the paper on which they're written. FBI records show that in the U.S. a kidnaper's chances of getting away with the loot are 1 in 1000.

Maybe that's why the Mafia won't have anything to do with it! ●●●

"Weeks after the desperate parents had paid the \$600,000 in blood money, the cops found the body of the six-year-old. It was stuffed into a garbage bag, the skull cracked by a .38 slug."

of rigging the snatch "to make the ladies swoon." As papa listened, he fought to control the temper for which he has become famous. Finally, the court decided the kidnaping had been for real, and Irwin and one of his accomplices were sentenced to life, reduced to 24½ years. Since in this case there was no doubt that Sinatra had suffered no harm, parole will probably be granted after a considerably shorter time. Later, "Blue Eyes" won a libel suit against a critic who still insisted the whole deal had been phony.

LATIN America is a serious contender for the Oscar for the largest ransom payoffs, although the kidnapers claim they are Robin Hoods with no personal interest in the cash; they pass it on to the poor patriots who have been exploited by the American capitalists.

Victor Samuelson, manager of the Esso (subsidiary of Exxon) oil refinery at Campana, Argentina, was having lunch with friends at the plant restaurant when six guerillas hustled him outside and carted him away. Later, the newspapers were sent a photo of a very unhappy Samuelson standing in front of a poster of Che Guevara. Then came the ransom demand—\$14 million!

Negotiations with the kidnapers were held at the New York office of Exxon. The company was told that if the ransom wasn't paid, the hostage would be tried as a "capitalist criminal," convicted and executed as a warning to all business interests which had "invaded" Argentina. Payment, however, would guarantee Samuelson's release. Exxon looked at the record. The Argentine manager of the First National Bank of Boston had survived

none of the ransom money is recovered; it would require a full-scale military invasion.

The attempt last year to kidnap Princess Anne, the only daughter of Queen Elizabeth, wasn't the only such case in history involving royalty. The first royal body snatcher on record was Leopold of Austria who grabbed Richard the Lion Hearted and demanded 150,000 marks—quite a bundle in the year 1192—payable in installments. The first two payments almost exhausted the British treasury. Leopold got tired of waiting, canceled the balance and released Richard.

What would be the largest ransom in history, if the amount could be confirmed, was that asked by Pizzaro in 1532 for the release of Atahualpa, chief of the Incas. His demand: A room filled with gold, silver and jewels. Estimated value: \$400 million! It was paid but the bloodthirsty Spaniard chopped off the chief's head, anyhow.

Recently, several devil-may-care Japanese students decided that Princess Suga, Emperor Hirohito's youngest granddaughter, should be worth plenty of yen. They tried three times to climb through her bedroom window; on the fourth try they were caught.

Princess Anne's would-be abductor went at the job like a bull in a china shop, attacking her limousine with guns blazing. It was enough to make any respectable lawbreaker, languishing in a slammer, shake his head in disgust. He didn't even get the car door open! Firing wildly, he fortunately missed the Princess and her husband, Capt. Mark Phillips, but wounded the chauffeur, a bodyguard, a policeman and the driver of a passing car. On him was found a ransom note 700 words long which included his demand



**“A BURNING AMMO SHIP
IS BLOCKING
THE PANAMA CANAL!”**

continued from page 25
PLEASE TURN PAGE

here?"

"You're carrying ammunition, Captain." Bud Wheeler said comfortably. "Small-arms ammunition, machinegun ammunition, mortars, rockets, napalm, everything up to, and including, field-artillery shells. You've got a real tough load there, but you don't think this is the first time Al and I ever moved a munitions ship, do you?"

Wheeler was in his mid-twenties, a lanky, good-natured man with an easy grin. The man who had come aboard with him, Al Terris, was a few years older, squat, strongly built, and not much of a talker.

"I don't care if it's the first time or the twentieth," Fitts said in his testy way. "I'm just telling you what we got here is enough to blow this whole Canal all the way to Africa."

"We'll see that doesn't happen, Captain," Wheeler assured him. "I don't want it to happen anymore than you do. I've already been to Africa."

He mounted to the bridge and Terris went down to the engine room. From these two positions they would be able to communicate with each other through voice tube as the towing locomotives—or "electric mules"—were connected to the ship. There would be four locomotives—two on each of the lock walls—to keep the *General Parker* moving on a midway course into the lock and then bring it to a stop when it was completely within the chamber.

"They seem to know what they're doing, these boys," Fitts conceded grumpily, standing at the rail with his first mate, Jerry Douglas. "We couldn't be moving any straighter if we were on a tightrope. Why the hell can't I relax?"

"I guess that little guy has to stand by in case of emergency," Douglas said, pointing to a tugboat well off to one side of the freighter. "The *Dora Wycherly*. You think the owner named it after his wife or his mother?"

"I couldn't care less if he named it after his poodle," Fitts said, pivoting his head this way and that way to watch the operation. "Don't ask me things like that till we're

through here. I mean *all the way* through. There are three locks on this side, you know."

"Don't worry, Captain," Douglas said, "movin' ships through the Canal's old hat for these boys. They do this every day."

"Yeah, I know, I know, only don't give me any 'Don't worry . . .' all right?" Fitts said. "I'm feeling jumpy. Maybe that means I'm getting old. Hell, I've carried ammunition before. Why am I making such a fuss about it this time?"

It had to be some sixth sense at work. Certainly everything *seemed* calm and serene. It was a warm, sunny day. The men of the freighter had come up on deck and were standing along both rails. The electric mules inched their way along the lock walls, playing out and taking in the towing lines from a slip drum and windlass. Wheeler was a confident, slouching figure on the bridge and it was obvious Terris knew what he was doing down below.

"All right, here we go. I always get a bang out of this."

That was Douglas noting that they had come to a stop within the lock and were now being raised to the level of the lock above it. The water was coming in from openings in the lock floor, and this was being done so evenly that the *General Parker* never wavered from its stable position. In a matter of minutes the correct level had been reached. Now the 730-ton gates opened and the freighter moved into the second of the three Gatun locks.

"So far so good," Douglas was being cheerful and Fitts had no choice but to grunt in agreement. Everything was certainly going smoothly.

The great gate closed behind them and once more the electric mules began working the freighter into a properly centered position in the second lock. Douglas said, "I want to get a look at this from up front," and started up along the rail toward the bow.

It would seem to those survivors who saw it, that the first thing that happened was Douglas whirling out into space. Of course, it made no sense. The explosion had to come

first, but that was the way they would always remember it—the mate walking toward the bow and then hurtling out over the rail as though fired from a giant catapult.

Then came the explosion. It came over a period of several seconds, rather than instantaneously—the steady roar building, mounting, gaining violence, and finally erupting like lightning splitting the sky. The freighter heaved upward at the bow. Several huge, flaming chunks of its hull burst outward on the port side. Flames spewed out of the opening there, and above it the deck curled back, the metal assuming the undulating shape of a surf.

The original explosion was followed immediately by others, the freighter bucking and lurching as though it were being kicked apart from inside. It suddenly lunged forward moving at high speed, the towing lines slapping the water. Ahead of it was the inner gate of the lock, its leaves still closed, and the freighter rammed straight into it, then rebounded with a great grinding of machinery and a new eruption from below.

Its backward progress was made along a staggering course and ended some 90 feet from the gate. Its bow was beaten in and broken open, and a length of the rail dangled halfway to the water. The explosions were still going on in the forward hold, and flames swept forward from the huge hole, fanned by a gathering breeze at the stern. The freighter continued to lurch and heave, like a dying elephant.

WHAT of the cost in human life at this early point of that incredible tragedy? Fourteen men had been standing at the rail immediately above where the first explosion occurred. All had been blown into the water, five of them dead as they hit, and all the rest injured, none lightly. The mate, Jerry Douglas, was one of these, and although he had a leg blown off, he was still able to observe that scene of carnage and anguish, and subsequently describe it in these words to a board of inquiry:

"The suddenness of it made it impossible to realize what was happening. This was the case with me, and I'm sure with everyone else. I had left Captain Fitts and was walking toward the bow. I remember that. But then the next thing I remember is being in the water. I don't remember how I got there, and it's possible that I was unconscious for a few seconds. When I came to I was in the water and there were others there all around me.

"Men were screaming. Mainly it was those that were on fire—their clothing on fire, their hair on fire. They kept trying to get under the water to douse out the flames, but they kept popping up and the flames were still there and they were still screaming. My guess is they had been hit by the napalm bombs exploding. With others it was different. One fellow was trying to swim. His face was perfectly calm except that he looked a little confused. What he was confused about was they he had only one arm and didn't know it. He couldn't make any progress. It was something like that with me, too. I didn't know the leg was gone.

"We were spread out over an area of maybe thirty, forty yards. I was out the farthest, so I could see everybody in the water, and past them, the ship. The ship was just bouncing off the lock gate when I came to.

"A bunch of the men had been standing at the rail back near the stern, and I could still



"He doesn't want to marry me, Daddy. He just wants to swap his wife to you for me."

see them, but none of them were standing up. They were sprawled all over, hanging onto anything they could reach. Those that couldn't get hold of anything were rolling around like dolls. I couldn't see Captain Fitts, but I could see Wheeler up on the bridge. He was upside down there, with his feet up in the air, and when he came over it was like in slow motion. Then he started getting up.

"The hole in the ship looked like a cave, but you couldn't see into it because of the fire. It was just like a big furnace there, that's all, a big furnace. But every now and then everything would swirl around and there would be another explosion. Up ahead of the ship, well, I don't know anything about the canal gates, so I don't know exactly what I saw, but it didn't look right to me. But I couldn't be sure.

"There was one other thing, and this is kind of like a personal observation, but I'll throw it in here anyway. There was a little tug in there with us. It was squeezed off in a corner of the lock like it was hiding. The *Dora Wycherly*. Just before the explosion, I'd been asking Captain Fitts where he thought it got its name. Well, there I was in the water, my leg gone, all these poor guys screaming and dying all around me, and for some crazy reason my mind went onto that tug and stayed there. What were they thinking about over there? I couldn't help wondering that. That, and whether or not precautions against a disaster such as this had been taken by the Canal authorities."

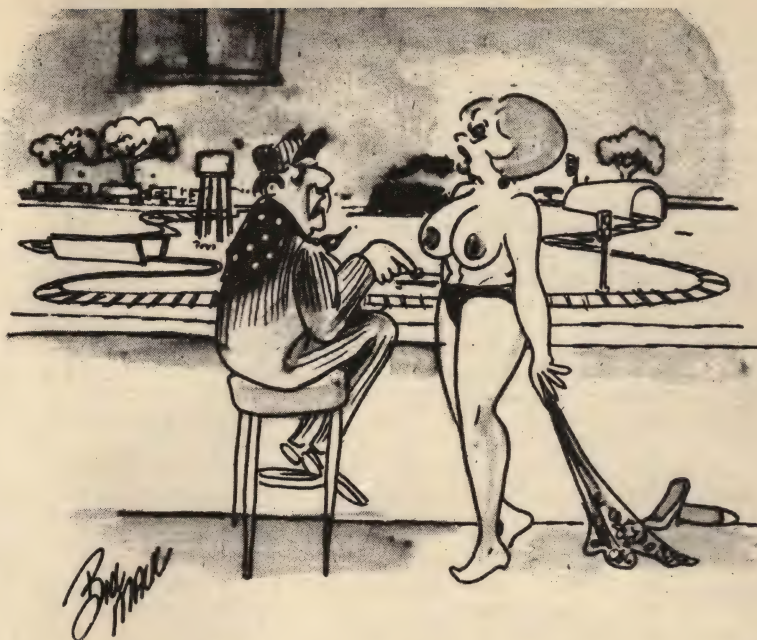
Jerry Douglas could not have known it at the time, but during World War Two, when there was a distinct danger of the Canal being bombed, precautions had been taken—precautions and emergency procedures that were still in effect the day the *General Parker* exploded. Yet in spite of everything, there were hours when even these elaborate measures would not prove adequate to deal with the situation.

THE situation can be put very simply. The freighter was carrying ammunition from ports of the eastern United States to various Army bases in the Pacific. A quarter of it was stored in the forward hold and the remaining three quarters, in the rear hold. The loading had been supervised and inspected by senior Army officers, as well as top officials of the steamship line, and there was total agreement that it couldn't have been done any better.

Nevertheless, shortly after the *General Parker* entered the second of the Gatun Locks, ammunition exploded in the forward hold. The cause still hasn't been established and various investigations into it will probably go on for years—so that precautions can be taken to see that it never happens again.

Despite the damage it did and the lives it took, the explosion in the forward hold was, in itself, not the most immediate danger. Its power was directed outward, blowing a huge hole in the hull on the port side. But the inner walls, reinforced by eight thicknesses of lead and sheet and metal, were able to withstand it. The most immediate danger was what might happen in the rear hold. The bulk of the ammunition had been stored there, including all the larger shells.

If the freighter had been on the open sea, the entire effort would have been concentrated on getting the men off and safely away



"Oh, sure, I'm just supposed to drop everything . . . never mind that the 9:35's running almost 45 minutes behind schedule!"

and letting it blow up. Anything else would have been an insane gamble with human life. But the *General Parker* was in a lock of the Panama Canal, and that made for an altogether different situation. If it exploded in there, the damage to the Canal would be awesome. Certainly, the particular lock it was in would be demolished as convincingly as if an Atomic Bomb had been dropped. And it could hardly help but do almost as total a job to the two adjacent locks, rendering the entire Canal system inoperable, perhaps for months to come.

This made the direction of the wind a crucial factor. If it were to blow back toward the stern, carrying flames from the forward hold, there would be no way to save the situation. Fortunately, in the beginning at least, the wind blew forward, carrying the flames out past the bow. This suggested the possibility of the fire being put out before it could spread back to the rear hold.

But if the wind was a crucial factor, fear was just as significant. The men of the *General Parker* knew their cargo. They were a competent crew, as capable and dependable as most, but they were in a situation that few seamen ever have to face. And they responded to it in an absolutely understandable manner. As small boats darted into the lock from both walls to pick up the men who had been blown off the deck, those who were still aboard leaped over the side to join them. These were the men Douglas reported having seen sprawling along the freighter's rear deck as it rebounded after having crashed into the gate.

Captain Fitts remained aboard, along with the two Canal ship handlers, Wheeler and Terris. All three men had been banged around and Wheeler's face, neck and arms were heat-scorched. But all three seemed to take it for granted that they should stay and do what they could. And between Wheeler and Fitts, there was even some heavy-handed humor.

"Well, we didn't quite make it to Africa, Captain. But that's not to say we still won't."

"Jokes. Yeah, let's have some jokes. Yeah, that's what we need right now, jokes."

The bantering was done in loud voices against the crunch and roar of the flames, and then Terris came into it, shouting into a cupped hand held to Fitts' ear, "The explosions have stopped. Could that mean everything you had in the forward hold went off?"

"Not a chance," Fitts shouted back. "There's still plenty down there."

"We'll have to get it out of there."

"Yeah, but how?" He pointed to the smoking deck, its many cracks and fissures giving them glimpses of the raging fire. "It's packed in heavy crates and there's just the three of us, and how do we even get close enough?"

Wheeler shouted, "That little fellow wants to get in on it," pointing at the *Dora Wycherly*. The tug was picking men out of the water and a man at the rail was making motions to indicate they would be coming closer as soon as they were finished.

THE *Dora Wycherly* was one of a small fleet of tugs, all of them privately owned and run on a contract basis by the Canal authority. The *Dora Wycherly* was owned and operated by a man named Sid Gibson, who had given it his wife's maiden name. Like all the others, it was a multiple-purpose craft, well-equipped for firefighting in addition to its regular pulling and pushing chores.

Gibson himself was a thin man with a bushy mustache and a faraway look in his eyes. When there was nothing for him to do on the tug, he read poetry or meditated, sitting on the deck in the "lotus" position of a yogi devotee. He probably was something of a Walter Mitty, too—a man with dreams of glory. That could account for the furious way he threw himself into the battle to save the *General Parker*. It was almost as though he had been waiting all his life for just that opportunity.

The *Dora Wycherly* was one of the many Canal craft that went out to the *General*

Parker, hoping to pick up survivors among the men blown overboard. But whereas all the others zeroed in on men who had been hurt, and then sped for the lock walls, Gibson concentrated on those men who had jumped in voluntarily, picking up 16 of them. Then, as they stood silently, dripping water on the deck, he addressed them:

"You men behaved very badly. You were not given orders to leave your ship. You will be given a chance to make amends. We are going back in there and do everything in our power to save her."

They stared at him in amazement. Somebody muttered, "What does he think this is, a TV show? Doesn't he know it's for real?" But Gibson wasn't interested in their views. He had already given his orders and the *Dora Wycherly* was chugging toward the freighter, aiming for a spot directly beneath the hole in the hull, the ammunition fire still blazing there.

By this time, the disaster had been flashed out across the Canal zone. People gathered on the lock walls to watch, most of them Canal employees and inhabitants of the nearby villages. Many had cameras and there was a great deal of jostling for places to get the best view. Several Army planes flew overhead, circling low. A repair ship had reached the gate and men were assessing the damage there. The tow lines from the electric mules had all been cut and had dropped out of sight.

Aboard the *General Parker*, Fitts, Wheeler and Terris were playing the ship's main fire hose on the smoking deck above the forward hold, some of the water pouring down into it. Now, from 30 feet away, hoses from the *Dora Wycherly* joined their effort, the streams arcing up into the cavernous hole. It seemed at first an exercise in futility. The inferno simply swallowed up the slender streams. But after some minutes, black smoke began to emerge, an indication that the fire was damping down.

Leaving the two Canal men to handle the ship's hose, Captain Fitts ran back to the stern and heaved a narrow rope ladder over

the side, its top secured at the rail. Then he began jabbing a finger at the men from the *General Parker* who had been picked up by the tug. He was shouting something, too, and although they couldn't hear him, they knew what it was.

"He's telling us to come back on," a seaman named Lungquist said uneasily. "Christ, look at his face. It's red as a tomato."

"Not me," someone else said emphatically. "When that thing blows it's going to blow so high it'll take any that goes up with her a week to come down."

They stood in a clump arguing about it for perhaps 30 seconds. Then Lungquist said, "The hell with it. I'm going."

He jumped back into the water and began swimming to the rope ladder. The others watched him and then, one after another, six more followed. The others stood with their backs to the freighter so they wouldn't see Fitts pointing and shouting down at them.

As the seven returnees came onto the freighter's deck, they were startled by Fitts' condition. His eyebrows and lashes had been scorched off his face, the skin cracked open in a dozen places. His voice was a rasp, mainly from smoke inhalation, although he had been doing a lot of shouting, too.

"Three of you go up there and replace those men at the hoses," he coughed and gagged out the words. "They've been there too long already. We'll replace you three in a couple of minutes. The rest of us will work on this debris. I want to clear a path to the bow on the starboard side. Everything that's blocking it, just throw over."

He didn't get to finish. A familiar rumbling drowned out his voice, and a moment later a savage explosion shook the crippled ship. Others followed and the freighter shuddered as though it were coming apart. The men at the stern threw themselves face down on the deck, trying to claw into it. The explosions continued unabated and one man sobbed as though he were being shelled in a foxhole, his nervous system caving in under that ceaseless pounding. Others were unable to control their

bowels and defecated in their trousers.

The explosions went on for close to a quarter of an hour. In time they began to slow up, then finally they stopped entirely. Even then the men on deck refused to lift their heads, or perhaps were unable to. At last Fitts did, directing a stunned and glassy-eyed look forward. "Good Christ! The poor bastards!"

The entire port-side deck was gone, the flames shooting straight up out of the hold. There seemed little doubt that it had simply collapsed, weakened by the intense heat from beneath. There was also little doubt that Wheeler and Terris had gone in with it. And indeed Sid Gibson would subsequently testify to it;

"It was a terrifying and heart-wrenching thing to see. The deck had already been ravaged by the incredible heat, and it was clearly just a matter of time until it caved in. I'm sure the two ships handlers were aware of this and tried to find places where the footing was still somewhat solid. We could see them moving around through the smoke, pointing and shouting at each other even as they continued to play their hoses. Suddenly they were back-peddling, moving frantically, and then throwing their arms up. The deck was collapsing under them and they were going right into the flames with it. Hopefully, it was fast for them. In that heat, those raging flames, how could it be anything else?"

THE savage deaths of Wheeler and Terris had a stupefying effect of the men on the freighter. They simply lay on the deck, too shattered to move, and only roused themselves when heat from the fire in the hold became so intense that they realized the situation was changing for the worse. The wind was now moving the flames in another direction. At the same time they became aware of Gibson, on the tug, shouting and flailing his arms about to attract their attention. Now, too, they saw a helicopter fluttering above one of the lock walls, apparently intending to fly out to them.

It was some minutes before Fitts was able to figure out what Gibson wanted them to do. Then he spelled it out to the seamen, shouting it into their frightened faces. "We're beginning to drift around. That's why there's suddenly so much more heat back here. He wants to hook into us at the bow to pull us back around. We've got to get up there and pass a rope down to him."

"How do we do that?" Lundquist said hoarsely. "There's no deck to go over."

"It's not all gone on the starboard side," Fitts said starting forward, then turning to shout at them. "Can't you feel us turning around? Can't you feel the heat coming back this way? You know what's going to happen if it reaches the rear hold."

He started forward again and Lundquist muttered, "All right, all right, I'm coming," and fell in behind him. Quickly, they were at a point where the heat blistered their feet through the soles of their shoes, so that they shouted from the pain and seemed to be dancing madly. Smoke rose and the fire growled beneath them, showing itself in violent oranges and reds through holes and cracks in the deck. Moments earlier, Wheeler and Terris had stood in a similar place and gone down to their deaths. This *had* to be on both mens minds.

"Christ, let's move fast. This damn thing ..."

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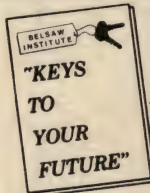
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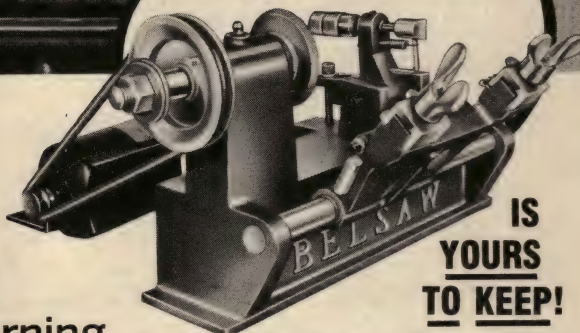
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Fitts howled in pain, unable to go on, the heat peeling the skin off his feet and legs. He fell to the deck and screamed as he was immediately burned on the knees and hands. He scrambled madly to catch up with Lundquist running ahead of him. He fell flat and screamed again and Lundquist reached around to take him by the arm and drag him the rest of the way, his own face contorted in an agonized mask.

Now, from close by came a new sound—rotors. The helicopter moved directly over the hole in the port deck. Huge tanks were attached to its undercarriage. Doors in the tanks opened, and thick fire-fighting foam spilled out and settled like a soft, white

Throughout the day, Government officials flew down from Washington to survey the scene from helicopters, then confer on the lock walls while continuing to survey the scene through binoculars. The men on board did what they could to remove the debris that littered the deck—great chunks of charred and twisted wood and iron. The second engineer was among them, a man named Harkness, and he managed to get below and inspect the engines. That was all he needed to convince himself that there was no chance at all of starting them up. He also discovered that, although all the principal damage had been done above the water line, water was leaking into the hull and would eventually

"The freighter bucked and lurched as if it were being kicked apart from the inside. The decks split wide and flaming chunks of the hull soared through the air over the stricken ship."

blanket above the hole, then began to spill into it. There were two men in the chopper, both wearing asbestos masks that made them look as though they had just dropped down from outer space.

As this phase of the operation got under way, Lundquist reached the bow still dragging Fitts behind him. Here, he dropped the older man, stared briefly at his own hands on which all the skin had been burned away, and then looked wildly about until he located the tow rope. By this time the *Dora Wycherly* was at the bow, with Gibson signalling frantically for the rope.

Lundquist threw the rope down, the other end still secured at the freighter's bow. Gibson caught it, tied it quickly about a deck fixture and then ran to take the wheel of the tug. Now, steering with his head turned back so he could see over his shoulder, he began to slowly pull the freighter's bow back around so that the flames no longer bent back toward the stern and the ammunition in the rear hold.

Above the tug, Fitts and Lundquist lay unmoving at the extreme forward point of the deck, the seaman's arm dangling over the rail. The helicopter continued to gush its thick foam downward, and black smoke spumed out of the hold to envelope the entire freighter like a shroud.

The fight went on all that afternoon, a parade of helicopters succeeding one another above the burning freighter. Time after time it seemed the fire was out, but then it would flare up again. The *Dora Wycherly* maintained its position at the *General Parker's* bow, everyone on the smaller vessel frequently retreating to the far end as flames shot down at them. Fitts and Lundquist died sometime during that period, their bodies literally consumed by the heat, their lungs eaten away by smoke.

A hundred feet away men worked frantically to repair the damaged gate, jammed to a temporary rigidity with its leaves closed. It had become clear that one way or another, the freighter would have to be pulled out of the lock and through the one that came after it. Beyond the last lock was Gatun Lake, and here a final disposition of the *General Parker* and its menacing cargo could be decided on.

constitute a new hazard.

DURING all this, the *Dora Wycherly* kept its place at the freighter's bow with Sid Gibson maneuvering it first this way and then that way to keep it positioned where its flames would continue blowing forward rather than back toward the rear hold. All the paint had peeled off the tug's flat stern from the fire so close to it, and the wood itself began to char so badly that Gibson had men slosh water over it to keep it from igniting.

Night came and the battle continued under powerful searchlight beams directed from both walls of the lock. A Defense Department specialist, Arnold Shavers, arrived and was flown out to the freighter in a helicopter and lowered to the deck. He was dressed from head to toe in a fire-proof suit. A small man, quick-moving and absolutely unawed by the situation, he grinned at the exhausted seamen and told them what he was there for. "I'm going to see if there's any point in trying to get that heavy stuff of yours out of the rear hold. We're bringing in some big cargo copters and maybe that's a possibility."



"... and don't think, Eve, I don't wish you had a mother to go home to."

"You're going down there?" someone said, pointing to the rear hold.

"That's right," Shavers said. "I want to take a look around."

Someone called his attention to the orange-tinted smoke billowing out of the forward hold and said, "There's still a lot going on down there. You know how much there's going to be left of you if the wind switches while you're doing it?"

"Enough to put in an eye dropper," Shavers said, grinning again. "You think you're going to be any better off up here?"

He had them help him pull back the hatch cover. Then he went down into the hold lighting his way with a strong flashlight. The seamen crouched on the deck and watched him pick his way about the ammunition cases. He stayed about 20 minutes, then came up nodding briskly. "I'm going to recommend they give it a try," he said. "It would sure solve a lot of problems if they could do it."

"How's chances of us being taken off here before they start that?" one of the seamen said. "My nerves are shot, and the idea of being out here with that fire still going and people juggling these ammunition crates around

"What do you mean, 'people'?" Shavers grinned. "Who do you think would be doing it? You!"

But his recommendation wasn't taken up that quickly. First another specialist was flown out to the freighter. This was Dan Collins, a fire-fighting expert. Wearing an asbestos suit and mask, Collins had himself lowered from the helicopter into the forward hold, directly into the black smoke spuming up out of it. His descent was filmed by the onlookers on the gate walls—a tiny, dangling figure in its ghost-white suit disappearing in those black, puffing billows, the copter hovering above him with several beams of light crisscrossing beneath it somewhat like those used at a Hollywood premiere.

It seemed forever that Collins remained out of sight, and when at last he emerged, everything about him was black and he hung in his harness like a scarecrow. A thrill of horror reached all across the spectators at the sight of him, limp and unmoving. Hands were seen reaching down from the helicopter to bring him aboard and still there was no movement of his body, no response of any sort. But when the copter landed, he was the first to step out, pale and needing help to stand erect, yet perfectly capable of giving a terse and accurate report: "There won't be any more explosions down there. There's just no way of telling when that fire's going to go out. There are still tons of wood and other material for it to feed on, and air is coming in from a great many different directions to keep fanning it. The best we can hope to do is keep it confined, and even that will be impossible if there's any sudden strong shift in the wind. That tug's doing wonders, but it's got its limitations."

His report was discussed along with Shavers' and a decision was arrived at: An attempt would be made to remove the ammunition from the rear hold through the use of giant cargo copters. Volunteers were called for from among the Canal personnel and 14 men agreed to join the seamen on the freighter. They were flown out to it and put down along with a number of gigantic cargo nets. Now a group of men descended into the hold, spreading the net and filling it with am-



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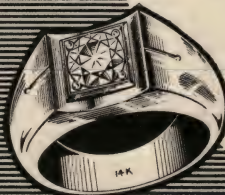
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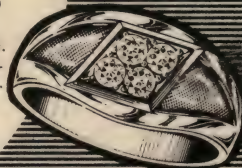
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munition cases. When this had been done, one of the copters settled just above the hold and men on the deck fastened the net ropes to its undercarriage. Moments later the copter lifted up again and flapped back to land, the ammunition-loaded net hanging straight down beneath it in a way that had any number of viewers thinking of genitalia. While this was done, a fleet of smaller copters continued to rain their blanketing foam into the forward hold.

"Operation Ammo Train" (the name attached to the unloading effort) started at about nine that night and went on for just under four hours. For those who saw it, the spectacle had something incredibly futuristic about it; the copters making their way through the long, angling searchlight beams like giant, mechanized birds from another planet, the men scuttling about beneath them on the freighter's deck like wound-up robots operated by remote control.

A little before one in the morning "Operation Ammo Train" was forced to an abrupt end, though uncompleted. The men working on the freighter had been keeping an eye on the situation in the forward hold, posting a lookout as close as possible to it to alert to any change there. Suddenly, one lookout came running back shouting something, and it was seen that the billowing smoke was once more colored orange and red—a sure indication that the fire had gained new life.

Except for three men named Leech, Parsons and Holliman, all the others on the freighter scrambled into a cargo net and were carried to land exactly the way the ammunition cases had been. Arms were seen sticking out from the net during this passage, and hands waved wearily, and the darting lights picked out the blackened faces of men who might have been working in a mine. With that last "cargo" on its way, the three men who had sent it off jumped into the water and swam around to the *Dora Wycherly* where they were taken aboard.

Minutes later a sheet of flame furling up out of the forward hold, and it was also seen that the *General Parker's* position was changing. Its bow was considerably lower in the water. Still on it, however, were the bodies of the two men who had died there—Fitts and Lundquist, with the seaman's arm still dangling over the side.

IT was now accepted that no one would go

back aboard the freighter. The risks were simply too great. A good deal of ammunition had been taken off, but more still remained. Enough, in fact, to constitute a major threat to the Canal itself. In short, with the fire raging anew, the situation wasn't terribly much different from what it had been 14 hours earlier, when the struggle began.

In one sense, things were even worse—the choices reduced. At that earlier time, it was a definite possibility that all the ammunition could be removed and the freighter dealt with as a simple ship-on-fire—which is to say, handled within the lock. But that was no longer the case. The freighter's position was much too precarious for any more work to be done aboard it.

Various suggestions were made. Some were offered by foreign governments. One that would have been considered if it had been even remotely feasible, called for cutting the *General Parker* in two, to separate the part that was blazing from the part with the ammunition. Each could then be dealt with separately and neither would be very much of a problem. But not even the most creative planners could figure a way to do it.

With this and other equally impractical ideas rejected, the options were reduced to one: The freighter would have to be tugged out of the lock and into Gatun Lake where it could be safely exploded. The dangers inherent in this procedure can hardly be exaggerated. The night winds were blowing through the Canal and shifting direction erratically. And with each shift, the flames were seen to emerge from the forward hold at a different angle, too. Also, the freighter was listing heavily to starboard and digging low at the bow.

And finally, even as this decision was being arrived at, an incident occurred that filled everyone involved with a curious sense of dread. The freighter shifted its position suddenly, tilting even more emphatically to starboard. This movement caused the bodies of Fitts and Lundquist to slip out of their previously wedged-in positions, and tumble over the side. There seemed something symbolic about it—a mystical omen saying that all their efforts would come to nothing.

What now of Sid Gibson?

As was noted earlier, he was an unusual man for that kind of work; an unusual man to be running a tugboat. He was a poet, a dreamer, a romantic. He freely acknowledged

that he enjoyed creating fantasies in which he performed great feats of heroism in distant places—the sands of Algeria, the mountains of Afghanistan. He meditated. He practiced the disciplines of Zen Buddhism and Yoga.

The *Dora Wycherly* had gone to the *General Parker* within minutes of the first explosion. It had picked men up out of the water. It had come within yards of the raging freighter to play its fire hoses on the flames in the forward hold. It had, itself, been hurled back and almost capsized in that second series of explosions—the one that killed Wheeler and Terris. And it had then come around to the bow to take the rope thrown down by Lundquist, tying itself to the freighter—tying itself to a dying ship.

It had stayed there doggedly all that day and night with Gibson himself at the wheel, turning his stubby craft this way and that to angle it in such a way as would keep the freighter's flames from leaping back to the rear hold. It had been charred and scorched, and on several occasions it had actually been swept up against the larger ship, denting and splintering its own stern in the process. Yet, as the last man left the *General Parker*, Gibson's tug was still at its post. And as the decision was made to try and move the crippled freighter out of the lock, the bulk of its explosive cargo still aboard, it was obviously the *Dora Wycherly* that would have to do it.

What did it all mean to Sid Gibson?

"First of all, it was my job, you know," he says slowly as he's asked the question. "We're an emergency unit by and large. Over 99 percent of the ships that go through the Canal go without even a hint of trouble. Day after day, night after night, everything goes beautifully. But things can happen, things do happen. And when they do, we have to turn to our emergency procedures. That's what we're there for. So when we went to the *General Parker*, we were doing our job, and that's all we were doing."

He pauses, considering his statement, then goes on and seems to be talking to himself rather than to his interviewer. The important thing in my own mind is how I felt about doing the job. Was I glad that we were on duty at the time, or would I have preferred not to be? All right, I'll admit it. I was glad we were there. I was glad we had the chance to participate in something violent and dangerous and unusual. The day-to-day monotony of modern life depresses me. I appreciated the excitement of what we did that day—yes, even the threat that we would ourselves be killed. I won't explain it. I won't justify it. I'll just say yes, that's the way it was. At least, that's the way it was with me."

IT was close to three in the morning when the *Dora Wycherly* began tugging the freighter toward the third of the Gatun Locks. The damaged gate had been repaired just a short time earlier, or at least made useable. Further work would have to be done on it before it could be put into regular operation. Four helicopters hovered above the *General Parker*, depositing their fire-quenching foam down on it, but not seeming to have any effect. Smoke continued to belch out of the ship's tortured bowels, pierced here and there by flames in the form of long, reaching lances. These were no longer coming out of just the forward hold, but out of the shattered bow as well, which sent them directly at the tug.

"It was a quite uncomfortable situation," Gibson has since said. "A fire raged inside the freighter's hull right up at the bow, and, of



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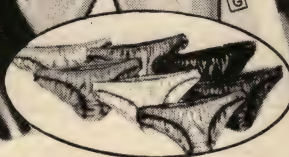


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"But, you said you wanted a hare-transplant."

course, we were just a few yards in front of it. Since the entire idea was to keep the flames from blowing back toward the rear hold, we had no choice but to keep them blowing toward ourselves. Well, of course, that made for incredible heat, not to mention the possibility that we could actually come within their range. I had several men back there with water hoses and even hand-held fire extinguishers, and there's no way I can give them enough credit for what they did."

What "they" did was quite simply to prevent the tug from catching on fire. Actually, there were times that it did—the entire stern section blazed for several minutes at one point before Gibson's fire contingent put it out. What they endured in doing it can hardly be overstated. They worked within feet of the flames and that can only have been compared to working within feet of an open blast furnace. So intense was the heat and so unpredictable the darting flames that the shirt and trousers of a man named Hunnicutt actually caught fire, but the others turned their equipment on him in time to prevent a serious body burn. For those who watched from the lock walls, the sight was an amazing one, the tug sometimes actually enclosed by long, fiery arms reaching out from the *General Parker*.

Shimmying the *Dora Wycherly* back and forth to keep the freighter angled so that the wind was kept at its stern, Gibson maneuvered both vessels out of the second Gatun lock and into the third. It was an astounding feat. The freighter now tilted over at such an angle that it seemed ready to roll totally over on its side. Smoke poured out of it in apparently greater volume than at any earlier time, settling over both it and the tug with such density that both disappeared from view. When, at last, it lifted sufficiently so that they could be seen again, it was also seen that the situation had been complicated still once again.

What had happened was this: Unable to see the freighter because of the thick cloud that enclosed them, Gibson had been unable to avoid it as the larger ship's momentum carried it into the tug's stern. They had come together in a grinding, shivering crash with the tug's stern attaching itself to the freighter's jagged bow and wedging itself there so that the two were jammed together. The effect was that of the freighter trying to swallow the tug.

As the smoke lifted and this newest complication was fully understood, Gibson told everyone else on the tug to leave and swim to the walls. "The engines are running and it's

just a question of me steering," he said. "Either it works or it doesn't, but in any case there's nothing left to be done that one man can't do alone."

Most of the men needed no second invitation. They were almost immediately in the water and swimming away. Several protested, however. They had been in the battle for well over 15 hours. They hadn't eaten during the entire period. There had been no rest, a minimum of talk, and not a single moment when they hadn't felt the imminence of their own destruction. They had moved past fear, past exhaustion, and into some realm of human emotion they had never known before—nor would again. To leave before the situation had reached a final resolution was to deny them something they saw as their right, their due. Yet, finally all of them went, perhaps recognizing in Gibson a need greater than their own—the need to face the final challenge by himself, expressed in his own words, "There's nothing left to be done that one man can't do alone."

Alone on the tug now, and perhaps seeing himself the focus of national if not world interest, Gibson began to head for the outer gate of the third Gatun lock. It was a strange, hobbling advance, the *Dora Wycherly* as battered and crippled as the freighter itself, and the two fused in that incredible way. A silence descended on those who watched from the walls and it persisted for several minutes, during which time the two vessels progressed perhaps ten yards.

Then a great, collective gasp signalled still another change, and this was followed by howls of fear as its significance was realized. The tug had suddenly popped free of the freighter's bite and the tow rope that had once joined them was gone. Moving along under its own momentum, the freighter was drifting toward one of the walls, still belching smoke and still carrying its deadly cargo. To hit there, especially broadside in the area of the rear hold, would almost certainly trigger the explosion that had been held off for so long!

TO many on that wall, it seemed the freighter was heading straight for them and doing it knowingly—a dying monster bent on committing a final act of ultimate destruction. But now between it and those running crazily to escape, Gibson interposed the *Dora Wycherly*, nestling it up against the *General Parker's* flank to take the impact as softly as possible and move it onto another course. But, once turned away from one wall, the

freighter moved as though by an act of will toward the other, and it was necessary for Gibson to bring the *Dora Wycherly* around and head it off there, too.

Then keeping at its rear, moving a little down one side and then around to the other, he bunted it out ahead of him toward the lock gate. It was painfully slow business, a tedious process; the freighter floundering and seemingly ready to keel over on its side out of sheer weariness, and the tug not allowing it to do so.

It took well over an hour to reach the gate and ease it through, by which time the eastern sky was showing the faint pink of a new dawn. Still keeping to its task, the *Dora Wycherly* herded the freighter down Gatun Lake for almost a mile. Then, responding to a signal from men of the Canal authority, Gibson backed off and left it there. As though relieved to be left alone and too exhausted to stand up any longer, the *General Parker* tumbled slowly over on its side.

It lay there until mid-afternoon while discussions went on in Washington and at the Canal as to what should be done to it. Smoke continued to rise up out of it and swirl slowly about, sometimes totally obscuring it, but then rising to reveal it, naked and undefended.

At about two o'clock orders were given for the entire shore area of the lake to be cleared. Then for almost another hour, the world waited and watched. Finally, three dots appeared high in the sky angling down toward the stricken vessel—fighter bombers of the Army Air Force. One after another they passed over the *General Parker*, each dropping a full load of bombs, sending a shudder through it.

The planes left and were replaced by three others, and then three others after that. The third squad did it: The freighter disintegrated with a roar clearly audible 25 miles away. Pieces of its carcass were hurled hundreds of feet into the air, with flaming fragments reaching both shores. On and on it went, ten minutes, twenty minutes, the eruptions coming one upon the other with undiminished force and volume, roaring, crashing, rumbling. It seemed there would be no end to it, but in time it came. The thunder lessened, the explosions turned sullen rather than victorious, and finally it stopped entirely. An eerie silence settled over the canal.

By then, of course, the freighter was out of sight beneath the water.

TODAY, the explosions aboard the *General Parker* and the way the problem was dealt with continue to be highly controversial matters.

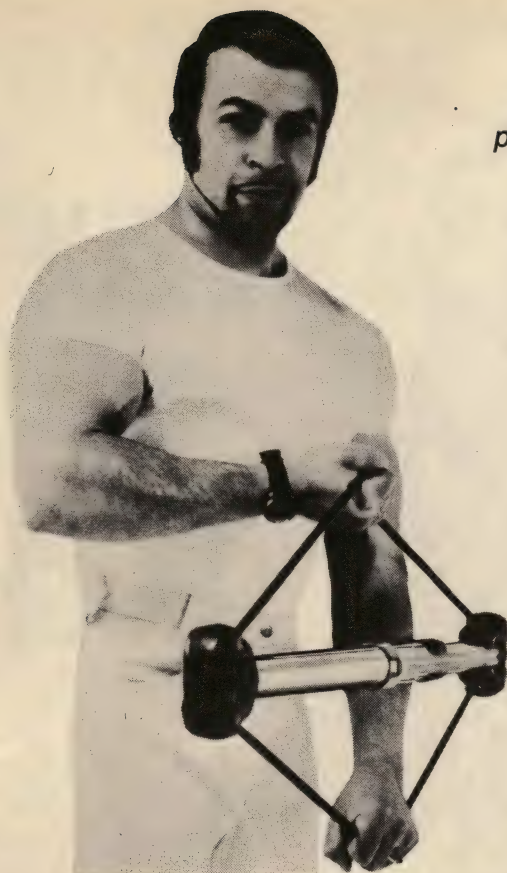
Who was responsible for the disaster in the first place? Guilt still hasn't been assigned.

Were the procedures undertaken those with the best chance of succeeding? This, too, hasn't been decided.

What of the loss of life? Could any of it have been avoided? This, too, is still being discussed.

What then, if anything, has been agreed upon? Only this: Certain men were heroes—authentic heroes by any standards. Captain Fitts—dead; Bud Wheeler—dead; Al Terris—dead; Sven Lungquist—dead.

Sid Gibson is still piloting a tug for the Canal (the *Dora Wycherly II*) and putting all questions aside with a self-conscious shrug: "I only did my job. That's all any of us were doing—our jobs." ● ● ●



*Claude Vignec,
physical training
expert says:*

Fitness is my business

**I RECOMMEND BULLWORKER
BECAUSE IT'S FAST,
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Most men know they're not getting enough exercise to keep their bodies in good shape.

However unless their careers depend on it (like professional athletes, actors, etc.), it's been my experience that most men will not continue with a regular training program long enough for it to do them much good unless the training is fast, easy and shows results right away.

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STARTING TO GET BALD?

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**for new hair with the
Brandenfels Home System!**

Like you...and you...and you, these men were losing their hair, or were actually bald. Look at them now! They used the Brandenfels Home System of Applications and Massage. Their heart-warming experience offers you a wonderful incentive for action.

Even where you now have no hair, the roots—or follicles—may still be alive—in many cases lacking only proper stimulation to bring them back into production.

You see, medical research has shown that hair grows in cycles. The follicle produces a hair, then "rests" before normal hair growth starts again. And the crucial time, it is believed, is this "resting" period.

If, because of a poor scalp condition this "resting" time is lengthened, the follicle may deteriorate so far it can never recover. So the important point is to do something NOW—before it is too late.



MICROSCOPE SHOWS MIRACLE OF HAIR REGROWTH

1. Cross section from one scalp in a test group, made before the use of the Brandenfels System. Doctors said: The follicle is small (and "resting"), the opening is plugged with sebaceous gum (dandruff scale) and scaly skin layers; no hair evident.

2. Typical cross-section made from scalp of a successful Brandenfels user, a few weeks after following instructions. Now the doctor's comments were: the follicle has increased in size, the opening is no longer plugged and a tiny hair is in evidence.

3. Now, with hair regrown, this microscopic enlargement of a cross-section was made. The doctors said: the follicle has increased in size, the plug in the opening has disappeared and the hair shaft in the follicle is proof of new production.

PLEASANT TO USE AT HOME... 1 TO 4 BENEFITS

If you have (1) excessively falling hair, (2) ugly dandruff, (3) a rapidly receding hair line, or (4) any unhealthy scalp condition, DON'T WAIT! It may be possible for you to arrest these conditions right at home, without expensive office calls.

YOU OWE THIS TO YOURSELF

You owe it also to your family and to your business acquaintances to give the Brandenfels HOME PLAN a thorough trial. While results may vary between individuals because of systemic differences, general health and localized scalp conditions, here is a real and tangible prospect of success in a substantial proportion of cases.

Brandenfels wonderful formulas are non-sticky, non-odorous, and they will not rub off on bed linens or hat bands. The formulas and massage are pleasant and easy to use.

From more than 25,000 letters (CPA audit) attesting to the benefits from the Brandenfels System you can take heart and confidence for your own case. If you, or anyone in your family are losing hair rapidly, or have already become bald, SEND TODAY for a five-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp and Hair Applications with full directions and complete easy-to-follow instructions on how to use and how to follow the special massage method.

ORDER BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

Enclose \$18 (includes all postage and mailing). For U. S. or APO or FPO air shipments add \$2 (total \$20). Order from Carl Brandenfels, Scappoose, Oregon, U.S.A.

Send the coupon RIGHT NOW before you misplace this important message. Remember, every day you wait you may make your problem more difficult. Act Now!

Letters, testimonials and scalp pictures (unretouched) are bona-fide. All are reproduced by permission.

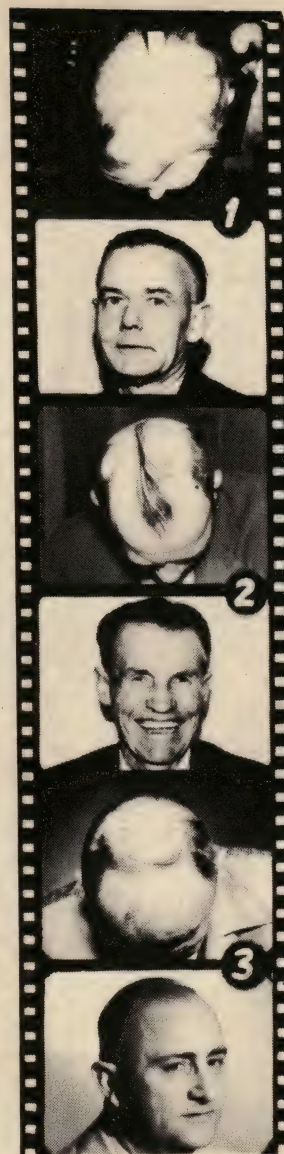
Competent doctors and clinicians conducted tests and made observations that showed hair regrowth with the Brandenfels HOME PLAN in varying degrees in a reasonable proportion of cases.

In addition, licensed C.P.A.'s have certified over 25,000 letters and reports telling of hair re-

growth, less excessive hair fall, relief from dandruff scale, other improved scalp conditions.

Testimonials may be seen at Scappoose, Oregon with permission given.

References: St. Helens Bank, U. S. National Bank, Chamber of Commerce—all St. Helens, Oregon.

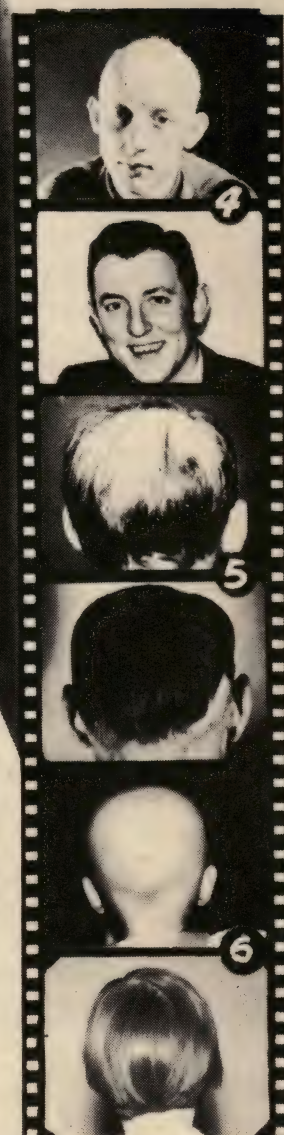


1 This grocer was one of the group participating in the medical research from which come the microscopic enlargements of follicles "before" and "after" shown on the left.

2 Would you believe a man over 60 years of age and bald for more than 20 years could ever regrow hair? Here's proof that he did—with the Brandenfels' Plan.

3 "Only those who have lost their hair can know what a thrill it is to have hair again. Mine has filled in where it was sparse for 8 years," says this Seattle man.

Mail this coupon before you misplace it.



4 This young man was completely bald but these two pictures show what he accomplished in 24 weeks with the Brandenfels System, and the full head of hair he finally achieved.

5 Where follicles (roots) were still alive this man was able to achieve a very considerable hair regrowth with the Brandenfels Home System—as these pictures show.

6 Doctors who were skeptical that this little girl would regain her hair now shake their heads in wonderment at dramatic results following use of Brandenfels' Plan.

CARL BRANDENFELS, Scappoose, Oregon 97056

Please send me—in plain wrapper—a 5-week supply of Brandenfels Scalp & Hair Applications & Massage with directions for use in my own home.

- ☐ 1 enclose \$18 (includes postage and mailing). Ship prepaid.
- ☐ 1 enclose \$20 for RUSH air shipment (APO, FPO, or U.S.A.).
- ☐ 1 enclose \$1 for which send C.O.D. I agree to pay postman the balance of \$17, plus postal charges.

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Address _____

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State _____

Zip _____

Cash orders are pharmaceutically compounded and shipped immediately, postage prepaid.

C.O.D. orders are compounded after prepaid orders are filled. No C.O.D. orders to APO or FPO addresses or to foreign countries (postage regulations).

CMG-95

IMPORTANT

When filling out this order please check X the following on which you want specific information:

- ☐ Excessively Falling Hair
- ☐ Tight, Itchy Scalp
- ☐ Ugly Dandruff Scale
- ☐ Alopecia



"SEX PARTNERS WANTED"

(Continued from page 41)

put everything about myself in the ad, of course. I didn't mention that I had green eyes, and a shape that made men look twice when I walked down the street, jiggling fore and aft. And I didn't mention that my recent divorce had shaken me up more than I wanted to admit. Frank's parting shot to me was, "Everything you did I could have hired someone to do better." Good old Frank—wiping me out in one sentence as a woman, wife, companion, mistress, and bedmate.

So maybe I was a little crazy in the head at the time, looking for lovers in the underground press. But it seemed the most logical thing to do. There weren't many available men in my neck of the woods—not in a small town in Ohio—and the nosy neighbors kept a strict tally of any cars parked in my driveway overnight. I was eager for experiences of the kind I couldn't find at home, but I didn't want to pull up stakes and actually leave. Why not advertise? It was better than sleeping alone every night.

At the outset, I decided I would give myself a year for fun and games. And I also decided to keep a diary of my adventures and the men I met, for fun—and maybe for profit, if I could sell it to a magazine. So, here it is, or at least those parts of it the editors choose to print.

JUNE 6: It's been a week since my ad appeared, so I drove to the post office and found five letters waiting for me. I had always wondered what kind of a nut answered the personals in an underground newspaper (aside from the nuts like me that put them in in the first place) and now I found out. One guy had sent a picture of himself and described in lavish detail what he would like to do to my voluptuous young body. Since he was dressed from head to toe in black leather and wore a mask, I decided he was not exactly my type. Another was signed, "Respectfully, the boys at the Sigma Nu house," but I wasn't ready to take on a bunch of fraternity brothers, so that went to the waste-paper basket, too. There was a liquor salesman from Chillicothe, and a convict in for armed robbery who wanted to make a date when he got out of the can in six months. By this time, I was ready to give up the whole project as a bum deal when I opened the last letter. It was from a man named Pete Johnson, who had signed on to help construct a huge shopping center on the northward extension of Route 7. Since many of the men had found the job too far to commute from their homes, the construction company had rented a group of rooms for them in a local motel several miles outside a small town. Would I call him? I would . . . and did.

Driving up Route 7, I found myself getting a little nervous. Pete Johnson sounded terrific on the phone, with a low, burry voice, but suppose he turned out to be a creep? Well, I didn't have to stay.

But when we met in the coffee shop of the

motel I knew this was the kind of guy I really could go for. He was of medium height and powerfully built, with heavily muscled forearms and a neck like a bull. Months of working outside in the sun had bronzed his face to a ruddy hue.

"How'd a nice girl like you get in a paper like that?" he said, letting his eyes run over my breasts. He seemed to have X-ray vision, and I felt my nipples begin to harden under my blouse.

"Aftermath of a bad marriage," I said. "A good man can make a woman feel like she's worth a million dollars. A lousy one like I had can make you feel like nothing."

Pete nodded sympathetically. "I know what you mean. Women can do the same thing to a guy." He paused and glanced at his watch. "The sun's over the yardarm. How'd you like a drink?"

I nodded, and followed him to his motel room, feeling a tingle of desire between my legs.

"My home away from home," he said wryly, mixing us each a bourbon and water. "I share it with my buddy, Lee, but he's in town now." Pete took a sip of his drink and set it down on the night table. "I'd sure like to see what you've got under that blouse," he said, moving closer to me.

"Help yourself," I said, standing rock still while his fingers nimbly unbuttoned my shirt. I've never needed a bra, despite the fact that I'm a 36C, and when my breasts tumbled out, Pete's eyes shone. He cupped them with his hands and bent forward to nuzzle against them, kissing and sucking on each nipple until I felt dizzy with excitement. I unzipped my skirt and let it fall to the floor, leaving me only in pantyhose and high-heeled sandals.

Pete ran his hands along my body, and slowly began peeling down my stockings, kissing each inch of bare skin as it was revealed. As he slid them down past my thighs, I grabbed his hair and pushed his face against my crotch, as eager to feel his tongue as he was to touch me. When he found my clitoris it was as though an electric shock went through me, switching on all the currents in my body. Then he reached up with his hand and stuck his fingers deep into my vagina, twisting and turning them so that I could feel the moisture fairly dripping down the inside of my thighs.

At last I couldn't stand it anymore. "My turn," I gasped, pushing him away. He leaned back against the bed as I undressed him, revealing a smooth stiff erection that wiggled once or twice as though it had a life of its own. I put my mouth on it, squeezing his balls as I did so and tickling that sensitive spot just behind them. Pete grunted with pleasure, now pushing my head down farther so that I could feel every bit of him in my mouth.

Then with a swift motion, he picked me up and dropped me and turned me around so that I was bent face down over the foot of the bed. Pete entered me from behind, one hand wrapped around my breasts, the other one exploring the front of my crotch. My arms snak-

ed around his back as he drove into me with powerful thrusts. Suddenly he stopped, and I felt him pulse rhythmically as he climaxed. I squeezed tightly, and suddenly felt a lovely, sensuous orgasm burst deep within me.

Later we took a long shower together, soaping each other until we were squeaky clean, and drying each other off with soft, fluffy towels.

"We need a few things," Pete said, critically eyeing the booze and ice supply. "You wait here. I'll be back in a little while."

"Fine," I said, stretching out drowsily on the bed. "I'll be here."

I must have dozed off, for I was awakened by someone making love to me. The room was totally dark, but I felt my body begin to glow as that warm, eager mouth explored my mouth and neck and breasts and belly. I pulled him on top of me, guiding him with my hands so that he could enter me easily. When I wrapped my legs around his waist, he slid a pillow under my hips, intensifying the pressure of his pelvic bone against my pubic area. As his strokes became more insistent, I felt those colored lights starting to go off in my head like an endless string of firecrackers as I came again and again and again. At last he stiffened and slumped next to me. We hadn't said a word to each other.

"You're some fantastic lover," I sighed, stroking his back.

"Mmmmmm," he murmured.

In a moment I felt him get out of bed and head for the bathroom. In the next moment, I heard the front door to the motel room open, and saw Pete walking in the door, his arms filled with two paper bags.

"Where did you come from?" I said, astonished.

"Town,"

"Well, who was it that just made love to me?" I demanded. "I know I wasn't dreaming."

The bathroom door opened and a strange man walked out, wearing nothing but a towel around his waist, "Hello, old buddy," he said, with a big grin on his face.

"Who are you?" I shouted.

"Pete Johnson," he said "Who'd you think?"

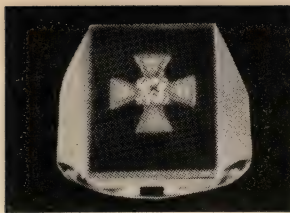
"Well, who's he, then?" I said, pointing to the man standing in the doorway.

The man in the towel looked puzzled. "That's my old buddy, Lee, didn't he tell you? The foreman wanted to see me late this afternoon, so I asked Lee to meet you for me and see that you were happy until I could get here. I hope he took good care of you."

I guess he had tricked me, but I couldn't complain. After all, he had taken very good care of me.

JULY 27: I was surprised by the number of successful professional men who answered my ad. Doctors, lawyers, dentists, accountants, even a company president. They had everything going for them except a good sex life, I guess, because otherwise why would they get in touch with me? None of them really turned me on until I got a letter from a stockbroker in Dayton. He was an ex-Marine pilot named Walter Phillips, and he suggested that I should come to visit him in his office under the pretext of discussing the investment possibilities of a non-existent portfolio left to me by a non-existent grandmother.

I guess it was the novelty that appealed to me. By then I had had quite a few sexual adventures in motels, bedrooms, and even a



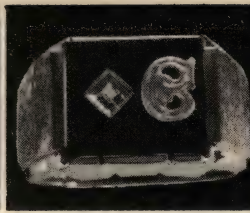
RED BARON - \$140
Diamond in enamel setting
on Black Onyx. 10k gold.
\$10 Twice Monthly
14 Pmts. \$10 ea.
FOR 7 MOS.



MONARCH - \$150
Initial and Birthstone.
10k yellow gold.
\$10 Twice Monthly
\$15 Pmts. \$10 ea.
FOR 7 1/2 MOS.



THOR - \$165
Diamond and Initial
set in 10k gold
\$15 Twice Monthly
11 Pmts. \$15 ea.
FOR 5 1/2 MOS.



CHAMPION - \$165
Onyx with diamond
and initial. 10k gold
\$15 Twice Monthly
11 Pmts. \$15 ea.
FOR 5 1/2 MOS.



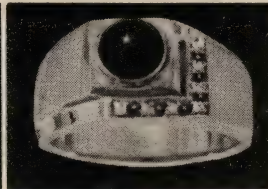
DIAMOND ZODIAC RING - \$165
Your Zodiac symbol with
2 diamonds. 10k gold
\$15 Twice Monthly
11 Pmts. \$15 ea.
FOR 5 1/2 MOS.



STAR WARRIOR - \$180
Synthetic Star Sapphire
with initial. Red, Blue
or Green. 10k nugget gold.
\$15 Twice Monthly
12 Pmts. \$15 ea.
6 MOS. TO PAY



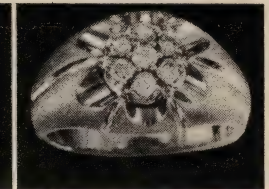
COBRA \$210
5 diamond initial ring.
10k gold setting.
\$15 Twice Monthly
\$14 Pmts. \$15 ea.
FOR 7 MOS.



CAPRICORN - \$280
7 diamonds with synthetic
Star Sapphire. Red or Blue.
14k gold.
\$20 Twice Monthly
14 Pmts. \$20 ea.
FOR 7 MOS.



MERCURY - \$360
12 diamonds set in 10k
gold horseshoe
\$20 Twice Monthly
18 Pmts. \$20 ea.
FOR 9 MOS.



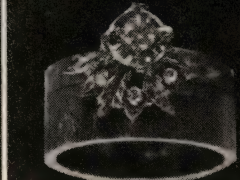
ALADDIN - \$380
7 clustered diamonds set
in massive 14k gold dome top.
\$20 Twice Monthly
19 Pmts. \$20 ea.
FOR 9 1/2 MOS.

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Air Force — Airborne —

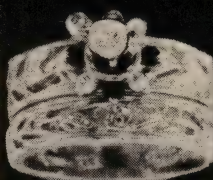
DIAMOND SET - \$150
10k white or yellow gold
and sterling silver
\$15 Twice Monthly
10 Pmts. \$15 ea.
5 MOS. TO PAY



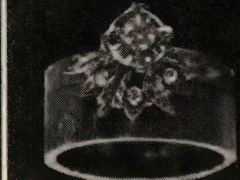

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To Military Personnel
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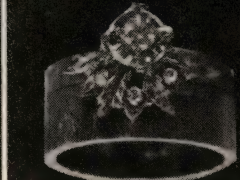

DIAMOND ON STONE - \$150
Specify color of birthstone
10k white or yellow gold
and sterling silver
\$15 Twice Monthly
10 Pmts. \$15 ea.
5 MOS. TO PAY

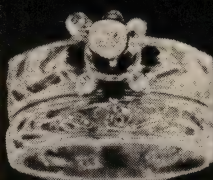
YOUNG LOVERS - \$225
6 diamonds in sculptured
heart design. 14k gold.
\$15 Twice Monthly
15 Pmts. \$15 ea.
FOR 7 1/2 MOS.

VENUS - \$225
Center diamond with 3
diamonds on overlapping
engagement ring, 14k
gold wedding band.
\$15 Twice Monthly
15 pmts. \$15 ea.
FOR 7 1/2 MOS.




ELEGANCE - \$240
6 diamonds in unusual 14k
etched gold design.
\$20 Twice Monthly
12 Pmts. \$20 ea.
FOR 6 MOS.

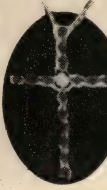
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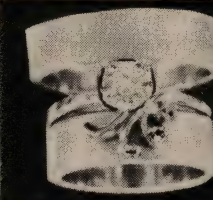


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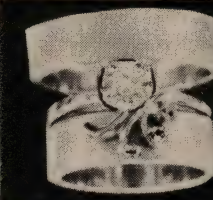
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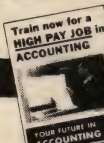
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"He showed me a real gay evening all right! He held hands with the guy sitting next to us in the movies."

camper bus, but the idea of having sex in a business office in the middle of the day really got to me.

I was ushered into Mr. Phillips' office by his secretary.

"Ah, Mrs. Malone," he said, rising to greet me. Walter Phillips was in his late 20's, with blond hair and a short moustache. Underneath his business suit he looked as hard as a rock, with heavy biceps that bulged against the material of his jacket.

"That will be all, Miss Sims," he said to his secretary. "This is THE Mrs. Malone I mentioned to you. Please see that we are not disturbed."

Miss Sims all but bowed and scraped her way out of the office in respect to the moneyed heiress (me).

"You really think you can do this?" I said, looking curiously around his office. Walter was obviously a successful broker. He had a big rosewood desk, and a little table with four chairs around it for conferences. Over in the corner against the wall was a large, leather Chesterfield sofa, which must have set the firm back \$1500.

"Of course," he said, peeling off his jacket and loosening his tie. "Miss Sims will hold all my calls, and besides, it's almost 3:30. The stock market in New York will close soon, so there won't be much action for the rest of the afternoon. At least not much market action," he added, leading me to the Chesterfield sofa.

Walter was the kind of guy who wasted little time on preliminaries. He was a skilled, perceptive lover, who knew how to get a girl excited in short order. In practically no time I felt that moist feeling between my legs, and when I put my hand on his lap, I felt a huge bulge pressing against the front of his pants. I let him undress me, because that's what he seemed to want to do, and besides, he was expert at it. As each piece of clothing came off, he would exclaim softly, "Beautiful!" or "Ohhh, lovely," or "Mmmm, isn't this nice," until I was practically out of my mind with desire for him.

In the meantime, my fingers were busy unbuttoning his shirt front and fumbling with his belt buckle. I was just getting ready to score with the zipper on his pants when the buzzer on his desk sounded.

"Damn," he exclaimed. "I told her not to

interrupt us!" He went back to kissing my bare breasts.

The buzzer rang insistently again.

"Damn," he said and got up.

I shivered. I was cold, sitting naked on that couch without a man to keep me nice and warm.

I saw Walter turn pale and whirl around to stare at me while he clutched the phone to one ear. "He's where? Outside my office? Tell him I'll be with him in just a minute," he said and slammed down the receiver.

"It's my boss," he hissed in a stage whisper. "Hurry and get under the desk before he walks in here." I scooped up my clothes and dived for the safety of the kneehole under his desk while Walter straightened his clothes and raced around behind the desk—partly to hide me, and partly to hide the bulge in the front of his pants.

"Send him in," he directed, pushing the buzzer on his desk. I curled myself up into a ball as I heard footsteps approaching across the room.

"Peabody Electronics dropped 15 points in the last 10 minutes, Walter," said the voice of an older man. "And I want to know what our position in the stock is."

"Well, sir," said Walter, "as of this morning, we were holding a block of 100,000 shares..." and he went off into a long speech laced with a lot of stockmarket gobbledegook.

The old man grunted and responded with a lot more gobbledegook. Under the desk, I was getting bored and restless, to say nothing of chilly. Since it sounded like they could sit there all afternoon talking stock market, I decided to take matters into my own hands, so to speak.

So I worked myself into a kneeling position, unzipped Walter's fly and reached inside his pants.

"Don't do that," he said sharply.

"What?" said the old man.

"Nothing, nothing," mumbled Walter. They resumed talking.

My hand began sliding up and down the shaft, tickling and teasing, squeezing gently. In a few moments I was rewarded with as nice an erection I had ever seen. I gave it a gentle, insistent tug, forcing Walter to slide his buttocks to the end of the chair and lean forward, resting his elbows on his desk.

Then I popped his penis into my mouth as though it were a giant pretzel and began sucking with all my might. I could feel Walter begin to twitch with sexual excitement as I went to work with my hands and mouth, giving him ass I was worth.

"What's the matter, my boy?" the old man asked sharply. "You look a little strange. A little flushed in the face. Not ill, are you?"

"No, no," Walter lied valiantly. "Just a touch of acid indigestion, I guess. I should never eat dill pickles."

I could tell he was almost ready to come. I tapped him on the knee, and he lowered his eyes discreetly so that he could see me.

"Get him out of here, Walter," I mouthed at him, "or you're gonna pop your cookies right in front of your boss."

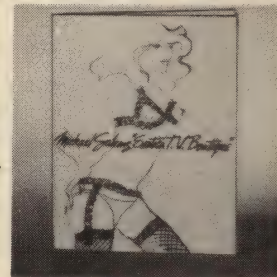
Walter had a look like a trapped animal. He gave me a brief nod, then cleared his throat and looked up again. "Sir, if you'll give me a few moments to collect my materials, I'll bring them up to your office and we can go over them in detail."

"All right," the old man said grumpily. "I'm expecting a conference call in a few

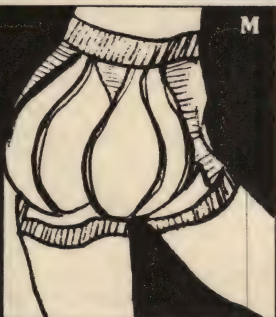
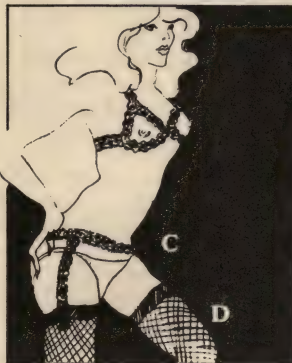


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minutes anyhow. Make it a half an hour."

"Certainly, sir." Walter half stood as the older man left the room. He sank back into his chair as I clambered out from beneath the desk and jumped onto his lap. He fitted into me like a hand into a glove.

"Sorry, Walter, but it was cold down there, and I missed you," I said, twining my arms around his neck and giving a couple of grinds with my hips.

"Bitch," he said, pulling me closer to him. "I'm going to pay you back with a half hour you'll never forget."

And he was as good as his word. We broke all records that afternoon. And when the market closed, I was still coming.

MAY 29: My year is drawing to a close. After a lot of discussion, I finally accepted an invitation from Ed and Norma, who are among the biggest orgy organizers in the Cincinnati-Dayton area. It turns out they check the Personals in papers like *Screw*, *Eros*, *Smut*, and *Orgy* to dig up new talent. Not that your ad automatically entitles you to an invitation to their parties. They screen all their potential guests very closely so that they won't wind up with a houseful of creeps or nuts. In fact, I decided to take a chance on a swinger's party largely because they checked me out so carefully.

Not the least of this party's appeal was the fact that it was held in a house with an indoor, heated swimming pool. Although the hosts (not Ed and Norma; they are just the organizers) have a lot of money, they aren't at all snobbish, recognizing, I guess, that what's between a man's legs can be a lot more important than what's in his bank account.

The party was a weekend affair that began Friday night and lasted until Sunday afternoon. And did they know how to entertain! Plenty of food and snacks at all hours and booze and wine. Good music and some little 8 mm porno movies just for fun. And the pool—which probably got more creative use than the king-sized beds upstairs or the waterbed downstairs in the playroom.

I was sitting on the steps at the shallow end watching a couple making it standing up in the middle of the pool. The girl was holding on to him with her legs wrapped around his waist, while he kept bending his knees up and down so that his penis pushed in and out of her. The water gave them a natural buoyancy so they didn't tire, and I knew from recent experience that the sensation of the water against her vulva and clitoris was just sensational.

I was so engrossed in watching them that I hardly noticed when a tall, well-built man sat down next to me in the water. He had black hair that reached down to the nape of his neck and a full, sensuous mouth that made me look twice.

"My name's Burt," he said.
 "I'm Laura," I replied, smiling at him and letting my tongue run over my lips. The fact that we were both naked didn't seem to make a bit of difference.

"You're new to this scene, aren't you?" he said.

"Yeah, it all come from an ad I put in *The Press*."

For a moment he looked startled. "Is that right? Who were you?"

"25 YEAR OLD DIVORCEE," I said.

Burt started to laugh. "I've seen your ad," he said, "and I often thought about getting in touch with you. I'm 'HORNY, YOUNG AND

HANDSOME.'"

I stared at him in astonishment, and then started to laugh along with him. I certainly hadn't expected to meet a fellow advertiser. We shook hands, and he let his hand fall to my thigh. That was the signal. I let my hand slip beneath the water. Gently, we slipped down a few more steps, slowly locking into an embrace that squirted the water out as our bodies pressed together.

"Let me show you a little trick," Burt said after a while. I was so aroused by the feel of his slippery body against mine that I was willing to try anything. "Lie down on your tummy and hold onto the steps," he said. I did, letting my legs float out behind me. Burt knelt between my legs so that his penis was exactly level with my vagina and entered me from behind. Then he reached beneath my belly and gently parted me, spreading me wide with gentle fingers. Then he began rocking backwards and forwards, pushing me with him, and I felt the warm water sluicing over my crotch creating an indescribably sensation of voluptuous pressure.

"Take your time," he crooned into my ear as we rocked back and forth. Slowly, slowly I abandoned myself to the water and its insistent rhythm that flowed over my most sensitive parts. And I abandoned myself to the feeling of Burt pushing relentlessly into me. The build-up was slow, and then I started to tremble, shaking like a leaf from head to toe, while a huge orgasm flooded through my body. I felt Burt reach a climax inside me, which made me tremble even more, amazed at the intensity of my sensations.

When it was over, we lay exhausted in the shallow end of the pool. A burst of enthusiastic applause made me look up. About ten people were sitting around the edge, all naked as the day they were born.

"Terrific," said one guy, giving the thumbs-up sign.

"I want to try that," exclaimed a big-breasted blonde, slipping into the water.

"No, me first," said a brunette, bumping down the steps on an ample behind. "I saw them first, Pamela."

Pamela shrugged good naturedly. She had just spotted the underwater jet of buggles produced by the circulating pump, and was assessing them for their creative sex potential.

Burt helped me out of the pool and led me to one of the puffy chaise lounges. I wrapped myself in a beach towel and snuggled down in its depths.

"Like a drink?" he said.

I nodded. So there I was. "25 Year Old Divorcee Meets Horny, Young, and Handsome." It sounded like a swinger's version of "Vampira Meets the Wolfman," but I didn't mind. Looking back over the year, I had spent looking for lovers in the underground press, I thought that I had achieved my goals. I had certainly had adventures, and I had certainly left behind all my problems as an insecure, unloved ex-wife. At 35 cents a word, it was a bargain. Certainly a lot cheaper than \$45-an-hour I would have had to pay a psychiatrist to achieve the same end-result.



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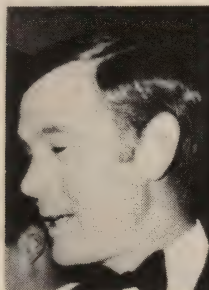
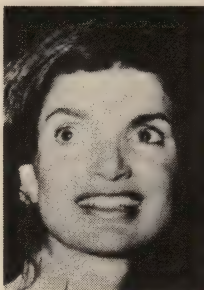
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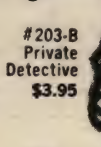
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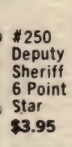
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SEXUAL UNDER- GROUND TOUR

(Continued from page 17)

crowd who get kicks hanging out with us. Lots of celebrities, too. It's a mark of knowing your way around to know about these clubs. Everybody in the place is *really* equal—at least for a couple of hours. I mean you can be some big TV star or you can be a whore necking in the corner with her girl friend, or you can be me, shaking the night off with a few drinks before I go home to *really* ball!

"Or sometimes a couple of the grils will get together after work. We'll go to one of our apartments. We'll bring up plenty of food and booze. Some of the girls dig pot. I don't hang with any hard-drug hustlers. They're only trouble, and the pimps who steer them around are the meanest bastards in town. They'd slice for you an extra buck.

"Anyway, some nights a few of us girls will play just by ourselves. Maybe three, four girls. I'll tell you one thing about these 'parties'—another woman always knows where your clit is and what to do with it. And a smart tongue in the right place in wild stuff, believe me. The best guys I go with know that, too. Good tongue and good crotch and a man's going to live a happy, happy life. And so will his women—especially like me!

"But my own private kick is really something special, something I'd never do for anybody's money. Why? Because I go too crazy with it and when I'm that crazy I belong to me! So I save it for my private life only. And even then, it's only once in a while because when you go as crazy as I do with this scene too often, you're going to blow your mind sooner or later.

"I got into this thing one night around a year ago at a group-sex scene with some friends. You know, some of the girls and their guys partying together. Well, at one point during that wild night, I found myself with one guy inside me in front, another in the rear and I was mouthing a third one.



"Madam LaJoy's place?
Do you deliver?"

"Let me tell you something—so help me, I thought I was going to fall off the sky or something like that, I got so crazy high! I just kept coming and coming and coming I figured there wasn't going to be an ounce of me left when we were finished with that bit!

"So, like I said, just once in a while I hit out for that very private kick of mine. I not only get these crazy kicks with that scene, it also opens me up so deep, I know there's this one place in me that's *PRIVATE!* All mine! And when you've got to give away as much as I do every day, it's a comfort to know there's something nobody's ever going to get.

ANNE Fitzgerald is a highly successful madam who insisted we use her real name.

"I don't dig all these women who'll tell you the last alley they balled in, as long as you don't use their real names. Hell, I can't say there isn't anything in my life I haven't been ashamed of. But from the start, when I was just a kid, I told myself I was going to own up to every damn thing I did. And I have."

Anne Fitzgerald is 32-year-old, was born in Prescott, Arizona. She turned pro when she was 18, "after giving it away since I was 15."

She has worked as a streetwalker, call-girl, a bordello girl in the famous house run by a madam named Roxy, a few miles outside of Las Vegas.

"It was my experience in that bordello, and in a few others, that convinced me I would aim for becoming a madam some day... as soon as possible.

"Now I run a clean, happy house with 6 real beauties working for me. And they're good at their jobs. I'll tell you that. I'd put any of them up against the best Paris or Rome or any other sex capitol can offer.

"And they like to work for me because I make sure their working lives are both profitable and safe. And I also make sure that their after-working hours are happy too.

"I can remember when I first started out, going back to my furnished room after taking on maybe five or 10 johns and feeling depressed as hell—so damn lonely I'd think about maybe working for a pimp who would always be there waiting for me. But thank goodness, I never did that. I've always been my own woman that way.

"So I know how some of the kids who work for me can feel after a hard night. What I do is to set up some groovy scenes for them to enjoy.

"Like, maybe once a month, I close down for business. And I throw a party for my girls and their own guys and some of our favorite johns.

"I have one of the best restaurants in town send up the food—and I mean great food! And, sure, we have plenty of any kind of booze you'd want.

"So we party the whole night through. And one of the rules I have is that no man leans on any girl who doesn't feel like any kind of sex

that night. Maybe she just feels like eating and drinking and dancing a little. Fine! If a girl wants to ball, fine, too! The main thing is that whatever happens is up to my girls. I supply the food and booze. But they call the shots. And we have really good times. No man can buy himself into one of these parties. He can buy into where we work, but not into where we live!

"Another good scene the girls enjoy is a big one—one very few people outside the business know about. They have different names for it every year—like last year it was called 'The Brothers of Canady Ball' and I remember the year before it was called 'The King and Queen Ball'. But the real name for it is 'The Whores And Madams Ball.' We use those other names to rent the ballrooms in big hotels. They wouldn't rent if we gave them the right name—even though they know what's going on. They have to have their front.

"All the madams in town—from Harlem right out to the end of Coney Island and every one in between—reserve their tables. All the girls dress up in evening gowns, their best furs, jewels, the works. The fences in town do a roaring business a few weeks before the ball, selling gowns and the rest of it.

"The madams supply the booze and food for their own tables. And I've got to admit, it's a funny sight when we come in, one group at a time, all of us dressed to the hilt, carrying shopping bags with our supplies for the evening.

"And another funny part of it is how all of us madams compete for having the best spread on our table! You talk about fancy society parties! You name the delicacy—one or another of us has it on our table.

"Don't get the idea that this is a female stag party. Far from it. Each of the girls can invite the man she wants as an escort. The only thing required of the men who are invited is that they come in full dress. I mean, this is a formal ball. No exceptions.

"And the ball doesn't end up being an orgy, either. A girl can go home with her man later, of course. But the ball itself is as formal as any you'd go to even in a place like The White House. I'd bet the food at ours is better, though. Because we have *everything*! Including the best big bands anybody could hire. And the musicians enjoy this gig. One leader told me he and his boys dug our ball because there wasn't a square in the place. He was right. 'It's always better to play for folks who have ears,' he said to me.

"When a girl's in 'the life', she has to have a private world where she can satisfy her needs after satisfying the needs of maybe a dozen men every day or night. She has to have a social life that makes her feel like somebody—not just a piece of ass! It's the job of any smart madam to see that her girls get this. Hell, I know plenty of madams who just count the money and don't give a damn about anything else—her girls included. But I take good care of my girls. And they take good care of me. It works nice for all of us.

"As for my own life—well, hell, I'm just like any other woman who's not an ice-cube. I need a man I can depend on. I used to have my regular boyfriends who could give me whatever I needed, whatever I wanted. Little Annie never went without! She takes good care of herself too.

"But a few years ago, I guess I reached the point a lot of straight chicks reach: They ball around plenty, have their good times, then reach the place in their lives where all the

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different names and faces start making you a little dizzy. And you want one name and one face. They call that marriage.

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"I don't think I could have been comfortable with some nice straight guy—you know a plumber, a steel worker, a doctor, a lawyer. I needed a man who was at least close to 'the life.' It's easier for him to know and accept everything I've done, been, and what I do now. I couldn't ever blame a man for having a hard time being married to a woman who's had at least a few hundred Johns in her. I'm lucky I've got my Jerry. Sure he knows. But he also knows he's tops in my life and nobody ever gave me better than he does. And I never gave anybody as good as I give him."

ANGIE K. is 29-years old, was born in Oklahoma City, has been a streetwalker since she was 16.

"I never had the class to get into that call-girl scene," she told this reporter. "I knew from the start I never would. Oh, I'm not bad looking. And at least my tits are still great. But I never could get that little bit of fat off my belly. So I walk streets and that's my life.

"Sometimes I get lucky and I find a guy who's drunk enough not to know he can get better than me for his 50 bucks. But most of the time I go for five or 10—sometimes to the regular pick-up hotels in mid-town, sometimes into a doorway where I give a john head for his five bucks.

"It's no easy life. But it's my life and that's it. After a while you can get used to the worst. But you still need something.

"Hell, I'd go plain bananas if I didn't have people to hang out with who didn't ask me 'How much?' and expect to get any damn thing from me for a couple of bucks.

"I know you must've heard how lousy pimps are. You know it's not like the old days when a pimp did his job and got work for his girls. A pimp now just colescts from maybe as many as a dozen different girls. And each of the dozen—including me—knows all about the others. Shit, we not only know about them, we even ball with them if that's what he wants.

"And we take pride . . . maybe it's the last kind of pride left us . . . but we see to it our

pimp gets the best. Like if your pimp is out in his white Caddy, it's like saying to other girls, 'See what a big man I got!'

"And he takes care of us, too. A girl's shooting dope, he makes sure she has her stuff. I was on for over a year-and-a-half. When my man took all the bread I brought in and gave me the stuff I needed, I figured sure, that's a fair exchange. He ain't going to give it to me for nothing. Nothing for nothing. I hustled anybody who'd take me to make what my man said he had to have. I'd shoot up, maybe alone or with one of the other girls. No matter how low you get working the trade, that little bit of snow set you down peaceful for long enough so you could smile and get up and go for more. I knew the life I was in then, sure. The pimp keeps his girls fixed right so they won't roam away and think they can make it all for themselves. But it don't matter if you know it. You need it. Your man feeds you, you got to feed him.

"One lousy night in the middle of winter, with me freezing my ass off on the street, I got busted. There I was smiling out of a doorway so the wind don't cut me to bits, and this real nice guy comes over and asks me how much and I make it five to get out of the cold fast and take no chances. We go to a cheap hustler's hotel around the corner and as soon as I get my pants down, he flashes his badge and that's it.

"They sent me down to Lexington. I was lucky. They send girls out to some other places and they kick it on ice. In Lexington, they at least keep you a little warm while you're kicking your way out of it.

"When I got out and headed straight for New York, I was clean—or as clean as a junkie can ever get, especially a whore-junkie. I knew damn well that two hours out on the street and I'd be looking for a fix. I'd run right to my man and you know he'd be waiting.

"Only I had a little luck for a change. My man got busted a week after me. I knew there were other pimps who'd come jumping for me and be nice to me for a couple of weeks until they got me back on the hook, then beat my ass and I say please can I have the stuff.

"So I hid away for a month. I had a girlfriend who'd never been on stuff and she let me stay with her in her place. She worked alone. I saw nobody during that month but her. None of the crowd. I wanted to stay clean. That kicking scene, even with

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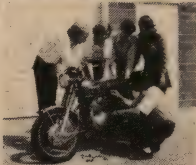
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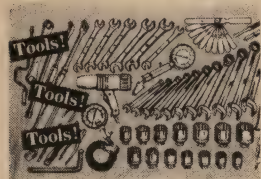
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blankets—oh, Man, don't ever try. You need another world, you go down the subway and ride back and forth and you let that be where you are before you hang yourself on that sweet needle!

"I'm crazy, maybe, but I'd rather look forward to giving guys head in a doorway than go out screaming when there's no stuff to shoot and no sweet Daddy to bring you the time of day.

"One thing I got to say about a pimp though—you get real lucky like not many girls get, and you have yourself a really good one, he lets you know what feeling good is like every once in a while. What the hell difference does it make to me if I know he'll be into some other chick in a couple of hours. He's in me now! That's all I got to care about. And anybody spill you that old shit that whores don't feel nothing—man, cut it thin. Sure I know lots of chicks can make it only with another chick, or some of them maybe never. But I know for me, anyway, I can make it with some stud I really dig and who knows his way around a chick's body, like he's never going to be a stranger no matter where he goes!

"I know about some of the fancy scenes the big-time girls get into after work. I know where they live. Sure. Real nice. The clubs and parties and The Big Ball and all that stuff. I'd like some of that. I sure would. But I guess lots of folks got someplace they can look up to and know they ain't ever going to be there and they don't fall apart about it. Why should they? There's good times wherever you are.

"Like right now I got a real swinging girlfriend. She's a couple of years older than I am. She looks good so it's hard to tell. Dresses

nicer than any of the other girls walking.

"She was a classy call-girl when she was a kid and for a long time. Made a 100 bucks a john when she was really swinging, and that's no bullshit. I've seen some pictures she's got of herself—balling and giving fancy head and everything. Some scrapbook, I'll tell you. She was a beauty. But she crossed some big Mob guy and he cut her face so she walks like me now. But she still looks good.

"Together, after work, maybe two, three o'clock, we have some great times together. We really dig each other and we got good laughs going. We're both nuts about going to the movies. So we hit the all-night shows on 42nd street. Maybe it's cowboys and Indians. Maybe it's something classy like James Bond. Yeah. I remember a James Bond flick we caught together. We're up in the balcony and we're laughing at all that crazy sex stuff they throw at that stud. We're laughing so much we ended up going down on each other right there where we were, hearing the movie while we were down and getting it. Hell, you see all those chicks getting it, you want something yourself while you're watching. What a night! Really crazy!

"Sometimes, for the hell of it, we'll pick up some kid in the movie. You know, these street cowboys. Rough and tough as candy! And we'll move over to where he is and maybe play a little first. You know, let him see enough leg, he knows where the rest is. One night, my friend, she gave me an elbow so I'd see what she was doing. We're sitting next to this cowboy and, simple as anything, takes out a tit and just sits there beside him with it hanging out and then she leans over and asks him if he wants a nibble.

"Or we'll both give him a real good time

right there in the balcony, sit on his lap or go down for a while so maybe he can close his eyes and think he's big stud James Bond too! You know?

"Hell, everybody's got to live his own life, that's how I got it figured. You ride a fine big Caddy or you ride the subway—main thing is to get some place before you got to stop. You're going to sit down to cry, you ain't ever going to get up again. You got to keep moving. If my ass is all I got to peddle, O.K. That's it for me. Hell, I know lots worse scenes a girl can get into. I'm doing just fine."

ANNE Fitzgerald, the madam we interviewed, summed up the life and world of any kind of prostitute when she said, "Sure there are girls 'in the life' who kid themselves along gently, and tell you how they're going to stay in for another year or two, save their money, then go out and open a nice little dress shop for themselves. There are other girls who'll tell you, like they were clean kids out of high school, that they're just waiting around for the right man and then they'll get married, have the little old house in the suburbs and the kids. The whole scene.

"Shit! Maybe one-out-of-a-hundred gets the dress shop or the right man and the house bit!

"Once a girl's selling her ass in a doorway or in the classiest hotel in town—whether she's getting a 100 bucks a throw or two bucks—she's a whore. It takes a special kind of woman to be a whore and she's going to end up living a special kind of life. She can't live that life in your world. Like anybody else who lives against the law, she lives in an underworld."



VANDALS.

(Continued from page 18)

motionless figure, the legs and arms angled out into impossible positions.

The father's desperate cries for help finally brought a park policeman and two gardeners working nearby. A ladder was lowered, one of the men descended, and the lifeless body of the child was lifted from the muck and carried up to her stunned parents.

The cop muttered angrily to a park employee: "This is the sixth manhole cover that's been pried up by vandals this week. Dirty bastards. If I could catch 'em in the act, I'd probably shoot. This is plain murder, nothing less."

In that same week, Ned Dennis peered worriedly through his rain-streaked windshield at the twisting road as he carefully guided his car along a southern Utah mountain pass. The pelting rain was virtually a drawn curtain. His wife Peggy leaned forward and tried to spot a road sign.

Suddenly, she exclaimed, "There, just ahead of us! See that sign, Ned? Maybe it will lead us to a side road or a ranger's cabin where we can stop and wait out this storm."

As their Ford sedan slowed, Dennis said with disgust, "Look at that! You can't make out the words on the sign. Some idiots have peppered it with bullets."

Within seconds, unaware of a sharp turn at this 5,100-foot elevation, Ned Dennis was fighting the steering-wheel as his car slid and listed on the rain-slick lane. For one terrifying moment, his wife glimpsed the chasm which yawned below them.

She had no time to warn her husband or to jump from the car. It careened down the steep slope and smashed to rest against a boulder 400 feet beneath the road.

At daybreak, telephone linemen repairing storm damage saw the wrecked car down the mountain's flank. Peggy Dennis, in agony from two broken arms and paralyzed from spinal injuries, was alive. But her husband had died instantly. His neck snapped like a yoyo at the end of its string.

An accident?

"No, I call it premeditated murder," said State Trooper Randall Pierce who investigated the tragedy. "That bullet-riddled sign was there to warn motorists to be extra cautious at this spot. But the sign, and a dozen others, had been shot to pieces by some creeps just three days earlier. A man died and his wife will be an invalid because vandals can do almost anything without fear of real punishment."

Other glaring examples of the misery, and cost to taxpayers caused by the senseless acts of vandals abound. Following, are just a few of them.

NORTH DAKOTA: In Wind Cave National Park, vandals slaughtered 34 deer and buffalo in one night. They hung entrails on tree branches and left carcasses to rot on park trails. A Park Service jeep, skidding on deer blood, went out of control and rolled into a 175-foot deep ravine. Two rangers were injured and the vehicle sustained \$1,000 damage. The animals, which had given pleasure to thousands of park visitors, had to be replaced at a cost of \$12,000. Paid by us taxpayers, of course.

NEW ORLEANS: Three men in their mid-20s drove up to a newly-completed playground equipped with swings, merry-go-round, and other delights for kids, then methodically reduced the equipment to rub-

ble. They used axes, hammers, and crowbars; the final act was dousing gasoline on a tree-house and setting it ablaze.

The children in this low-income neighborhood were deprived of recreation, and taxpayers had to provide \$2,900 to replace the ruined equipment. Says Charles Nutter, New Orleans' recreation director:

"This goes on constantly. More than 30 percent of our workmen's time is spent cleaning up, repairing, and replacing equipment, signs, picnic tables, benches and barbecues destroyed or damaged by hoodlums."

HOUSTON: To residents in one suburb of modest-cost homes, the night of January 16, 1975, was a costly horror. Vandals in a dozen cars and on motorcycles wrecked havoc in 15 minutes of "yard-farming," their name for an orgy of ripping up lawns with their vehicles, smashing shrubbery, and destroying gardens.

Thirty-two homer owners suffered losses from the whooping, cursing invaders (who included five laughing girls in a pickup truck). The vandals also rammed 16 parked cars during their 2 A.M.-destruction derby. The cost to householders and insurance companies was in excess of \$15,000. The goons had dispersed by the time police arrived. But this episode and countless others spell higher insurance premiums for all home-owners who are already hard-pressed by inflation.

PORTLAND, OREGON: At the height of the 1974 fire season (early September), vandals peppered 16 Forestry Department water towers with rifle bullets. I watched as work crews hurriedly patched and welded the tanks which had been drained of water in the senseless attack. The cost to taxpayers: \$2,500 by official estimate. But as one forester told me:

"Had fire broken out during the five days required to repair all that damage, we would have had a real disaster. Two villages in the timber area could have been burned out. More than \$4,000,000 worth of matured timber might have gone up in flames, with no water supply for the fire crews. What makes people do rotten, crazy things like this?"

NOBODY can tote up the true toll of the epidemic of vandalism rampant in our 50 states. The National Conference of Mayors puts the dollar cost (borne by us, the taxpayers and consumers) at upward of 1 billion dollars annually.

Worse yet, the loss of life and injuries, in addition to delays, inconvenience and higher cost-of-living caused by vandalism, is mounting month by month.

Vandals are no respectors of age, infirmity, or sex. When 80-year-old Mrs. Anna Baxter returned to her San Diego, California, bungalow from visiting a sick friend, she found her tiny house a shambles.

Furniture had been hacked to splinters. Her TV set was a glass-and-wire ruin. Rugs had been defecated on. Family pictures were slashed and obscenities had been spray-painted on walls and ceilings.

As the dazed widow tottered to her bedroom to inspect the damage there, she lost her footing on a patch of motor oil which had been poured on carpets and flooring. Mrs. Baxter fell and smashed her skull against the brick fireplace.

Suffering from irreversible brain damage, she now is a human vegetable in a nursing home, her medical and custodial care paid for by the state. This victim of vandals may live another five years. If so, her care may cost the



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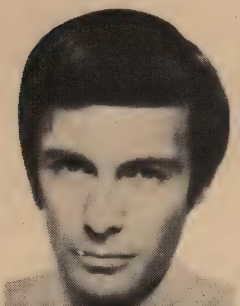
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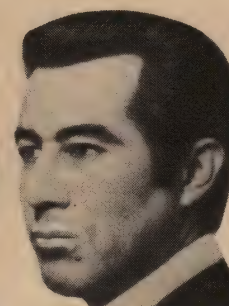
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Our insurance and tax costs are skyrocketing because of vandalism, but thousands of families and careers are undermined or shattered by such goons. In Omaha, Nebraska, I interviewed Carl Bigelow, a 27-year-old former steam-fitter, who left his apartment one morning to find his late-model car a ruined hulk at the curb.

Acid, poured on doors and hood, had etched through to bare metal. Windows had been smashed. The vinyl top was shredded and the headlights had been ripped off. Bigelow said:

"The thing was still driveable so I got in and started toward the nearest police station. But I never got there. Five blocks from home, the left wheel fell off, the car skidded into a tree, and then burst into flame because the devils had punctured the gas tank. They also had loosened the wheel nuts.

"Guess I was lucky at that. A truck driver pulled me out of the burning car and saved my life. But I was in the flames long enough to require plastic surgery to my face and right hand. The hand is permanently crippled"—he displayed his claw-like fingers—"so I've been jobless for 18 months. My savings ran out so I'm existing on welfare now. You might say those guys ruined my life, just for kicks."

A favorite target of vandals is school buildings in Minneapolis, intruders sneaked into a high school, smashed 18 toilets, clobbered 20 electric typewriters, used an electric saw to ruin desks and chairs, and then battered 46 musical instruments to metal and wood junk. The cost to taxpayers: \$17,000.

These destroyers weren't disgruntled school kids. Nearby residents told police they

had noted four men in their late 20s and 30s emerge from the school at 11 P.M. carrying gasoline cans, axes, and crowbars. None were apprehended.

One insurance company official I interviewed told me that Detroit heads the list of "worst vandalized cities." After seeing for myself some of the depredations in the motor capital, I can believe it. When I was there recently, a city bus, disabled when its engine conked out, was left on the street.

By the time a tow truck arrived, the bus was a gutted ruin: tires slashed, seats chopped, battery stolen, sand in the gas tank, the engine battered by rocks.

"This is nothing new or startling," remarked Patrolman Martin Shea as he inspected the vandalized bus. "Last year we had 5,300 reported cases of malicious property damage. These meatheads will stop at nothing. Go to the zoo if you want to see something sickening."

What I saw was horrifying. The previous night, unknown vandals had stabbed a miniature horse to death. It lay in a barn, flies clotting the 20 or more knife wounds in the little body. Detroit kids had loved this tiny animal. It would cost \$800 or so to replace the horse.

Some fun.

But in Detroit as elsewhere, ridiculously light sentences are handed down in the few vandalism cases that reach court. A \$25-fine, a suspended sentence, or a week-end in jail is hardly adequate punishment for teen-agers, young adults, and older individuals committing such acts.

Second on the list of most-vandalized cities is New York. There, taxpayers and riders are paying through the nose for the unceasing

vandalism in that city's subway system. Last year it cost more than \$2,000,000 to repair damage, and to erase or paint over the obscenities which deface hundreds of cars.

The city's youth gangs have claimed the subway as their own playground. The "Hondo" warriors brag that they have painted their names, insignia, and insults on 400 cars, only to be topped by the "Young Lords" who boast they have vandlized 600 cars that month.

The situation is so acute that the Transit Authority installed costly, automated equipment to scrub all 6,700 subway cars. It didn't help. Within a week, the racial slurs, dirty words, and militant slogans were back on the trains.

Now transit police are cracking down on anybody found in the subways with spray-paint cans, baseball bats, or crowbars in their possession. Arrests last year totaled 1,408. Many of the culprits received light fines or were ordered to work on weekends cleaning up the messes they had created.

"Only tougher law enforcement will really reduce vandalism of all types," says Frank T. Berry, maintenance superintendent for the New York Transit Authority. "This is a social problem, not a subway problem. We need more help from the courts."

The hidden costs of hooliganism is reflected in the prices we pay for everything from toothpaste to theater admissions.

I talked with Vic Sperling, owner of a chain of tire stores in the midwest, who showed me a confidential bulletin from a major tire maker:

"Due to vandalism by unknown parties, tires bearing Serial No. 56-7769 manufactured in February, 1975, are regarded as

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**"There it is again... a woman's voice
moaning 'cheapskate'."**

dangerous to car owners. Small knife slashes and fabric weakened by acid have been noted in extensive samplings. Please return your inventory of these tires for credit, but do not publicize this warning or release to the press."

I went to the tire factory which had issued this warning and finally persuaded the plant's security chief to talk, if I would not reveal the name of the company. He said,

"No, it's not labor trouble that caused this vandalism in the plant. We have 2,300 employees, but a small group of sadists or goons get their kicks out of such sabotage, even though they are endangering lives."

"Last month we had a bad elevator accident here. Three workmen were hurt. Our

safety engineers later discovered that a drum of gasoline and several gallons of motor oil had been dumped down the shaft. That slipping, out-of-control elevator could have killed those passengers. We'll file criminal charges against these people, provided we can identify them and have real evidence."

THROUGHOUT the nation, so-called "trashing" of stores, theaters, restaurants and public buildings by hoodlums has sent insurance rates into the stratosphere. In Berkeley, California, where merchants nervously board up their windows as soon as they see a parade or a demonstration, 31 owners recently sued the police department for \$170,000 in damages. The merchants allege that the cops have failed to protect their property from vandals.

I met Sam Jamison, a Viet war veteran, who with his wife Betty had opened a small record shop on Berkeley's Telegraph Avenue. He stared at his empty, burned-out store before he spoke.

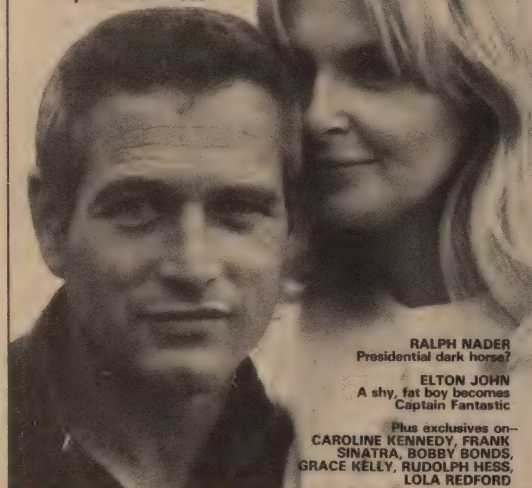
"It was a nightmare from our first day in business. If we didn't give people free albums, they would 'trash' our shop. In one month we suffered \$1,800 in damage."

"This siege went on for six months. Once, they came at night and tore off the door, stomped our showcases and light fixtures, and threw urine and shit on 400 record albums. Finally, the insurance company cancelled our policy. Other merchants told me that in one year they lost more than \$1,200,000 to vandals. So, Betty and I decided to quit. These people are terrorizing Berkeley. But the cops and courts are doing damned little about it."

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When business costs rise because of vandalism, you, the consumer, pay the ultimate bill. Or, employees lose time and wages. Here are some recent cases:

NASHVILLE: At a clothing plant, unknown vandals in the work force sawed off steam coils. The building was closed for two days while repairs were made. Some 75 employees lost their wages while laid off for that period..

BOSTON: Two workers known as "great kidders" at an electronics plant, poured abrasive materials into the bearings of four expensive turret lathes. Result: 215 employees were idled without pay until the assembly line resumed after the machines were repaired. The loss of a day's pay cost the workers \$6,000. The company paid \$950 for repairs.

When the vandals were discharged for their prank, they hollered "discrimination" and their union forced the company to rehire the trouble-makers.

INDIANAPOLIS: At an aluminum plant, 18 percent of the metal sheets were rejected by inspectors or returned as defective by customers. The cost of spoilage in six months exceeded \$200,000. Vandalism and sabotage were suspected but not proved.

Then came a break. An anonymous letter from an employee revealed that three fellow workers were making tiny spitballs from the cellophane of their cigarette packs and were flicking them into the molten metal.

Though the spitballs disintegrated, they caused microscopic flaws which resulted in structural failure after the aluminum was used in aircraft, air conditioning units, and heating ducts.

The company president told me: "We put

private detectives to work and they observed the two employees covertly tossing the cellophane into the flux. Sure, we fired them and notified the police. They were tried on a misdemeanor charge, fined \$50 each, and received 30-day suspended sentences. I heard recently that they are working in a California airplane plant. God help the passengers of any plane whose metal may have been weakened by those jokers!"

Can vandalism's toll be whittled down significantly?

Many cities and agencies are trying to cope with the problem. In Los Angeles, a beefed-up "Vandal Squad" to protect the city's 500 schools is composed of 67 special agents and watchmen. All are deputized. By their vigilance, and with tougher fines and jail sentences imposed by judges, they have reduced damage and destruction in schools by 45 percent.

Baltimore's Economic Development Commission has its own anti-vandal program. The Commission finds jobs and counsels first offenders. But if they persist in their destructive behavior, the Baltimore police, juvenile authorities, and courts work together to punish repeaters.

Labor unions in Cleveland discipline workers who maliciously damage or destroy employers' property. Hearings are held and severe fines are assessed if a man is found guilty. A repeater can lose his union card and be blacklisted by all employers.

Railroads, victimized to the tune of \$100,000,000 a year, are patrolling freight yards with attack dogs, photo-electric scanners, and even helicopters. Brilliant flood lights mounted on the choppers illuminate railway yards, freight houses and bridges, thus

detering mischief-makers and saboteurs.

To maintain 24-hour surveillance against vandals, school authorities in Sacramento, California, employ "sitters" who live in comfortable mobile homes placed on school grounds and athletic fields. Selected families live in the homes rent-free, with all utilities paid. In return, they maintain their vigil and promptly notify police if they note any suspicious activity in or near school property.

But resisting vandals is everybody's job, not just that of police and public officials. You can help by keeping your house or apartment securely locked, your car similarly protected, and prosecuting to the full extent of the law if you are victimized and the culprits are brought to court.

If you see strangers hanging around a neighbor's property, keep your eyes open. If the neighbor is away, call the police and ask them to investigate. Don't think, *It's none of my business*. The impact of such mischief on your own paychecks, taxes, and the prices you pay proves otherwise.

Above all, you can pound home to your lawmakers that you think it is high time to treat vandals like the criminals they really are. At certain levels of destruction, damage, and the infliction of pain and injury, acts of vandalism should be treated as felonies, not misdemeanors, and appropriate prison sentences for offenders should be urged on judges, bar associations, and state and federal lawmakers.

These hoodlums deserve a hard-nosed response from the society they abuse, exploit, and rob. Through united action, all of us may finally put the blocks to the savages who are running roughshod over our rights and our pocketbooks.

KEYHOLE ON THE WORLD

SEX TOP

The big tent is packed to capacity. All eyes focus intently on the action taking place on the mattress in the small center ring. A tall, full-breasted brunette removes the last of her clothing—a pair of brief, black-lace panties. She is soon joined by another naked girl, a slender blonde, and a naked, broad-shouldered, muscular man in his late 20s. The “act” is about to begin.

The brunette drops to her knees in front of the man and places his organ into her mouth, moving her head rhythmically back and forth. The blonde crouches behind the brunette and cups the woman’s breasts. Later, the three shift positions and the scene becomes a mass of tangled, writhing flesh . . .

The sexually explicit scene above actually took place recently outside a small Midwestern town. What sounds like a description of a hard-core porno film was in fact part of a live sex show, a traveling “sex circus” that has played to packed audiences in many parts of the country. The “troupe,” consisting of ten men and



six women, travels by truck from town to town, much like the more conventional circuses and carnivals have done for decades. Their “shows” are brief, lasting no longer than 35 minutes. The price of admission is \$3, about what it costs to view a porno movie in most big cities.

Creator, ringmaster and business manager is a 29-year-old entrepreneur from Oklahoma who, for obvious reasons, prefers to remain anonymous. Says the goodlooking, muscular, ex-high wire artist, who himself occasionally takes part in the performances: “We cater to adults only. No children, with or without parents, are permitted inside or even near the tent. Our advertising is strictly word-of-mouth. When we set up outside a town, we send one or two of our guys in to talk us up. They hit the local gin mills and spread the word around and after that it’s standing room only. If a sheriff gets nosy, we pay him off. Sometimes we have to pay a fine, then get out of town fast. But it’s well worth the risk.”

TOOTH TOUR

Cavity-ridden Japanese have discovered the ultimate vacation tour—a six-day trip to Taiwan that includes sightseeing and first-rate dental care at one fifth the price usually charged by Japanese dentists.

The “denture venture” is offered by a Tokyo travel agency for \$463, not including dental charges. Cost of a set of dentures is \$300, compared to as much as \$2,000 in Japan.

Just what the doctor ordered—a vacation you can get your teeth into.

NAZI NOSTALGIA

The tales began as WW II was ending. Avaricious Nazis, it was said, had spent most of the war looting museums, banks and mansions and, as the Allies closed in on the Third Reich, German officers stashed away billions of dollars worth of treasure.

A few of the tales proved true, but most were merely wishful thoughts of imaginative GIs who heard them while serving in Europe. The irony of it all is that, while these GIs were talking about illusory loot buried in the Alps, most of them probably had mini-treasures of their own and didn’t realize it. The German helmets, dag-

gers, swords, arm patches and all the other battlefield “junk” picked up by souvenir-hunting GIs and brought home and stuffed into attic trunks are proving to be the real Nazi treasures.

Last year, about 5,000 collectors shelled out more than \$2-million for Nazi trappings. It is estimated that another 10,000 Americans are in the process of building up collections and that another 25,000 own weapons, uniforms and other Nazi militaria.

One East Coast collector figured that there is enough Nazi equipment in the U.S. to outfit four divisions of troops. At least 30 American firms are engaged full-time in the business of distributing Nazi paraphernalia.



Browsing through one of the many catalogs available is like looking through a German military supply catalog during the height of the Third Reich’s dominance. Among the many entries included:

- * A Gestapo identification tag, \$6.50.

- * Collar tabs for Hermann Goering Tank Destroyer Division, \$5.

- * Prison camp official belt buckle, complete with proof marks, including SS marks, \$14.50.

Another firm’s catalog offers a 1934 Nazi Party badge for \$2.50; a Nazi merit badge, with ribbon, \$3.50; and, for only 50 cents each, wallet-sized photos of Hermann Goering, Field Marshal Rommel and, the biggie, Adolf Hitler.

How soon we forget.

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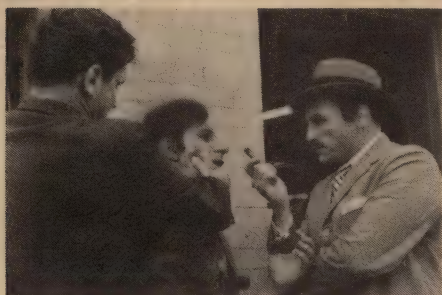
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MAFIA BAG MAN

(Continued from page 37)

sharks . . . well, they accounted for a lot of grease paid out, but they were kind of like franchising. Usually, they aren't family members. Our only interest was in seeing that a guy who had a profitable operation kept it going so we could collect our piece of it. So if one of these guys couldn't help himself out, okay, then they called on me and I did what I could.

Naturally, the people I first wanted to touch base with were the cops. The way most police departments are run, you don't even want to try to reach the top guy—especially in a big city. You can bring political pressure on him—I'll get to this later—but the best thing to do is not even go near him. He's so busy with policy and politics and crap, he's not even the one you want to help you.

No, the best guys to reach—if you can reach them—are the deputy commanders of each unit. That's because in each unit—vice squad, for example—the commander is so busy reviewing the troops, pacifying the police chief, writing reports, etc., he doesn't really have time for day to day operations. It's like in the Army. The generals leave the administrative part of the show to their staff. Well, the deputy commanders are the staff.

They know what's really going on and they issue the day-to-day orders.

Okay, so how do you reach these guys? Well, some of them have been bought for years. They're on the regular payroll. Part of the information I paid for was who looked good on the force, who the up-and-comers were. Maybe it's just a desk lieutenant somewhere who really can't do anything for us, at least at the moment. Or even just some sergeant in a squad car. If I hear they got something on the ball, I was gonna try to take care of them.

How did I meet these guys? Same way I found out about them—through the cops I had already bought. Then some of that diplomacy I mentioned came in. I made sure I got to meet the guy socially in a bar. We drink together, tell some stories. We don't talk nothing about money, favors. Nothing. As far as the guy knew, I was just a businessman friend of another buddy of his on the force.

Then you just try to make friends. Usually, I'd invite the guy out for a weekend fishing on a boat or something. You drink some more, you get loose with the guy, and he doesn't feel like he owes you anything. Then you make a

date to get together with the guy and you see to it that a couple of chicks you know come in. You go back to one of the chick's places and party for a while. By that time, you're really buddies. And if he falls for the girl, it's even easier because then he's gonna want to have some extra cash to sport her around.

Finally, when you got some kind of rapport with him, you put it to him straight—no bullshit. Usually, it goes like this: "Look, you could use a few extra bucks and maybe some time I'm gonna need some inside information. You know, maybe some friend or associate of mine will get collared. Of course, maybe I'll never need anything from you, but you take the money anyway. I need to have some expenses to write off on taxes anyway." That kind of crap. Now, I had a few guys turn down the money, but I never yet had a guy say to me, "I don't want to know from you anymore." That's because I didn't hurry it. I made sure we're really buddies before I put it to him.

Now sometimes I'd ask for some info from one of these guys, maybe just to sort of seal the deal, even if it's something I didn't really need to know. But the most important thing was to keep them on the pad, on the payroll. That way when they got promoted to captain, or deputy inspector or whatever . . . well, you got a guy right in there who's a friend. And it don't cost you that much. Maybe 20 bucks a week for a louie, at most 50 for a captain and 100 for a guy who's deputy commander of some important unit and in a position to really help you.

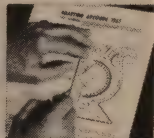
Now, what kind of help is pretty obvious. Let's say some fence the Organization's been using gets hot, or some detectives are building a case on so and so. Or a big narco

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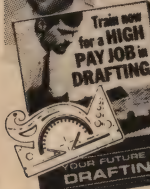
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deal is going down, only the buyers are undercover cops. If my guy can swing it, he'll let me know.

Of course, they can't always let you know up front. But even so, they can help. They get a look at the files, they can pass along the kind of info that'll enable a good lawyer to beat the case. Like we had this one coke (cocaine) bust that looked airtight—really bad. We thought we were going to lose a very important guy, for sure. Then one of my contacts came up with the information that one of the arresting cops was suspected of smoking a little marijuana himself on his own time and had been investigated for it. The investigation didn't show anything, but just to know that it happened was all our lawyer needed. He used it to discredit the cop so much that his testimony about the coke bust was worthless. And our guy got off.

A good source on the force can do a lot of other things for you, too. Like you get a pro on the burglary squad, he knows a lot about the security set-ups at a lot of companies, the alarm system and so on. That's very valuable information. Same thing with payroll movements. That kind of information is worth its weight in gold.

OKAY, so how do I get the money to these key guys? No mystery there. It's part of what I do. I make my rounds. You know, bars, restaurants, maybe we'll go to a ballgame together. I mean, these are special contacts I've cultivated, so I like to keep the relationships personal and social, mix business with pleasure. None of this bull about meeting in dark alleys, or having secret drops or any of that garbage.

The thing is not to make a big deal about passing over the money, not with a guy you're taking care of regularly. So I do it right away, get it out of the way. Very matter-of-factly. Just peel off a bill, fold it over and hand it to the guy, maybe right when they serve us the first drink or something. I don't even mention it. We just go on talking about what ever

we're talking about. It's one of those things if you tried to be secretive about it, everybody'd notice. This way it's very casual and no one knows what the hell's going on. If anybody's uptight, all you got to do is just lay it on the bar in front of the guy and when the bartender comes back with the drinks, push it at the guy and say, "Here, keep your money, I got this round." But this is all chickenshit stuff, passing your regular payroll.

The heavy stuff is when you got to buy your way out of a big one. That's when I really got to bust my hump and sweat, because you got to cover all angles if it's really big. You gotta try to get the key cop or cops who made the bust, or else the assistant prosecutor handling the case, or maybe the division head in the prosecutor's office, which is a tough nut, or maybe even the judge. And usually the court clerk. You just got to try to find where the soft spot is.

First thing, you got to have the right defense lawyer. Now you can call me a bag man if you want, but the truth is that half the big bag jobs are handled by the lawyers. They cultivate their own sources: judges, prosecutors, cops where they can. That's why mob guys tend to use the same lawyers all the time. You see some of these guys in court, you think they're not the sharpest things going. But they've got other skills. They know how to make friends. That's very important. Remember, there aren't that many people who will take money from stranger.

So these lawyers, they're old hands. They've been around. You don't see any organization like ours hiring kid lawyers. It's the old guys who have the contacts. Right? Okay, so like I said, the first thing in a big case is we get one of the right lawyers, then it's my job to work with him. I'll give you an idea how it breaks down.

He's usually got the court contacts. So the first thing he's going to do is try to get the case before the right judge, a judge we got some links to. Or maybe he's got some links to. That means taking care of the court clerks, because they're the ones who assign the cases, unless you're in federal court, where the judges draw the cases by number. But even here, there's ways to move your case before the right judge. It's just more complicated. You got to stall for time and really work on the guy who's prosecuting.

Anyway, so the lawyers make friends with the court clerks over the years. They give them Christmas presents, shmeer them with tips now and then, all that semi-legit stuff. Then they can say to the guy, "Hey, O'Reilly, I got this case coming up, how about putting it on Judge Small's calendar," or whichever judge he's tightest with. Now naturally in a big case, where someone important gets cracked, the clerks are going to be a little leary. They're worrying about that DA who's looking over their shoulder. When they're worried, they need a little bucking up. Like maybe 1,000 bucks worth of bucking up. It can go that high, believe it or not. It kills me that some of these guys can take you for so much, but sometimes you just got no choice but to pay.

Usually I don't have to get involved on this level. I pass the money to the lawyer and he takes care of the clerk. But sometimes, if the lawyer's not that tight with the clerk involved, or the lawyer doesn't want to get directly involved with anything that heavy, I'll have to handle the arrangement myself. The lawyer just invites the guy for a drink or

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something, then I'll come in and be introduced as a friend. We just drink a while, tell stories, get the atmosphere friendly. Then the lawyer will leave and I'll make the pitch. Personally, I hate these bullshit games. Like some guys think they're in the movies and will say, "Hey, I hear you need some money to put your kid through college." Just crap. With guys like clerks, I just take out an envelope with whatever the lawyer thinks it's going to cost, pass it to him and tell him to look inside. Then all I say is something like, "It's for the Pistilli case. Maybe Judge Small's got an opening on his calendar." Then I thank the guy before he can say anything and call for the check. If you don't give him a chance to turn it down, it's a *fait accompli*. The less talk about it, the better. That way a guy who might be undecided has it decided for him. It's just psychology.

Okay, now I'd better explain to you about the judges. A judge can be the key man, assuming you don't get to the cops. He can do a lot of things for you, subtle little things. For example, he can be very constitutional. That means he can allow our lawyer a lot of room for finding out whether the police broke any rules. That gives the lawyer the chance to file a lot of pre-trial motions, on anything he can think of. Wiretaps, informers, improper police procedure, police surveillance, you name it. A judge can tie up a case for a long time by granting as many motions as he thinks he can get away with. And each hearing on each motion gives the lawyer a shot at finding some flaw in the case on which he'll get it thrown out. Like we had one case thrown out because the judge decided that the cops didn't hold a line-up the way they were supposed to—which is to use guys in the line-up who look something like the suspect. And we got another one thrown out because the judge found a really small error in a search warrant. This happened in a building where there was an apartment number 14A, or something like that, and an apartment 14AA. The cops raided AA but the search warrant said apartment A. It was just one of those small screwups that most judges would ignore. But the judge in this case was a friend so he threw out the whole thing.

A judge can also help you during a trial. He gets to decide which evidence is admissible, which witnesses the prosecution can legitimately call, what kinds of questions they can ask. Then he gets to charge the jury—give a jury its instructions before it goes to deliberate a case. Just the way he interprets the law can help a lot. One sentence here or there in a complicated case... well, that can be the whole ballgame. Then, of course, if you lose the case, the judge still has powers of sentencing. He gets to decide how long your man goes away for.

Now, we got judges who have been our friends for years. Its like with the cops, you learn to cultivate them early. There's two ways to do that. First 80, 85 percent of your judges come out of law firms. They're not university professors or something like that. They're guys who've got their services for sale. Well, you just find out from the political clubhouses which of these guys are pushing for judgeships. Remember, I don't care whether they're appointed or elected, 90 percent of your judges come out of some political clubhouse. We're very active in clubhouses—but I'll get to that soon.

Okay, you find a guy who's pushing for a judgeship and you begin sending him some work. Never criminal work. Real estate work,

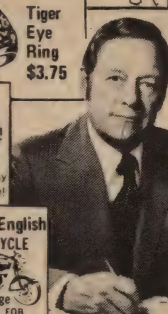
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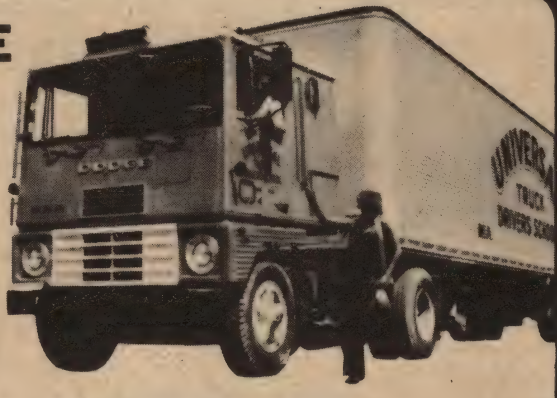
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NOW, becoming a judge can take a long time. You got to work your way up in the political ladder. You go to make the right friends, etc. We got some clout with some of those people, so we can help. Then when your turn comes for a shot, usually you got to seal it with some big donation to the party. Like \$25,000 for a civil judgeship. That's a lot of scratch, even for a lawyer. And usually it comes after making other donations for a few years—maybe \$5,000 at a pop. So if we got a guy who's already working for us and is in line for a judgeship but just needs to make a big donation to put him over the top . . . well, we'll help him out. Then he's our friend.

The way it worked, it was my job to be one of the reps from any of the legit companies that were bringing the lawyer business. That way I'd develop a relationship with the guy over the years. And I'd be there to help him get his judgeship. Then once he's in, he owes me. We're buddies, right. There's none of this crude shit about paying the guy directly and telling him this is for future favors. He un-

Once they make it to the bench, they become the most pompous, egotistical guys you ever saw. You want to get one of them to cream? Just flatter him a little. You want him to love you? Give his kid a big present when the kid gets married. They expect to be doted on, so you dote a little bit. And then try to make money for him on the side. You know, steer him to some more of those good real estate deals. Put him onto some stock you know is going to do well because you're taking care of the company's competition. Make him a kind of informal business associate.

When you do get a heavy case before one of these judges, you still got to approach him carefully. It's not like you've known him from his clubhouse days and helped put him on the bench. The best way is to just go see the guy and ask as a favor that he do what he can. Sometimes, they surprise you. There was this one judge who came right out and said, "I don't do favors. You're supposed to be a businessman. You should know that. You want something, you have to buy it." He was tough, this judge. Cost me \$8,000 to buy his favor. And he didn't want any bullshit deals. I brought him cash in an attache case and we took a ride together in his chauffeured Caddy and when I got out of the car, the attache case stayed.

But he was the exception. Usually you got to find some cool way to pass these guys the bread. Like you say, "You do me a favor. I'll

to belong to a political clubhouse. We want them making contributions, and not just in campaigns. Spread some cash around. Get to know the district leaders, the county leaders, the party chairmen wherever you're operating, and then through them the party officials on a state level. We operate in both parties. But of course, if one party is really big in a certain area—like the Democrats are in the cities and the Republicans in the suburbs—and have a virtual monopoly on the government, then we stay tight with just the one party in that area.

Then there's guys you get close to who are running for office. You put some bucks into their campaigns. It all pays off. I mean, we're talking now about reaching judges. You got a judge you don't know and don't know how to approach, you get some politician or party official he's tight with to say to him, "Hey, so and so is on trial before you. He's a good guy. I can't believe he'd do anything like that. He's been framed." The judge gets the message. And then the politicians get a feel for whether you can approach the judge directly with an offer. I remember there was this one case we thought was hopeless, that the judge was untouchable. We had this state legislator, who's a buddy of his feel him out. Very delicately, you know. The guy came back and said he couldn't raise the subject with the judge but he had a feeling that if we put some bucks into the judge's favorite charity—some old age home he was interested in—it might soften the judge a bit. So we gambled because the case was important to us, and funneled three grand to the charity. And the judge threw out the case. It was just a lucky break because we never even talked to the guy and we had nothing stronger to go on than the legislator's feelings, and he never even raised the subject directly with the judge.

"Judges are the toughest to get to. But if you use enough of the long green—especially the hard-to-trace, easy-to-spend variety—you'll have a friend when you go before the bench."

derstands that a business man likes to help his friends; it's part of taking care of business. He knows what the score is, so you don't even have to talk about it. Once he's on the bench, he's our boy. A big case comes before him, all I got to do is let him know we're interested, then leave it to him. He'll do what he can. Then later I can take care of him. I don't have to set a figure or nothing. I can do something like open up a bank account for him in someplace like the Bahamas—you can't trust Switzerland, anymore—and just hand him the bank book. Or I can let him in on buying some land that's about to be developed real cheap. He sells it a month later and he's made himself five or ten grand. There's lots of ways to pay off a guy like that.

I mentioned that there's two ways of cultivating judges. The second is getting to a guy who's already on the bench, not on any specific case especially . . . but just to have him on your side. Again, those clubhouse contacts are worth gold. Even a guy who's been on the bench for years . . . he keeps with his old clubhouse. It protects his ass and it keeps him in line for promotions to more powerful judgeships.

It's really just more lobbying to get tight with these guys. You go to political lunches together, you go golfing on the weekends, all that shit. You're there because you're the buddy of the district leader or some local politico, so to the judge you're just another one of the boys.

Now I'll tell you something about judges.

do you a favor. Here's a deed on this little apartment building. You'll clear \$1,500 a month on it." Then you got to explain to him how all the papers are worked out so it looks like a completely legit deal, using a loan from one of our insurance companies to take the mortgage, etc. In other words, you make him know that the paperwork is foolproof—there's no way the IRS or anybody can find anything."

Okay, so I cultivate judges and meanwhile whatever lawyer we're using, he's cultivating his own judges. They go to parties together. They go to Miami together. They belong to the same golf club. Basically, the lawyers do the same thing I do. Maybe they belong to a clubhouse, also. And they build up rapport with these judges over the years. They know just what it's gonna take to buy one of their judges in a big case. My job is just to make the arrangements for it. Whether it's a bag of cash or a covert business deal. The hassling over it I leave to the lawyers. They're smooth. They know what they're doing.

So, we got our judges, our lawyers have theirs and so we get to beat most of the big cases. Where we run into trouble is when we don't get a judge who's a friend, which happens a lot in federal court because those guys are harder to reach. If that happens, we try to go at it from a different angle.

One way is through the politicians. This brings us to our actions with the political clubhouses. We got a standing rule that any of our guys who have a legit front, they've got

THE clubhouses are also useful if you want to take a crack at the prosecutors in case you can't reach the judge. Remember, in most places these assistant DA's come up through the party organization. A lot of them are young kids who you got to be careful with. But some of them have been around a long time and know the score. And all the bureau chiefs in each DA's office are veterans.

Generally, the assistant DA's don't feel as secure as judges. They've got to watch their asses more because they don't have the mystique judges do, and they're still ambitious. But that doesn't mean they're virgins.

I know a lot of these guys from clubhouses, and our lawyers know more of them because they go up against them all the time and there's always pow wows between the DA's and the lawyers taking pleas, exchanging info, etc. So the lawyers get to know these guys pretty well. If you got a guy who you think will do you a favor, the only way is to stick your neck out and try it. Just hit him directly. Just say to him we need this case and leave it up to him to find some technical flaw in it, or pass you the info that'll destroy the credibility of his own witnesses. It usually costs a couple of grand. These guys don't want to know from business deals, that kind of stuff, which is why if you have to approach a DA, you really can't be subtle. You're offering him cash on the line. And with these guys, it really doesn't matter if they took once before. Each time you approach them it's a risk. So you really got to feel out the situation

first, then lay the groundwork a little by having some politico call him and say, "A friend wants to talk to you. I don't know what about. Maybe he needs a quiet investigation. Why don't you see him." That way the politico keeps clean by faking ignorance—and I do keep them ignorant. I never tell them exactly what I want, and they don't want to know. That way, also, the assistant DA feels obligated to see you and is going to think twice before busting you for bribery because he thinks he'll be dragging in some political friend of his, or some guy who can push his career along.

Still, it's a risky business approaching these guys. That's how I got popped. I offered a guy \$1,500 to help out on a case and he said sure, bring the money next time. When I brought the cash, he took it and five detectives rushed in and busted me. The bastard even had gone so far as to tape our conversations. And he was smart. He knew I wasn't going to risk my political connections by dragging in the party guy who had set up the meet. So I had no out but to cop a plea and do my time. Because the one kind of case you don't try to buy your way out of is a bribery case. That's got to be obvious.

Now to get back to the cops. Let's assume you don't get a good judge, you can't get the DA and your contacts on the force can't help you. Then you got to try to approach the arresting officers and make a deal for them to change their testimony in some little way that'll screw up the case and get an acquittal. This is risky in a big case because they're going to be watching the cops for just that kind of thing. A small case, you just find the cop and make an offer.

In a heavy case, I try to find some guy on the force who's buddies with the cop and get him to make the first approach. That's a delicate thing, too, because a cop who's on the pad usually won't have to expose that fact to a guy who isn't by approaching him with an offer. It's one of those things you got to think about carefully—how badly you need the cop to switch his testimony, whether you want to risk a good connection on the force. If it's a case we're really worried about, then we take the risk. Naturally, we reimburse the guy who makes the contact. It costs. But if you ask a guy to stick out his neck, you got to pay for it. I've paid as much as \$2,000 just to get one cop to approach another. But usually I can get away with \$1,000.

If the guy can't be approached that way, then I order up all the info I can get on him from cops who are on the pad. A few times I've hired private detectives to dig some more. Maybe you'll find a case where the cop's father needs an expensive operation, then you got a lever to approach him with. Or maybe he wants to send his kids to college. All obvious stuff.

The best kind of info is to find out if the guy has a chick on the side. That way you can blend a little blackmail—like tipping his wife—with a cash offer to support the girl friend in the right style. Or you can use your political contacts to bring pressure on the police brass to investigate the guy, maybe get him shifted to an expensive part of the city a long way from where his chick lives.

There's that old saying about everybody having his price. I don't operate on that principle. Everybody may have his price, but I can't afford to pay it—or risk finding out what it is. You hear a lot about how we get to anybody we want. It's just not true, even though I wish it was. ●●●



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MULTIPLE ERECTIONS

(Continued from page 27)

these plans well in advance, but many find the best time to develop them is during sex itself.

"The other night, when he was in me," Shirley B., a 26-year-old Dallas, Texas housewife stated, "it was really going good, and I get kind of uninhibited then. I asked him, to tell me something he wanted me to do. He said he wanted to see me strip slowly and touch myself at the same time. Thinking about what he said got me all excited and I came right away. Then I climaxed again when he had his orgasm"

"Afterwards, when he was tired, I got up and put my clothes on and turned down the lights. I said, 'Now I'm going to do it, just what you wanted.' And when I was really down to it, with just about all my clothes off, and with my hands manipulating myself, I almost went crazy with excitement. And he was as ready for me as I was for him."

Any good sex text will serve as a source of ideas for such sessions. The kind of sex that is provided by this repeated stoking up to higher levels is cumulative: That is, the response tends to grow more intense with each new penetration. "It always gets down to the old favorites," Shirley B. noted, "just before he enters me. I always give him a last bit of oral sex to make sure he's good and

the two of us were on one pair of skies. Before we started out he made me pull down the back of my bikini pants and while we were skiing he slipped it into me. A thing like that, it's crazy, it stays with you forever. I mean, all that night I was thinking about it, and I was so hot I just didn't give him any peace. We made love over and over, I'm not exaggerating The couple in the tow boat, were swingers who we were spending the weekend with. I don't know how much they saw, but that just made it that much more exciting for me"

"It isn't always a big deal like that. Last week we borrowed an apartment, a big place, and he said we were going to make it in every room in the house before we got to the bedroom. We did it all over the place and it just kept us going. Cameras are another favorite. I must have about a 100 pictures of him inside me, because he has one of those self-timers on his Polaroid. When he's not with me I can just look at those pictures and bring myself off. And when that camera's clicking, that's another time we just don't stop."

For others, however, the sex play necessary for a completely fresh mental approach to sex need not leave the confines of the bed in which intercourse is taking place. "I can turn

in real life. "I once told my man about one of my fantasies," Lois J. said. "A Mafia guy is raping me, taking me from behind. He goes in and out of my backside and my vagina, one after the other, back and forth. I'm coming like crazy even though I'm trying to get away So now that's a standby with us. He acts like the gangster, and maybe we just finished making love five minutes before, but he starts all over again. We had one night we did that four times running. My bottom hurt like hell, but I was walking on a cloud the next day."

There is no limit to the combinations of fantasy and "acting out" a given couple may try. The results, once this tap has been opened, can make the "physiological limitations" of male sexual capacity look like more of a daydream than the sex adventures that explode them.

VARIETY

Sex fantasy, changes of locale, even alternate sex techniques are all ways, psychologists say, of attaining that most basic sex stimulus of all, variety. But for some, variety takes a much more direct form—the actual alternation of partners. Among this small but growing number many say this is the most effective turn on of all. "I always thought a sex party was some sort of big orgy," Liza C., blonde, tall, leggy and looking considerably younger than her 26 years, recalled.

"But this party started with a bunch of us drinking around the pool a couple we knew had put in. Some of the women who didn't have suits kind of half-stripped for a dip, and the men got grabby but it was just harmless fooling around. There was sex going on. I let a lot of men touch me and I actually made love to two of them. I saw Jerry [her husband] pick up the legs of one of my girl friends and put his mouth right in between them. That was something of a shock, I guess, but it still wasn't an orgy"

"When we got home, Jerry went wild with me, and I was the same way. My mouth was all over his body, and I haven't done that since the first year or so we were married. For the next couple of weeks, we were making love two, three times every night. And when you realize it was two or three times a week before that, you can see the difference."

"So, we've done it again. A couple of times it's been more like an orgy. Jerry's seen me making love with other women, and coming from it too. And I've seen him with two women giving him oral sex at the same time. But the big thing is still when we get home. We talk it over and it gets more exciting as we remember it. And knowing somebody else's body gives us a kind of freedom . . . I watch Jerry now, and it seems like he's erect all day. And when we make love, it's like he can't get enough!"

THERE is a difference, however, between male and female needs for variety, insofar as it means a change of partners. For a female, the most important sex variable in continuity of stimulation. Thus, women often learn to like sex parties better than men, because there is a constant supply of stimulation, sometimes from other women. They hardly seem to care what sources the stimulation comes from.

But for a male to maintain that continual stimulation of his partner, fresh excitement from fresh partners is often needed. Simply the knowledge that someone else is available often proves enough. "My girl friend was driving me crazy, she was so moody when we

"There's no such thing as a guy who isn't good in the sack. The responsibility is with the girl. I can get any man ready for sex any time I want—even four, five times a night."

hard. There's also a spot under his shoulder that he likes me to lick when he's in me. But the other things, they're a way to get started again, and that's important."

Some men fear the excitement of between-intercourse play may lead to climax before they want it. But in fact, such early male orgasm, when it happens, seldom prevents later penetration.

SEX PLAY

The "fun and games" of sex is different from pure technique, but is just as important to those women who say their men are the most successful repeaters in intercourse. Such games include wearing unusual clothes, making love in strange places or in different locations within a single apartment, or the use of cameras and other paraphernalia.

Those who use such games usually find one or two that suit them, and then repeat them. But there are some couples who go through the whole "book," and find that the incitement to strange sex carries over to more conventional lovemaking.

"It's not like we do it all the time, "but a couple of weeks ago we were water skiing and

my lover on any time. As many as five times a night if I want," boasted 26-year-old Lois J., a stunningly proportioned brunette salesgirl in Madison, Wisconsin. "I get these sexy feelings, and I guess my body shows it or something, because he's always ready when I get that way." Further investigation, however, showed that the "sexy feelings" Lois J. had on tap did not come from left field. "I use sex fantasies," she later admitted. "I've used them since I was a little girl. I like sex a lot, so now I use them a lot." Sex fantasies are, of course, well known to most males. But it is seldom realized that they may be an instrument to ensure new erections.

Miriam L. acknowledged the use of fantasy. "It's sexy when you're half naked in public and your man is feeling you up under a blanket, or even making love to you," Miriam said. "But it's even more exciting when you think about it later . . . when you're alone with him. And I do it. I do it any time I think he needs me to be hot, or when I want to come right then"

With Lois J., the fantasies may grow elaborate, involving sex she would never try

had sex," John A., a 26-year-old longshoreman remembered. "I began not wanting to make it with her, she put me off so much.

"One night, I ran into an old girl friend of mine, and she was hot as hell so I put it to her. She told me that I could come back whenever I wanted to—she's divorced, and getting tied down would just queer her alimony. Well, damn it, I thought I'd feel guilty, but when I saw my 'regular' I couldn't wait to get at her. Nothing she threw at me could slow me down. And damned if she didn't start responding along about the third or fourth time.

"I only see my old girl friend a couple of times a month now, but my regular it's every night. I'm finding I can have more sex than I thought any man could. It's like the more you look for, the more you find . . ." This view is confirmed by women as well, some of whom say they have guessed their men have other partners, but tolerate the situation because the resultant sex—for them—becomes so much better.

"The first night I guessed he had another girl, was the first night he stayed up so long that I got this long row of orgasms, one after the other," Priscilla N., a 23-year-old hairdresser said. "Right then and there was when I decided I wasn't going to rock the boat. I didn't fuss about his other girl. I don't know, I might feel different if we were married."

SEX SPECIALTIES

For some of those who take the sex variety route, it is not only the new partner, but new worlds of sex, forbidden in a more conventional relationship, that offer the added excitement. Call girls know of this need and capitalize on it thoroughly. "There's one guy, about 30, he was an amateur boxer and he's built like a bull," Marlene Y., a 27-year-old Boston area blonde "working girl" said. "I know he's got a good thing with his wife because when we're not making it we talk like a couple of buddies. He says he makes it with her a couple of times a week.

"But she doesn't give him everything he needs. These big aggressive guys, they need pain sometimes. I think up new things for him every time he comes here. The last time, I tied him up, bent him over and I whipped the hell out of him. I finally eased myself under him and he gave me a ride like I usually wouldn't get from a customer. But when this guy's going, he's so good I want it for myself. And that was just the first time. We did it about five or six different ways that night. I don't know how he can walk afterwards, but he tells me he's good for another couple of times when he gets home to his wife. The memory of what I did keeps him hot."

Nor is pain always the common denominator. "I was just talking to this girl at a party," Harold G., a 28-year-old Long Island crane operator, said. "My own girl was right across the room. This girl started saying she'd always wanted to try vibrators, crazy things. Pretty soon we made a date. I stripped her naked the minute we walked into the room. She used a vibrator as we balled. We went at it for about six hours straight, but when I left her I wanted to find my own girl and ball again. That crazy stuff, it like clears your mind, I guess."

Nearly everyone, according to sexologist, Dr. Nathan Walter, has at least a few "sex specialty" desires somewhere in his unconscious. Sexologists are of varying opinions about these. Some believe that, like a drug addiction, the need to "go farther" eventually reaches a point of diminishing returns, and

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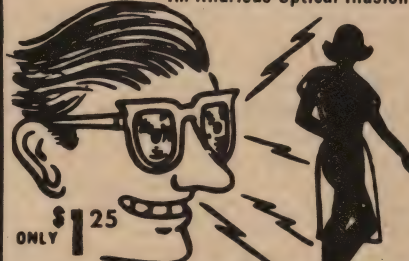
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But most researchers follow the principle that anything that works in sex, is the individual's own business. And there is no question that letting go on the full resources of the imagination and the specialty needs of sex is a prime practice of those who report the highest statistics on male repetition.

Mrs. Dorothy K., Tacoma, Washington, a 24-year-old blonde, pretty and flirtatious, married to a welder a few years older: "My husband is intensely jealous, but I like it when men look at me. About once a month it all bubbles over, and he tells me in the morning that I'm going to get a spanking that night. He makes me put these Japanese balls inside myself, and I walk around that way having little orgasms all day long but scared stiff at the same time.

"At night he puts me over his knee and spansks me till I'm good and red, and I come so much I can't breathe. I'm always a very good girl for a couple of days after that. I couldn't help it anyway, because he starts making love to me after the beating and doesn't stop for about a week. I can't think of anyone else but him . . ."

Anal sex, and obsessions reaching to urination and enemas, are also among the practices often reported. But even more frequent are those involving variations on oral sex: "I can get my man up any time I want," Phyllis M., a 22-year-old Atlantic City receptionist, boasted. "I just get out the old whipped cream, spray him down and lick it off. If I've already used that once, then maybe I'll try a little wine." However the individual may feel about such acts, they are so firmly rooted in the practices of those with high-frequency sex scores that they must be considered effective.

STRAIGHT TALK

There is one sex technique, however, which is almost never listed in the catalogues of repeated satisfaction. Yet those actually interviewed on the subject referred to it again and again. It is the power of straight talk.

"Something got into me when we began to make love," Linda C., a 20-year-old Kansas City waitress said. "I started saying he should shove it into me. Then I got rougher. I started

saying, 'fuck me,' and other words like that. And the more I said the stronger he got.

"After it was all over, and I'd had this huge orgasm, I started it again. I don't know why, but the words just came to mind. And instead of taking half an hour, he was inside me again in just a couple of minutes. Now it always has that affect when I talk dirty." The use of "rough talk" as Linda C. puts it, is a familiar sex stimulant. One that not everyone responds to, but those who do, find it most effective in producing renewed excitement.

But even more important, the evidence suggests, is another kind of talk—frank talk that lets out the feelings and hidden desires. "We were together in bed and I was feeling cool," 29-year-old Sue R. said. "I was telling him how I'd never felt that way before.

"All of a sudden, he said he wanted to be straight with me. He had other girl friends, he said, and he was going to keep sleeping with them. It shocked the hell out of me. The next thing I knew, I was talking to him about things I never told anybody, and suddenly it was like the whole night was just starting again. We had sex another time, and afterwards we talked some more. Then we did it a third time. I'll never forget that man."

Not everyone will have the nerve for this kind of talk, which is even harder to begin than experimental sex. But its record in producing multiple erections is truly outstanding, and it may lead to revelations about fantasies and preferred practices which makes intercourse far more intense and satisfying than had ever been expected.

SEX ROUTINES

"She was one of the most attractive women I've ever seen. Tall, and dark-haired, with the kind of figure that makes most men drool. Her breasts were so big and firm I thought she used silicone or something but she said later that that they were natural. When we got her back to the motel I couldn't wait to undress her. You should have seen my boy friend's eyes pop as I leaned over and planted my mouth between her thighs and waited for him to come over and do the same to me . . ."

Nan V. is 25, has a good job as an assistant in a realty office, and her boy friend is an

electrician of about the same age. They have been going together for 18 months, and a good part of that time has been spent on weekend adventures, like the one Nan V. is describing. "It turned out she was a hooker, but that didn't bother us. By that time I guess we were hooked on threesomes.

"A thing like that, it sets me up for when we're alone together. I don't think I'm a lez, or anything like that. It gives my boy friend a chance to get two girls at once and he's always great then. And when we're alone, like one day last week when he came in from work really knocked out, and we had sex that wasn't very good, I remind him of the time he'd been inside that girl I was telling you about. And it changed everything. It took all the sweat out of it. He turned on the TV, and we just kept balling and watching the TV in between all night long."

Not many will have regular routines involving three-person sex, but the existence of some sort of planned night for a "blow-off" is a sex stimulant with a powerful carry-over into everyday sex life. It may be no more than a housewife packing off the kids to a neighbor's one night a week, but the relaxation and security that comes with a regular "habit" of superlative sex, can make an extraordinary difference in male performance.

FOR those couples who do set up regular working routines of sex, the next most important element is to maintain it. "When I first got together with my man, it was like paradise," Wanda W. remembered. "I like it in the morning, yet after a great night of balling, he was ready and willing at daybreak.

"We moved in together for awhile, and it was like that every night and every morning—except for once or twice. I mean, once we had the habit set up, and we broke it, it would be a couple of days before we got back to it again. One of those times five days passed, and when he came home we had this big passionate scene. It turned out he'd had some other girl that afternoon and he was hot for more. I didn't mind, I was just glad he was hard for me.

"You've got to keep it going. Because when you get to know each other pretty well and you don't have that first date excitement, you've got to stay hot to keep it good." In general, sex researchers have found that couples, whether married or otherwise, who are dissatisfied with each other in sex, have gotten themselves into a rut where the expectation of sex simply isn't there. The habit has become only infrequent satisfaction, and complete exhaustion for the male following it.

For the male who is in such a rut and seeks to break out of it, a certain amount of attention will have to be paid to catching his partner at a moment when she is feeling sexy enough to try the techniques that can bring excitement back. Alcohol can help here, but only in moderation. Too much booze is a sure second-erection-killer for even the strongest male. But the change in pattern, whatever it involves, will be well worth it for most males. If it means an occasional super-adventurous "weekend special," as it does for Nan V. and her boy friend, why worry about it—your partner won't.

FEMALE SUBMISSION

"I don't see why you keep talking about technique, because there isn't any technique to it! He was inside me and all of a sudden he started coming and I thought it was too soon. But it kept on happening and he grabbed

hold of me so tight that I went up there with him. Then somehow he kept on coming after the first one. I know a man isn't supposed to be able to do that, but maybe he was turned on too. Anyhow, I went right along with him, and afterwards I felt like I was completely his. Like I belonged to him.

"So naturally, after awhile, I started touching him again and then took him in my mouth and we made love again. He isn't a man I see a lot of times, I wish I did, but I don't. But it's always that way. We make love over and over again. But it's not technique, it's because he gets me so hot I want him, again and again..." To Peggy L., a blonde-haired San Francisco waitress of medium height with an exceptionally full figure, multiple erections are no more than the natural process of a satisfying response.

But there's a good deal more to it than that. The most important element in male excitement, researchers say, lies in the extent to which a female manages to make herself assertive, even aggressive; taking an active role in sex play, and guiding his response with her own.

And achieving this, while it may seem all natural to the female, is as much an aspect of the sex technique as trying alternate positions. For Peggy, her desire to please was brought about by her lover's continued strong thrusting past the point of his first climax to the level of bringing on additional climaxes for himself.

There is a cross-current of sexual heat here which goes right to the heart of achieving extra response. A male, researchers now believe, is first to be excited. But when he has successfully "brought the female up with him," she then correctly perceives her own responses as the best way to excite him further, and takes her principal reward from doing so.

"By her sudden readiness for orgasm," writes Dr. George Stander, of the Southern Center for Behavioral Sex Research, "the female indicates that her submission is more than passive." The two partners then mutually continue raising each other to successive highs of intensity, broken only by climax itself. The male usually achieves this first surrender during foreplay, principally by stimulating the clitoris, breasts or anus with his hands and tongue.

"The first thing that happened, was he made me give him oral sex," remembered Jane A., a 27-year-old Las Vegas cashier. He was the only man I ever did that to." The relationship described here is another of those from the files of women whose men proved "super producers."

The additional watchword here, is not only the use of any or all of the techniques described, but also patience, and a certain amount of attention paid to the female partner's response. No male, of course, should ever measure himself by the number or frequency of new erections which result. His necessary rest interval may vary from a couple of minutes to several days. It is the sex he is comfortable with that matters most.

But it is also true that, as the histories here show, most men have far more sexual capacity than they realize. The techniques to open up that capacity are now readily available. As researcher Alfred Kinsey first noted many years ago, the repetition of sex is its own best teacher. Any physical limitations the partners may feel are usually far less important to the end result than the willingness to try.

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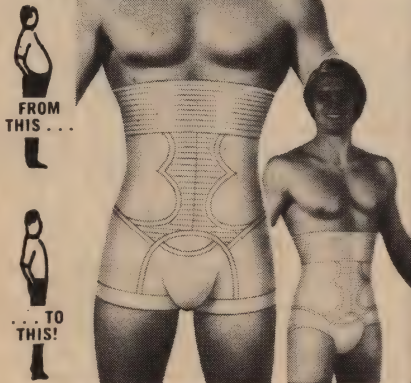
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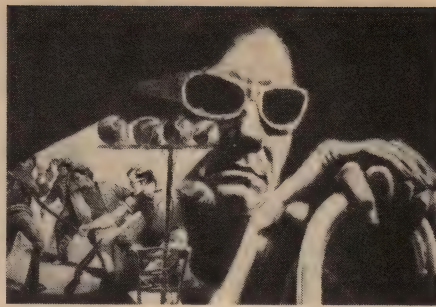
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MR. POISON

(Continued from page 30)

Worse, in Malcom's opinion, he still had friends on the police force.

"How the hell we gonna keep anybody in line," he raged, "if they hear Kelly McCabe ain't paying his dues? If he don't come through with the insurance rates we set, we're all gonna be on welfare. McCabe don't pay, no one pays. And you know what, they're gonna be right!"

'Ace' Parkes had the nose bleeding controlled. "We gotta make an example of him."

"What you got in mind—ice him? That won't do no good. Fuzz will blanket the neighborhood. Our clients won't stay scared. You got to make a special, *special* case out of him, cause he's a special man."

EVERYBODY thought of Kelly McCabe that way. Mentally, they put him in a special category. There was his size: 5'10", 270 pounds, all meat and muscle, no fat. His neck was as thick as some men's thighs. The palm of his hand—just the palm—was the size of a salad plate. All his dimensions seemed to be horizontal rather than vertical; on him a new suit looked like a burlap bag. His thighs and calves stretched ordinary pants into roundness. Only a cop uniform seemed to be the right blanket for him.

He had been a good cop, assigned to the rough precincts, usually in North Chicago. Instead of racking up an impressive list of arrests, bucking for a promotion, he dispensed street justice. He aided people, gave them protection. He crippled hoods, and slapped sweet reason into punks worth salvaging. Basically a wrestler of the rough-and-tumble school, he had a punch like the kick of an angry mule. One swing of his battering ram fist was usually enough.

Twice he had to use his gun, and he attended both funerals. Most people admired him; the rest had to respect him.

While riding patrol a report came over the radio that a florist had been held up, and a description of the perpetrator followed. Kelly, street wise, figured out one of the escape routes the kid could take, and directed the car to cover the area. Within minutes they saw a suspect that answered the description; watch cap, nylon wind breaker, young.

"Hey, son," Kelly got out of the car, "hold it a minute."

The kid was hunched as though it were cold, hands in pockets, head down. He spun on sneakered feet when he heard Kelly. "I didn't no nothing," he protested.

"Then you've got nothing to worry about," Kelly gave the stock answer, and asked the usual questions, "Where do you live? Where are you going? Where are you coming from? Do you have any identification?"

It became apparent the kid wasn't from the neighborhood. Kelly's tone changed.

"Okay, son. Hands against the wall, feet spread, you know the position."

The kid took his hands out of his pocket. In

his right hand was a small gun and he was pulling the trigger. Kelly McCabe, despite his substantial weight, could move with considerable speed. He threw both his feet at the kid, sitting down, twisting to get his chest away from the snub nosed revolver. He swung with his left hand to push the gun aside.

He was partially successful. He was sitting when the gun went off in front of his face. It was a .22 Magnum pistol. The kid had chopped the barrel back to less than two inches, so Kelly got quite a lot of the 36 inch muzzle flash. His face was so close to the gun that the .22 Magnum slug ticked the upper bridge of his nose and broke it. Between the long stream of blow sorch flame coming out of the muzzle, and the blast effect, Kelly's eyes were literally blown out of his head.

As a precaution, just before he went unconscious, he broke the kid's wrist. Then he fell back, hoping he wasn't blind, afraid he was.

The eyeballs were collapsed. There was no chance of saving his sight. In the operating room they sewed his shredded eyelids together, repaired his broken nose, and removed what was left of his eyes.

He didn't like the idea of being blind but he was hard minded about it. He accepted the fact and started doing something. He started using his ears, identifying nurses and doctors by their walk. Then he started picking up sub sounds sighted people never hear: The tiny sounds of a needle slipping through rubber into a bottle of antibiotic, breathing patterns that are different and distinguishable in each person.

Most men think of their face as something to shave. Kelly thought of his as new "eyes." While still in his hospital bed—sitting up now—Kelly sensed a wind on his face as nurses passed him or worked around him. Initially he asked them what they were doing so he could compare the sensations reaching his facial skin with their motions. Wafts of air touching wide cheekbones, a solid chin, his ear lobes and the sensitive skin around his eyes. All told a story. The nurses guessed what he was doing and they started describing their movements. Eventually, Kelly reached a stage where he corrected one nurse; told her, no, she had moved her left arm, not her right.

The nurse laughed. He was correct, she was wrong.

When he was released from the hospital he was sent for rehabilitation training. He had to relearn things everybody takes for granted—pouring a cup of coffee, finding his shoes and socks in the morning and staying alive while cooking.

He met with the physical training instructor. Kelly mentioned he liked to wrestle. The instructor thought that was satisfactory. He said, "Here I come," their bodies clashed, and the instructor was on his back. It was to be expected. McCabe had superior weight, superior strength.

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Except Kelly was irritated. "Don't tell me you're coming in. I can hear you."

He could. He got an arm lock on the instructor, kicked his feet out from under him and dumped him on his face.

The instructor was impressed with Kelly's amazing adaptation to blindness. So much so that he felt there was little he could do for the tough, ex-cop. He suggested to Kelly that he should meet with a friend of his.

The instructor's friend was a Korean who ran one of Chicago's top karate schools. He had never worked with the blind before and was amazed at Kelly's abilities. He didn't launch any of the killing strokes but remained strictly on the defensive.

And took a hell of a licking because Kelly was strictly on the offensive. Cho Lee couldn't move without Kelly's anticipating him and meeting him with a kick or a stab.

Mr. Cho called a halt. "You are fast, very fast," he said in admiration. "Truly an outstanding man. You are vulnerable though, not balancing attack with defense. But perhaps that is my fault. You are teachable, eminently teachable."

"That's what I wanted to hear," Kelly nodded. "Teach me. The hard way. You won't hurt me."

KELLY McCabe had always thought he'd buy a bar when he retired. Now, forced into retirement before the age of forty, he bought a bar on the North Side. As an ex-cop he didn't have difficulty obtaining a liquor license. The State never thought he'd work the bar himself.

Starting in 1968, his business climbed steadily from nothing to booming. Kelly's Spot became the local hangout. His pourers in the tops of the bottles dispensed exactly one ounce. Drawing a beer was no problem at all. He was good natured and he could give sound advice. Most of his customers forgot he was blind.

He heard about the changing neighborhood. "String a couple of those punks to a few lamp posts and maybe the rest will mind their manners."

He heard the other side too. "Them honky bastards got the world by the short hairs and won't give up nothing."

There was a lot of talk about Satan's Swords, their red jackets bearing the emblems of a devil's head with two crossed swords under it. They were the disruptive element in the neighborhood. Kelly didn't despise them because they were black—he had known too many white gangs, white criminals. He detested them because they were criminals who ruled by fear, even to the extent of raping some black girls and terrorizing their parents so they wouldn't go to the police. The thefts and break-ins were growing larger, more daring. The merchants were becoming afraid and brought their complaints to Kelly. He advised them to buy better security equipment and report everything they knew to the police.

He didn't worry about himself, didn't even think in those terms. Perhaps he had been a cop too long. Every night he put the receipts in his pocket, locked the bar door, opened another door and went up a flight of steps to an apartment that was directly above the bar. His rooms were the second and top floor of the building.

It was relatively barren of furniture, contained only those things he considered neces-



"Why the nurse with the pad and pencil? Oh, the law requires us to record the exact time of death."

sary. The bedroom was more gaudily decorated, or grimly decorated thought some of the few people who had seen it. On the walls hung mementoes of his police career; knives twisted from the hands of street fighters, clubs, the particularly nasty chain-and-mace called a morningstar, chopped off spears and swords, brass knucks, choking strings, fighting equipment of every sort that the D.A. hadn't needed for evidence and which he kept as souvenirs.

One night he turned out the bar lights, opened the door and heard the rustle of movement. Instantly he was on the alert. He didn't want to make a mistake. When feet came at him with a rush he met the body with a disabling kick, reached for the right hand, seized it and sensed it held a blackjack. He squeezed the wrist, slammed his attacker into the wall, bounced his head a few times, kneed him in the groin and belted him in the side of the neck as he was going down.

Someone telephoned the police. They picked up the unconscious body and identified him as a local punk belonging to Satan's Swords.

"These are the slobs causing trouble with the merchants. Want help?" asked one of the arresting officers.

"I've always taken care of myself." That was pride talking, foolish pride perhaps, but Kelly reasoned that if he stopped being independent, he'd become dependent.

The next day, soon after he opened, he had a visit from Malcolm 'Main Man' Moore; tall, muscular, narrow waisted, broad shouldered and with more moves than the Olympic team.

"Hey man, that cat last night was working on his own. I threw him out of Satan's Swords last month but he keeps flashing our colors. We changed, you dig? Businessman is our style."

"I heard about your business activities."

"Right on! Working this place by yourself has got to be a hack. Too much for one man. You need a partner."

"You?"

"One of my friends. Things like last night wouldn't happen. He'd see to it."

Kelly leaned across the bar. His voice was a whisper that carried. "I took care of last night. I can handle any trouble that comes. You give me grief, than you dig . . . you'll be digging your grave."

"You got it wrong," Moore said. "I'm mak-

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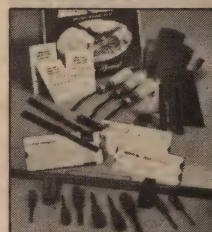
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ing you a business proposition. You don't understand."

"I understand what you're trying, punk. And you won't get away with it. Blow! Beat it! Stay away from me and you'll stay healthy."

Moore left. A few days later Kelly received a phone call.

"Put a hundred dollars in an envelope. Put the envelope on top of the trash in back of your building. It's the only way you can keep your business open, honkey."

Kelly spoke quickly. "Tell 'Main Man' I want \$200 a week from him delivered here ever Friday. It'll save him hospital bills."

That night his front window was broken by a rock tossed from a passing car. Kelly installed a wire grille he could pull across the outside of the bar every night.

The next act of pressure exerted on him was by 'Ace' Parkes, 'Bomb' Beaumont and 'Footsy' Dorsey, which turned out badly for them. Kelly knew a showdown was coming, and took his own peculiar security measures.

He hung blankets over his apartment windows, blocking any light. He removed the bulbs lighting the stairs up to his apartment. All he wanted was a chance.

A week after he mashed 'Ace' Parkes' face, a fire bomb was thrown at the back of his building. Since the building was red sandstone, the threat was implicit. Immediately, Kelly took down the long steel rod he used as a cane, found his way to the Satan's Swords club house and left a liquor bottle full of gasoline in front of their door.

His message was plain. Two could play the game.

He called a friend of his, Jimmy Burns, a newspaper photographer, and ordered some equipment. Jimmy had heard rumors of Kelly's troubles and wanted to help.

"Yeah, sure, Kelly, I'll install it myself. But you can rent this stuff, you know. It'll be cheaper than buying it."

"It won't bother me, Jimmy. And I'm not sure of being able to return it in good shape."

Jimmy took a day off to install a row of professional photographer's floodlights, powering them with a simple step-up transformer plugged into the electrical outlet. Opening the door turned them on. Closing the door turned them off.

Afterwards Jimmy sat at the bar and had a beer. "The boys at the paper are worried,

Kelly. So are the cops."

"Ah hell, there's nothing to worry about. I'm enjoying this bit, Jimmy. It's like the old days. Keeps the blood circulating."

"One of the reporters asked for an exclusive."

"There's nothing to write about. Have another beer."

'MAIN MAN' Moore was making preparations too. "You get near this Irish donkey and he pulls you apart with his hands. We can't let our customers keep laughing at us. We got to make an example of Kelly, and the rest will sweat piles of money. The whole idea here is to make it look like a rip off pulled by outside punks. Convince the cops that we're clean. There will be a rip off, too. Kelly must have a fortune in that apartment of his. 'Ace,' don't fool with him, take him out right away. 'Bomb,' you back him. 'Footsy,' I want you to turn him into a ton of hamburger, something our customers will hear about and think about. Get going."

'Ace' took a sawed-off shotgun. 'Bomb' Beaumont used a hand gun. 'Footsy' Dorsey was an expert with a switch blade. In the early hours of the morning they drove by Kelly's Spot a number of times checking for a police stake out. It was clear. Parking a block away they approached through the alley and used a celluloid strip on the downstairs door.

At approximately this same time, Malcom Moore walked into the precinct house to complain that his car had been stolen. The time of his complaint was duly noted.

Kelly woke up, hearing the three Swords tiptoeing through his back yard. He pulled on a shirt and trousers and took one of his souvenirs off the wall, a sjambok.

A sjambok is made from a bull's penis. The blunt end is nailed to a tree limb and a weight is attached to the other end. As it stretches, it's oiled. In a few weeks it's more than two feet long, tough and flexible. It has the reputation of being the cruelest whip know to man. Its name, sjambok, is attributed to the South African Boers, although it has been outlawed there.

'Ace,' 'Bomb' and 'Footsy' had trouble as soon as they closed the outside door. There was no light. But 'Footsy,' who had gained his nickname prowling through apartments as a sneak thief, used an old trick. He lit their way



"That's not what I meant by foreplay."

About you and your family:

1. Age _____ 2. Sex _____

3. You are ☐ Single ☐ Married
☐ Separated ☐ Divorced
☐ Widowed ☐ Other _____

4. Age of your mate _____

5. What was the last grade of school you completed?

☐ 8th Grade	☐ attended 1-3 years College
☐ 1-3 years High School	☐ College graduate
☐ High School graduate	☐ Graduate work

I am still a student: grade or level _____

6a) At present time you are:

☐ employed full time ☐ employed part time
☐ not employed ☐ in the armed forces

b) What is your occupation? _____ in _____
position business or area

c) Are you a union member? ☐ Yes ☐ No

d) Are you the only one in the household working? ☐ Yes ☐ No

e) If "No", who else works _____

f) Do they work ☐ full time ☐ part time

7a) What is your personal income?

☐ under \$3,000	☐ \$10,000 to \$14,999
☐ \$3,000 to \$4,999	☐ \$15,000 to \$19,999
☐ \$5,000 to \$7,999	☐ \$20,000 to \$24,999
☐ \$8,000 to \$9,999	☐ \$25,000 and over

b) What is your household income (be sure to include your income, as well as other household members).

☐ under \$3,000	☐ \$10,000 to \$14,999
☐ \$3,000 to \$4,999	☐ \$15,000 to \$19,999
☐ \$5,000 to \$7,999	☐ \$20,000 to \$24,000
☐ \$8,000 to \$9,999	☐ \$25,000 and over

8a) Do you have children? ☒ Yes ☐ No

b) If "Yes", how many? _____

c) How old are they and what are their sexes?

9. What type of home do you live in?

☐ house — rent ☐ apartment — own
☐ house — own ☐ other _____
☐ apartment — rent

10. Which best describes the area you live in?

- ☐ metropolitan city
- ☐ metropolitan suburb
- ☐ rural area

(More questions next page)

REBEL

11a) Has the recession affected:

- A) no. of magazines you buy? ☐ Yes ☐ No
 B) quantity of liquor you buy? ☐ Yes ☐ No
 C) brands of liquor you buy? ☐ Yes ☐ No
 D) your response to advertising? ☐ Yes ☐ No
 E) the way you shop? ☐ Yes ☐ No

b) Please explain _____

12. Which credit cards do you have?

- ☐ American Express ☐ Master Charge
☐ Carte Blanche ☐ Gasoline _____
☐ Diners Club _____ (type)
☐ Bank Americard ☐ Other _____

About us and your reading habits

1a) How did you get this magazine? ☐ bought ☐ from someone else

- b) If bought, where: ☐ Newsstand
☐ Drug Store
☐ Super Market
☐ Variety Store
☐ Other (please specify) _____

2. How often do you read this magazine?

- ☐ (every month) regularly
☐ frequently (8 or more times a year)
☐ sometimes (4 to 8 times a year)
☐ seldom (1 to 4 times a year)

3. How many others will read this magazine? _____

4. What other magazines do you read? _____

Your other Activities and Hobbies:

1. How much time do you spend watching TV?

Daytime _____

Nighttime _____

2. Which do you do in your spare time?

- ☐ hunting ☐ pool
☐ fishing ☐ bowling
☐ boating ☐ soft ball
☐ golf ☐ wood working
☐ tennis ☐ spectator sports
☐ other _____

3a) Have you traveled in the past year? ☐ Yes ☐ No

b) If "Yes", how often? _____

c) How did you travel? ☐ car ☐ train
☐ plane ☐ boat

4. Do you do your own:

- household repairs ☐ Yes ☐ No
 gardening ☐ Yes ☐ No
 painting ☐ Yes ☐ No
 wall papering ☐ Yes ☐ No

About product usage:

1a) Do you serve or drink alcoholic beverages?

- ☐ wine ☐ gin
☐ beer ☐ vodka
☐ rye ☐ mixers
☐ bourbon ☐ other
☐ scotch

b) Do you do most of your drinking:

- ☐ At home
☐ Other _____

2a) Do you smoke? ☐ Yes ☐ No

- b) If "Yes": ☐ pipe
☐ cigar
☐ cigarettes

3a) Do you or other members of your household own a car? ☐ Yes

b) If "Yes", how many _____ ☐ No

c) Would your next car be ☐ new ☐ used

d) How long do you generally keep a car? _____

e) Do you do your own car repairs? ☐ none ☐ some ☐ most ☐ all

4a) Do you own a motorcycle? ☐ Yes ☐ No

b) If "Yes" what make? _____

5. Do you use: _____

- ☐ after shave ☐ hair preparation type
☐ cologne ☐ electric razor
☐ blades ☐ deodorant
☐ shaving cream ☐ talcum powder

6a) Do you use a contraceptive, or does your mate?

- ☐ You ☐ Mate

b) Which type? _____

7a) Do you own a camera? ☐ Yes ☐ No

b) If "Yes", how many? _____

make(s) _____

- type ☐ still
☐ moving picture
☐ polaroid

c) Do you have a projector? ☐ Yes ☐ No

d) If "Yes", type? _____

8. Are any of the following owned by people in your household?

- ☐ Stereo ☐ Powertools
☐ B/W TV ☐ Tape recorder
☐ Color TV

9. Do you own any of the following equipment:

- ☐ tennis ☐ camping
☐ bowling ☐ golf
☐ skiing ☐ bicycles
☐ boat ☐ snowmobiles
☐ rifle ☐ other _____
☐ fishing gear _____

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with matches.

At the apartment door they lined up. 'Ace' was going in first with the shotgun. Whether Kelly was still in bed, or moving to attack them, he was going to cut him in half with loads from both barrels. 'Bomb' would back him up, going for a head shot. 'Footsy' had every intention of doing to Kelly the same thing a butcher does to a steer. The whole thing would take thirty seconds, then they'd be on their way long before the police could be notified.

'Ace' kicked at the door. The lock was open and the door sprung free. 'Ace' rushed in and the others followed close behind as a long battery of floodlights glared into their eyes. For a second they stared into those multiple suns. The light was a physical force that dug into their optic nerves. There was acute physical pain, something like sharpened knitting needles boring into the backs of their heads. They had come from pitch darkness into intolerable burning brightness.

'Ace' fired a barrel, either to fight back at the light or as a spontaneous reaction. Some of the lights were blown apart.

Then Kelly was moving from the wall, moving behind them. He had located the exact position of them all by sound. As he advanced he brushed the door shut, and the flood lamps went out—but not their effect. Their brightness was still registered on the optic nerves of the only three men in the room who could see. They were worse than blind, they were in pain. Lights were winking on and off in their brains as their eyes tried to recover. Kelly had evened the odds.

The instant he heard the shotgun blast, he knew the source of the greatest danger and lashed down at it. The sjambok caught 'Ace' across the trigger hand, nearly severed his thumb. He screamed and the second barrel went off, a lightning stroke that would further retard their eye adaptation.

Kelly pivoted, swinging. The tough whip slashed 'Bomb' Beaumont on the lower jaw and neck, opening the flesh to the bone and removing his left ear lobe. He screamed and staggered. As he was falling away, the sjambok jerked the gun out of his hand.

'Footsy' was retreating, holding the blade in front of him, waving it to meet any attack. He was crouching in a fighting position, yet his hurried breathing told Kelly exactly where he was and the more subtle sounds revealed what he was doing. Kelly struck. There was a crack like a small caliber pistol. The noise was from tough leather opening flesh. The whip hit 'Footsy' above the wrist. The impact split the meat up his forearm, opening the skin nearly to his elbow. Where actual contact was made, the flesh of his wrist was bashed apart to reveal the whiteness of the bone. The pinky nail was sliced off as neatly as if done by a razor. The next two fingers looked like they had been caught in gears. 'Footsy' fell screaming to his knees.

Kelly turned again, pursuing 'Ace,' afraid that the hood would reload the shotgun. That's what 'Ace' was trying to do except he was hampered by the fact his right thumb was hanging by its tendons. When he reached into his pocket the pain made his hand contract. In the few seconds since he had been hit he hadn't been able to figure out a way to get to his spare ammo.

He heard the whistle of the whip. Driven by an extraordinarily powerful arm, it peeled his shoulders. The one stroke removed three layers of cloth: The Satan's Swords jacket



"The doctor thinks you're not quite ready for the sun-deck yet."

was ripped open to the waist, held together only by the bottom band; his shirt split like a dropped watermelon; shreds of his tee shirt were driven into his wound. The fourth layer removed was 'Ace's' flesh, exposing layers of muscle.

'Bomb' Beaumont got two more licks of the whip on his left arm. A major portion of the muscles in his bicep were severed.

'Footsy' took one in the face, opening him from hairline to jaw. The optic nerve was parted by impact, and consequently he is permanently blind in his left eye. The second stroke opened him from the left nipple of his chest to well over on the right rib cage.

From reports and available pictures, Kelly's walls and ceilings dripped blood. The room resembled a slaughterhouse.

KELLY went downstairs, pulled his garbage pails around to the front of the building. It was just coming dawn. He put 'Ace,' 'Bomb' and 'Footsy' on top of the pails.

Cops in a passing police car had noticed his activity, circled back and parked to watch him. After Kelly had finished and was standing there inhaling the morning air, Sergeant Harry Croaker got out of the prowler car.

"Morning, Kelly," he greeted.

"What? Oh, morning, Harry."

"Getting rid of your garbage?"

"Yeah. Messing up the place."

"Guess we'll have to take it off your hands."

"I'll call it in," the other cop offered.

But Sgt. Croaker, a black cop, stooped him. "Communications are uncertain at this hour. Why don't you drive through the park, and when you happen to pass by the hospital tell them about it."

Kelly and Croaker stood there chatting, both of them perfectly aware of what they were doing. People passing on their way to work looked and laughed.

Satan's Swords were destroyed. Their reputation was ruined. A man threatened by one wouldn't be afraid of the rest. Witnesses appeared against them, and many were convicted of extortion.

Scott 'Ace' Parkes, Adrain 'Bomb' Beaumont and Larry 'Footsy' Dorsey, were convicted of use of deadly weapons and attempted murder. They are presently appealing. 'Main Man' Moore was tried on a conspiracy charge, declared innocent, and is now facing a number of extortion charges.

Kelly is still running Kelly's Spot. Black people like to come in there now. They know they're welcome.

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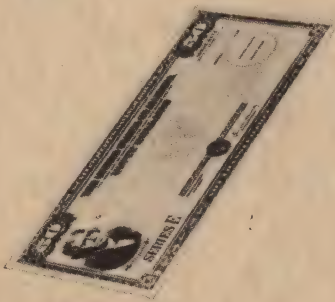
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THE WIFE-SWAP LETTERS

(Continued from page 13)

gap in our marriage bed that demanded a new kind of sexual stimulus. Our sex life was always full and complete, always stimulating and interesting. I was faithful to her for our entire marriage, and I'm confident she was also faithful to me.

So how did we get into swapping? Why did we even bother to try it? Well, the summer before last we took "groupie" shares in a beach house at Rehoboth Beach, Delaware. There were three other couples in the house, all workers in the Washington, D.C., area who drove to the beach on weekends for a little fun and relaxation. The house was one of many in Rehoboth that was occupied by young, energetic people in their twenties or early thirties. Though everyone in our house was married, many in other houses were just living together. And some houses were filled entirely with single people who had no ties whatever—sexual or otherwise.

The spirit of all these young people was very invigorating for my wife and me. For the past several years, our social contacts had been limited to people I worked with, most of whom were older and quite conservative. To be thrust suddenly into a group where everyone was young and attractive, where all the girls went braless, where single people talked openly and unashamedly about their sexual relationships—well, it was quite a change from the scene we were used to. Still, I don't think anyone in our house would've gotten involved in wife-swapping if it weren't for that volleyball game . . .

Ah, yes, the volleyball game! Every afternoon the men in our group would assemble on the beach for volleyball. One afternoon the girls insisted that they be allowed to play. To humor them, we said okay.

It was a real circus. They were missing the ball, hitting each other on the head, and constantly falling. The guys were getting really disgusted and wanted to call it quits—until the sex action started. Angie, Scott's wife, was playing next to me and kept bumping into me. Keep in mind that we were on the beach, so all the girls were wearing bikinis. I can't tell you what a shiver it gave me to feel that bare arm and a portion of bare breast rub against me. Really, it was the first time in five years that I'd had such intimate contact with any woman other than my wife.

I never considered that the whole thing was anything other than accidental, and I felt rather guilty about being turned on by it. But I soon realized I wasn't the only one getting this kind of turn-on. While Angie was pressing her bod against mine, Scott was playing bump-de-bump with Susan, Bill's wife. Once they both dived for the ball, collided, and wound up with Susan lying chest-first on Scott's belly.

Scott, the clown in our group, said, "Hey, baby, let's have and instant replay on that last tackle." Then he sort of pulled her down on top of him, and they got lost in a tangle of arms and legs and laughter. Meanwhile, Bill

was assisting my wife, Kathy. He had his arms around her shoulders and was showing her how to thrust the ball up toward the net. They both looked as if they were more into each other than the game. I probably would've been really angry if I hadn't been getting such a charge out of my contacts with Angie.

Soon we took a break, and Scott went up to the house for a case of beer. After a couple cans each, we were all even less inhibited. Every time the ball came over the net was another excuse for another pile-up. Once I wound up on my back with a breast—I don't know whose—in my hand. I have to admit, it felt good. Not that it was any nicer than my wife, Kathy's. She's got a dynamite set. But the strangeness of it—the *variety*—really turned me on. I think any normal man would respond the same way after five years of sex with only the same woman.

We finished the case of beer (which averaged out at four cans each), then headed back to the house. Then Scott made a suggestion: "Hey, you guys (laughing), why don't we put some variety in our lives. What do you say we switch wives for the evening (still laughing, in case it didn't go over it could be passed off as a joke)." He put his arm around Susan and said, "You're up for it, aren't you babes?"

Everyone laughed along with Scott, agreeing that it could be a lot of fun for the evening. Bear in mind, of course, that it was just the *evening*—nobody said anything about the night. So we agreed that we'd all spend the evening "dating" each others' wives. Then the guys pooled their car keys in Scott's car—was fishing that, the girls drew keys, and we were matched with our new mates. We agreed to meet at midnight at the house. Then we went off in separate directions.

I felt uncomfortable with my date, Jeannie, Ray's wife. I found her very attractive, and I simply didn't know how to handle myself. But she evidently had no problem in that department. "Take me dancing," she said. "We'll see if I can turn you on as much as I do everyone else."

I must admit, she had me shook up. She was one hell of a sexy dancer, and my inhibitions had been lowered by all the day's bumping and boozing. As we drank more, I thought of trying to sneak off with her for a quickie in the car. It took great restraint not to. Only my strong desire not to be unfair to Kathy kept me in line.

As midnight approached we returned to the house and continued drinking as we waited for the others. The last ones to check in were Ed and Susan. She was really blasted—and she spoke her mind. "Hey, everybody, what do you all say we stay switched until morning?"

There was silence. I glanced around and exchanged embarrassed looks with everyone else. Obviously, it was something we all wanted to do.

"Well," Susan pressed, "anyone have any

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objections?"

Still no one spoke. Whereupon she fell into Ed's arms, planted a big kiss on his mouth, and said, "Well, big fella, I guess that makes it official."

I smiled timidly at Kathy, who smiled back. Our looks said more than a thousand words. We were both embarrassed to admit the truth to the other person—but we both were strongly in favor of a swap.

Everyone returned to the bedrooms and had memorable sex sessions. The next morning at breakfast, we all were very awkward about the whole thing. But I think we all were kind of proud that we pulled it off, too. We discussed our reactions, and everyone agreed it was a positive experience. We agreed to think about it during the week and possibly try it again on the following weekend.

Kathy and I discussed it extensively during the week. We both acknowledged that we enjoyed the sexual variety. Our big concern was whether it had put a strain on our own relationship. But apparently it hadn't. If anything, we felt more for each other than before the swap. And our sex was even better. Somehow we both brought a greater intensity of feeling to it now.

"When Bob suggested we try a swap date I was scared stiff. Scared but more excited than I had been in 14 years of marriage. Switching did the trick . . . it broke us out of our rut."

The following weekend we swapped again. Everyone in the beach house participated except Susan and Bill, who simply couldn't handle it, even though she was the one who had got the whole thing started. Apparently he had problems handling her freedom, not vice-versa. Shortly afterward, they stopped spending their weekends at the house.

Over the summer, Kathy and I got to switch with every couple in the house. We subsequently expanded our relationships to include other couples we met through the original house group. By this past summer our group had grown to 16 couples.

Kathy and I intend to continue swapping as long as we stay interested in it, which probably will be indefinitely. It has strengthened our relationship and enhanced our lives. I only wish it were possible to meet a greater number of attractive couples who are interested in swapping. Unfortunately, we haven't yet figured how to do this. *M.C., Maryland*

WHAT DOCTOR ORDERED

You are doing the public a great service to publicize all this recent news about wife-swapping, etc. If you ask me, the whole country will be a lot better off when people get outside their own marriages and explore new horizons.

I am 35, my wife is 31. We have been married for 14 years. Before we tried swapping, our marriage had been going downhill for so long that we practically hated each other. I started cheating on her after about a year. It wasn't that I didn't love her, but there was no spark left to our marriage. After the children came, it was really a zero. She was interested only in them. I might as well

have been a boarder in the house.

For 10 years, I was one of this country's many "unmarried marrieds." I would come on to girls I met at work or on the street. I'd have "bowling" and "poker" nights "with the boys" as excuses to be out on a date. I was a master of back-seat romance and quickies in the office stockroom. To me, my own home was just a place to eat and sleep.

Then a change came over my wife. It happened gradually. She began to take a greater interest in her appearance. She went on a diet, got a new hair-do, started dressing like a younger woman instead of in the older fashions she used to wear. To my amazement, I started getting interested in her again—sexually as well as otherwise.

One day I asked her what had brought about the change in her. She replied, "I'm having an affair, you moron—just as you've been doing all these years."

I don't know quite how to put this, but she raised herself considerably in my esteem by that action. It was as if she restored herself to womanhood after 10 years of sexless motherhood.

We started having long talks about our relationship, the kind of talks we hadn't had

since our early dating days. We found we were really digging each other again. And we didn't mind each others' outside affairs. Obviously, they kept us on our toes—which kept each of us stimulating for the other party.

Around this time we had been reading a great deal about swapping and decided to investigate. We subscribed to a swingers' magazine and wrote to some of the couples who advertised. We didn't like the first few couples we met, but we persisted, selecting our new correspondents more carefully. Soon we met George and Marie, who were younger than us but much more experienced at swapping. We got along great with them. They had a whole circle of swap-friends, and they introduced us around.

As we became friendly with couples we met through them, we got introduced to still more couples. Before long we had our own circle. I won't say that every couple we've swapped with was super-dynamite or that every experience was terrific. But on the average we've done very well. I would say both of us were fully satisfied 75 percent of the time.

We now have been swapping for three years. If you saw a picture of my wife today versus four years ago, you'd think the older picture was of her mother. Swapping has done wonders for our marriage. It's just what the doctor ordered. Even our children say we are better people to live with—though they naturally don't know what we are doing when we spend the night "visiting friends."

I would recommend to any of your readers who may be considering separation or divorce: before going through with it, try swapping. You'll be surprised at the change it can bring about in your life. *J.B., Minnesota*

TRAGIC EXPERIENCE

My husband Joe and I have been married three and a half years. He is 24, and I am 23. Until recently our sex lives were stimulating and enjoyable. However, this year, no matter what I did, it became more difficult enticing him into sex.

For a while I believed he was having an affair. I even went to the extreme of following him when he left the house at night on an emergency call (he is an electronics technician with the phone company). Well, they were real emergencies. Not once did he meet a woman.

I tried to figure what I was doing that turned him off. I couldn't think of anything. One night I approached him about the matter. He was also aware our sex life was deteriorating. He said he was still madly in love with me and couldn't live without me, but sex just wasn't as important as in the past.

Finally, I said, "Anything! I will do anything to restore our relationship!"

I don't know what I expected him to reply . . . maybe that we should go on vacation, or something like that. Instead, he suggested the extreme. Why not try wife-swapping?

I couldn't believe it! Swapping! He discussed it with a guy at work. The guy and his wife were willing, if we were.

I was flabbergasted, confused, hurt, and annoyed! How could anyone even suggest such a thing? I told Joe I would think about it during the night. That night I didn't sleep a bit. But after the rage wore off, I was able to think more clearly. I wanted to please my husband, and I wanted to restore our sexual relations. So I decided to do it to help our relationship.

Two weekends later we went to the lakeside cottage of Frank and Katherine, the other couple. Frank broke out a good bottle of champagne. We all drank. Joe was in Seventh Heaven, singing and laughing joyously as he ogled Katherine—who is 21 and has a sensational figure but is a low-grade imbecile.

I just sort of sat in a corner, nervous and shy, hating every moment. When Frank came near me, I wanted to scream. He was hairier than most men—long hair with a beard. I began downing champagne as if it were going out of style, trying to get myself pie-eyed to keep from running out on the party.

Before long, Joe and Katherine were nuzzling each other on the couch, right before my eyes. I was revolted. Meanwhile, Frank wanted to hustle me off to the bedroom. I was too drunk to stop him. We had sex with no assistance from me. But he didn't seem to mind, as long as he had a new hole to put it in.

That night I began hating my husband. How selfish he is! He wants to keep me and have affairs, too! That's what it amounts to. I'd rather him have the affairs and not involve me. I hated the whole experience.

For his sake, I tried it once more. I hated Michael and Steffi even more than Frank and Katherine. Michael was a big football type who obviously had the sense knocked out of him. Steffi was plump, with teased blonde hair and black roots. I realize I may not be the most attractive girl in the world, but I certainly had it head and shoulders over her! How could Joe want anything to do with her?

Perhaps if we had tried swapping with other couples, I would have reacted differently. If, for instance, it was Stan and Nancy, the couple we play cards with. But then they would never subject themselves to such non-

sense. They have too much self-respect and a great deal of respect for each other.

The final straw was the last night Joe and I spent with Frank and Katherine. Yes, I was foolish enough to consent to a repeat performance. Well, my husband impregnated her. She obviously didn't have the intelligence to use any form of birth control. She claims she can't take the pill, and anything else impedes her enjoyment of sex. Besides, she was sure it was a safe time. Of course, someone of her intelligence can't be expected to do something very complicated—like counting.

Now her husband is demanding that Joe pay for the abortion. None of this has seemed to faze my brilliant husband. I now am talking to a lawyer about divorce. Meanwhile, I am living on tranquilizers. Our marriage was good, but we've lost everything and I am seriously worried now about losing my sanity.

Tell that to your readers who may be considered wife-swapping. *S.F., Louisiana*

VACATION TURN-ON

I don't know how you can tabulate my wife and me in your statistics. We've tried swapping, dug it, and want to do it again. But we doubt we ever will.

Our experience took place two years ago. We were on vacation at Club Mediteranne, on the Caribbean island of Guadeloupe. It was a beautiful resort, with lots of attractive young people, and we quickly made friends with other couples.

We got expecially friendly with Evan and Charlene, from Toronto. We spent lots of time snorkeling and sailing together and sunbathing on the topless beach. My wife, Jeannie, never had gone topless before, but somehow the presence of everyone else going topless seemed to uninhibit her.

In addition to the topless beach, the Club also has one that is complete nude. On our third day at breakfast, Evan and Charlene said they were considering spending the morning there. I looked at Jeannie. She blushed but said she'd be willing to give it a try.

I found that being nude in this other couple's presence had a great freeing effect on Jeannie and me. It also was very stimulating. We found ourselves knocking off matinees and morning shots as well as our usual before-bed sex. As the vacation continued, we became even more vigorous, sexually.

Then came the swap. It happened one night after a luau on the beach. The four of us went together, then sat around in the sand eating spit-roasted lamb and guzzling rum punches. Jeannie was wearing shorts and a very sexy tiny halter. Charlene wore a senisee through that displayed her excellent breasts to best advantage. I guess all four of us was checking out the other.

We never actually discussed swapping. But as the evening progressed, we found ourselves drawing closer and closer to it. A band played for dancing on the beach. After a few tunes with our own spouses, we changed partners. Soon we were changing for slow tunes as well as fast ones. Then we were lying together in the sand in a way that brought all four bodies into close proximity.

I can't say who made the first move. I do know that Charlene reached for my hand. I took it. A short while later I looked at Jeannie and noticed she was holding Evan's hand. Then we progressed to arm-around-the-waist. Soon we were kissing.

Evan suggested a walk along the beach. My

heart pounded furiously as the four of us strolled, Charlene holding on to me, Jeannie holding on to Evan. If anyone had asked me to share my wife with him, I'd have punched him in the mouth without hesitation. But somehow the way things had happened with Evan and Charlene made everything okay.

We stopped under some coconut palms in a desolate area. We lay in the sand. I kissed Charlene, then reached for her breast. Her hand found its way to my penis. Soon we were making love.

It was an incredible sensual experience. The air was cool and perfumed with jasmine. Her body was magnificent. Her flesh was hot, the sand beneath it cool. As we made love, I could hear the waves lapping the shore. I also could hear the gentle moans of Jeannie making love to Evan.

I stress, under ordinary circumstances I never would have been able to handle having my wife ball another guy. But in this setting, and with the kind of friendship we had developed with Evan and Charlene, it all seemed perfectly natural and even loving.

We didn't talk about it afterwards. That is, Jeannie and I discussed it privately—but not with Evan and Charlene. Somehow it seemed as if talking about it might break the magic of it. Jeannie and I agreed that we enjoyed it very much and that it made us feel closer than ever. It also made us even more turned on to each other. When we got back to our cabin we had an incredibly intense act of intercourse.

For the rest of the vacation, the four of us were virtually inseparable. It was like a four-way marriage. I'd be as apt to go swimming with Charlene as Jeannie. We swapped partners for lovemaking every evening, but always returned to our originals before going to sleep. On the second-to-last night, Evan suggested spending the whole night with each others' wives but no one else seemed very enthusiastic about it so the suggestion just sort of died.

On our last night, we had an incredible beach night. We lay in the sand till about 5 in

the morning, switching wives back and forth half a dozen times.

When we left, we exchanged addresses and promised to stay in touch. But Toronto and Houston are pretty far apart. I've spoken to Evan on the phone a few times, but so far we haven't been able to coordinate a vacation at the same time. Hopefully we will before long.

Meanwhile, Jeannie and I would love to have similar relationships with other couples. But we haven't been able to get anything going.

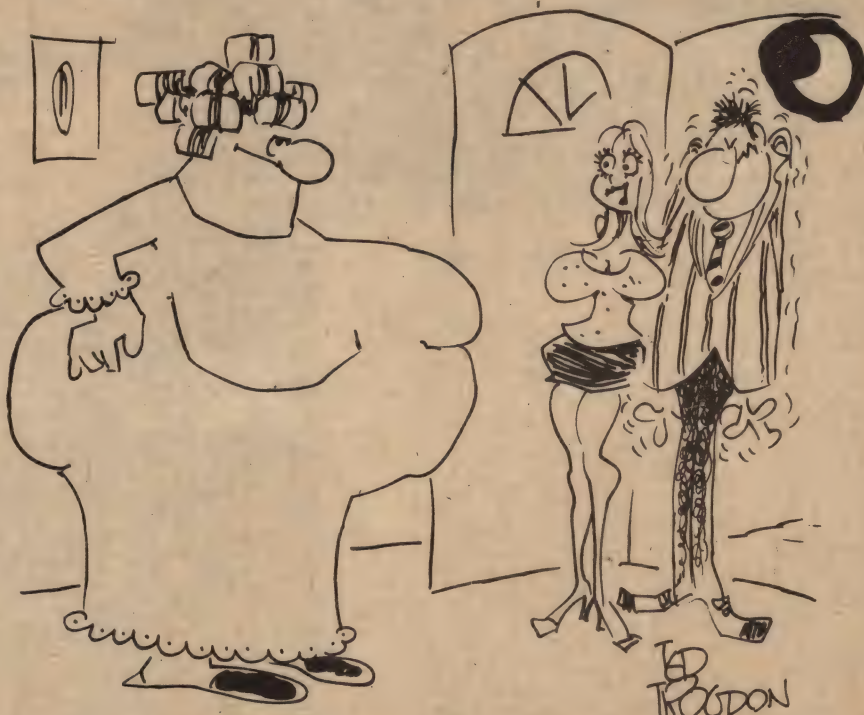
We wouldn't dream of those meat-market exchanges with people you meet through ads in underground newspapers. We want to get to know a couple first, develop a feeling toward them as people, then go into swapping only if all four of us feel great vibes for each other. We thought we might succeed at this sort of thing if we took a vacaiton at a nudist colony. Well, we went to one but didn't meet anyone we liked.

I don't know what our next move will be, if any. We're interested in more action, but our relationship is terrific without it. We don't desperately crave it. So I guess we'll just hang on and see what happens. *J.T., Texas*

EFFECTIVE STRATEGY

For your records, my husband and I have been swapping for four years and almost certainly will continue for as long as we're sexually attractive enough to interest other people. Now let me tell you how it all came about. I may be the only woman in your files who engineered the couple's swap relationships, rather than having the husband do it.

We'd been married for about a year and a half when I realized I needed outside action. I was 22 at the time. My husband, Tony, was a good lover—in fact the best of more than 100 I'd been to bed with since my first time at age 16. But this past experience of mine was part of the problem. I really liked variety. I'd always had it. And now that I was married, I missed it.



"He was a perfect gentleman, Mom. He didn't even kiss me all the time we were in the motel."

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Well, I had a couple extramarital relationships. Two were quickies with route men who came around during the day when Tony was at work. Another was a once-a-week thing with a fellow I snuck off to see on the pretense of visiting girl friends or going shopping.

But I didn't like sneaking. I didn't like any of the guilt or fear that I'd be discovered. Still, I just couldn't see spending the rest of my sex life with only one man.

I talked about this with Sandy, who'd been my closest friend when we went catting around as single girls. She admitted she had something of the same problem. So we agreed to help each other solve it.

She started spending lots of time at my place and made it very obvious to Tony that she dug him. Actually, she wasn't nuts about him; but she put on a good act. I did likewise with her husband, who was a real turd.

Sure enough, one Saturday when I was out shopping, Tony gave into temptation and balled Sandy. I timed my return very carefully and found them in bed together. Now it was long-talk time. I told him I didn't mind if he wanted to cheat, I didn't consider it a violation of our love, etc. I added that I personally didn't have any attraction to another man at this point, but if Tony wanted to go ahead even though I wasn't having affairs, it was okay.

He naturally was astonished that I was so understanding. But as months passed, he saw I really didn't give him any grief about extra-curricular activities. So he began dating fairly regularly.

That was my clue to start. And soon it was long-talk time again. We both were hassled by the inconveniences of dating outside the marriage—not being able to count on the other person for a social engagement on a given night, being alone at times when one didn't want to be, etc. We agreed that we had many of the hassles of single life, and it was to avoid these, at least partly, that we got married in the first place.

So we agreed that we would have outside dating on only two nights a week and that we'd help each other get dates when one of us didn't have one. Obviously the most efficient way of doing this was to swap with other couples.

From then on, whenever I got interested in a guy, I would pressure him to recruit his wife for Tony—provided, of course, that she was attractive. Likewise, Tony pressured his chicks to recruit their husbands for me. It has worked out very well. I now get my variety, Tony and I have a superb marriage, and he is firmly convinced that the whole arrangement is his idea.

Just thought your readers might like to know. *M.G., South Carolina*

SURPRISED CONVERT

I am 23, female, and a surprised convert to swapping. (Why do they always call it "wife-swapping"? Isn't it "husband-swapping" also?)

I never would've dreamed when I got married that I'd ever get involved in something like this. I'd had other lovers before my husband, but I always looked on marriage as a permanent thing, no exceptions made.

However, after two years of marriage, I realized we were losing some of the *oomph!* we used to have. I discussed this with my hus-



"The show was panned, Mother . . . but one of the critics loved me."

band, and he said he felt the same way. He added that he really felt a strong urge for outside activity. He said he still loved me—in fact more than ever—but sexual variety had been very important before our marriage and apparently continued to be more important than he had thought it would be. He asked if I'd consider swapping.

My first reaction was disappointment and hurt. It was as if I had proved inadequate to the responsibilities of my marriage. What made the whole thing a lot worse was that I myself felt no desire whatever for outside sex. But Bill was adamant that he needed it.

"Either we can do it together, as a couple," he said, "or I can patrol the singles' bars and try to score on my own. Or else we can stay faithful and let the marriage disintegrate. Take your pick."

Given those choices, I decided to give swapping a try. He had some friends who did it regularly, getting together at different couples' homes for key exchanges and things like that. I consented to attend one swap party and, to my great astonishment, love it!

Maybe it was the great sense of relaxation and freedom that turned me on. Maybe it's just that the guys in this swap group had a lot more on the ball than the guys I used to date before marriage. In any case, though I was initially very bashful about doing it, once I'd crossed the barrier, I had no hang-ups whatever.

I really dig swapping—and no one is more surprised about my reaction than me, except possibly Bill. Not that it disappoints him, mind you. We're both very happy with the way things have turned out. We now have been swapping for an entire year and see no reason to ever stop. *K.H., Kentucky.*

PAST MASTER

For the benefit of your younger readers, who may think that their generation has made all the important discoveries, let me say that my wife and I started swapping 35 years ago. (I am now 58, she is 56.) We used to

live in Greenwich Village, New York City, at that time—and this was when it was a real Bohemia, artists and writers, not all drug addicts and assholes, as is the case today.

We swapped regularly with several couples who were close friends and also went "scouting" for other couples on vacations in other cities—which, you may be sure, was a much more difficult chore than today. Over the years, I would say we swapped with about 150 couples. There were a few unhappy outcomes to these exchanges, a few raised tempers and heated words, but by and large I would say a good time was had by all.

We continued these activities until about 10 years ago. Not that we lost the desire, but in our age group it simply is impossible to keep this sort of thing going successfully. Unfortunately, most younger people we know aren't interested in us—for physical reasons. This is our loss, but it's the loss of younger people, too, because with all our experience we could really show them a few tricks, in bed or out.

Anyway, while I guess I will have to label myself a "past master" rather than a current player of the game, I think I can give a few valuable pointers to present-day swappers:

1. The best way to connect with other couples is for the wives to set things up. Husbands are always happy to go along. Of course, this means your wife must really know your taste in women, or you can wind up with some real dogs.

2. Don't let your children know what you're doing. They won't understand.

3. You'll do much better outside your usual social circles. The best places to get things going are vacation spots that cater to swingers. There are some very good private clubs and nudist camps in this category. Also nudist beaches.

4. Whenever possible, make new contacts at nudist beaches. That way, you see what you're going to get.

In closing, let me wish ever swinger or would-be swinger who reads your magazine as much happiness and pleasure as my

wife and I have received from swapping. E.T., New York

WHAT ELSE IS NEW?

I'm 34 and was an enthusiastic swapper even before I was married. It all started for me about 8 years ago when I began dating Cindy. She previously had dated—and balled—my buddy, Richie, who fixed me up with her. She continued to date him after she started dating me.

Richie and I ping-ponged her back and forth. Sometimes she'd be my date when we went on double-dates, sometimes his. A few times, when other girls weren't available, she, Richie and I went out as a trio—and she balled both of us. She dug the freedom of the relationship as much as we did.

After a while, she started fixing us up with other chicks. She happened to work at an office that was a real swingers factory, so we met some dynamite chicks through her. Naturally, both Richie and I wanted to ball the new chick. So Cindy did whatever she could to help it along.

Our usual routine was for the three of us and the new chick to have dinner at Richie's apartment. After dinner, whoever was Cindy's date would start making out with her rather openly. This would encourage the other chick to be equally free (though not always, of course). Soon Cindy and her date would exit to the bedroom, leaving the new one to ball the other guy on the couch (which, again, did not happen always, but did happen more often than most people might think).

Now, after this first ball, it was time for the swap. The guy who had balled the new chick would get up and go to the bathroom. This would serve as a clue to Cindy and the other guy, who'd be in the bedroom listening. The bedroom guy now would come out and go into the living room to ball the new chick. The bathroom guy would go in to ball Cindy.

Again, this did not work every time. Very often, the new chick was highly insulted and would demand to be taken home. But in a surprising number of cases, she was willing to go along with the program—or at least too intimidated by the whole set-up to back out. (I have found, as I gained sexual experience over the years, that a tremendous number of

chicks will ball a guy, even if they don't want to, if they can't think of any other way to get rid of him or turn him off.)

Anyway, Cincy continued this arrangement with us for over a year. It was through her that I met Jan, on one of these very same swap-nights. Jan and I subsequently went on to do our own swapping with girls she recruited and guys I recruited.

Jan and I are now married, as are Richie and Cindy. I guess you could say we're one happy family. Not only do we have all the sexual variety we enjoyed as singles, but we also get the financial advantage of being able to file a joint income tax return. M.K., California

DISAPPOINTED

I am 29, my wife is 26. We tried swapping for the first time about 5 years ago, after 2 years of marriage. We continued for about a year, then gave it up.

Frankly, we were disappointed. The couples we found initially interesting usually proved to be real duds in bed. Most attractive couples couldn't be persuaded to try it, and frequently we were embarrassed when we approached someone. We tried swappers' motels, bars, nudist camps and magazines, but met only losers.

We still like the idea of sexual variety, and now date separately a couple nights a week. But we found swapping just wasn't our cup of tea. Probably the biggest drawback is finding a couple both of you dig. If I like the girl, my wife almost always hates the guy, and vice-versa. M.R., Wisconsin

IN DESPARAITON

My husband, Bob, and I were drifting apart sexually. When we had sex, it was pleasurable, and at first we had it quite a bit. But the pleasure started diminishing rapidly, and soon so did the sex.

We're definitely the gimmick-type of couple. We need something more than just two bodies to turn us on. We've tried everything: porno flicks, mirrors, every position, every possible form of foreplay. Every new trick was lots of fun at first, but it soon got stale. At one time we had discussed going to swappers'

bars, but we were afraid it would have a long-term negative effect on our marriage. Meanwhile, without new stimulation, our sex life was going down the drain. At last count, once every two weeks was our average. Out of desperation, we decided to give the bars a try.

We went to the Tradewind, in New York City, which is only a half hour drive from our New Jersey home. We found a cozy, comfortable place with a phone on each table. You and your mate sit at one table and check out the other couples. If you see someone you like, you dial their number. Or they do likewise with you. If you or they are not interested, there's no obligation. No one has to swap with another couple. You just hang up and try someone else.

When Bob and I arrived, our first move was to order two stiff drinks. We had to release our inhibitions. And it's a good thing we drank, because the night rapidly gave evidence of becoming a complete disaster. If I liked a guy, Bob didn't like the girl—and vice-versa. I think we were both a bit anxious and unsure. Finally this couple walked in that we both were really turned on to. The girl was built similarly to me but with dark coloring. The guy was built like Bob, but a lot hairier.

We decided to wait till they had cased the place, in the event there was someone they found much more appealing than us. When they were still inactive after two minutes, we phoned their table and invited them to join us for a drink. It turned out they were Tradewind regulars and anxious for an experience with a new couple. Dynamite!

The room is divided into little nooks that can be closed off, if you choose, by folding doors. We chose, since it was our first experience. We talked with Jay and Margie for a while, then she and I switched places in the booth. Jay stroked my leg and I knew Margie was probably doing at least that much to Bob. Suddenly she kissed him passionately, then turned to Jay and said, "Mmmmmmm—very good."

I felt jealousy and queasiness at the same time. Then Jay ran his hand up my bare leg and let it rest on my crotch. His finger was incredibly talented, doing all sorts of wild things to my clit. Then he leaned over and kissed me. After a few minutes of this, I wasn't even aware of my husband's presence.

We got into some beautiful sex that evening. What a magnificent time! Needless to say, we became regulars at the Tradewind. And it put back the zing that had been missing from our sex lives.

That was four years ago. We still are enthusiastic swappers. L.L., New Jersey

SWAPPING certainly is not the answer to everyone's sexual problems, as some swappers claim. But neither is it the inevitable disaster that many of its opponents—including psychologists and psychiatrists—have threatened over the years.

The above letters demonstrate something of the range of reaction to swapping. I'm interested now in adding to my statistics, and would appreciate additional letters from readers. If you have swapping experiences that you'd like to tell me about, write to MARRIED, c/o Dr. Hermann K. Wolff, MEN MAGAZINE, 575 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10022. You need not sign your letter or identify yourself in any other way. In any event, all correspondents' names and addresses will be kept confidential. ● ● ●



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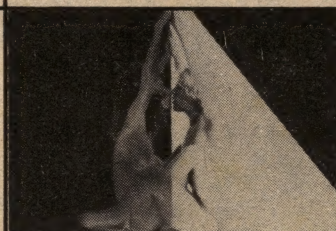
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Thrill BOOK 11

While she sleeps he begins to explore her magnificent body again and slowly she awakes to his tenderness. So begins this exciting book where a beautiful and exciting couple explore each other in ways which you must see and contemplate to totally understand the full range of erotic sexuality which is shared between them.

\$3

Innocence BOOK 4

While picnicking with a friend in a secluded forest in early spring, Laura, a flowering woman, suddenly yet sensuously unbuttons her ruffled blouse, revealing virgin breasts as firm as unplucked ripened fruit and her smooth eager thighs. Her soon to be lover also bares his chest. So begins their book of innocence.

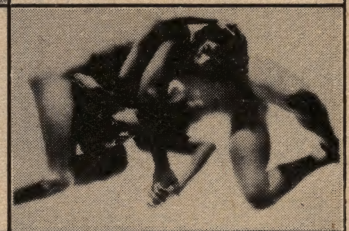
\$3



Love BOOK 12

At first they are engaged in mutual oral love. Soon they are lost within the beauty of the act and are transported across some vast distance to a land where there are no taboos. In this land of their own creation they can do as they like, to love as they love... free of all restraints... here they fulfill their dreams of physical love.

\$3



Delight BOOK 5

A young and beautiful California couple set out to satisfy each other in every conceivable way. They kiss and explore each other with longing in an open and honest way. Learning to share the physicalness of love they soon become one... flowing with the sexual rhythms of life.

\$3



Rapture BOOK 13

There could be no better name for the last volume in this unique set than Rapture. This final couple will lead you on the ultimate tour in the world of erotic sensuality. They will love each other in ways which might have seemed impossible before. But now we hope you have learned to expand your knowledge of erotic sexuality and to more fully understand your own eroticism.

\$3

Time BOOK 6

Hungrily they meet. For them there is not enough time to share all their passions and erotic desires. They must compress, in a few short moments, all their love and seek out new and exciting ways of transmitting their love to one another.

\$3



Satisfaction BOOK 7

An acrobatic reverie in which deeply satisfying love-making positions are exquisitely portrayed. Monique, an enchanting and voluptuous woman, reclines, nude, on a swing and seductively welcomes her virile lover. Soon he is lost in the midst of her deepest perfume, and she, in turn, accepts his manhood in many fascinating ways.

\$3



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Gentlemen:

Please send me the following books for only \$3.00 each:

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|---|--------------------------------------|
| ☐ 1. Two | ☐ 4. Innocence | ☐ 7. Satisfaction | ☐ 11. Thrill |
| ☐ 2. Fantasia | ☐ 5. Delight | ☐ 8. Communication | ☐ 12. Love |
| ☐ 3. Dream | ☐ 6. Time | ☐ 9. Enchantment | ☐ 13. Rapture |
| ☐ 10. Laughter | | | |

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☐ B. Any 2 books checked above Only \$ 5.00
☐ C. Any 7 books checked above Only \$15.00

—OR—

I enclose my full payment in the amount of _____ for the items checked above.

☐ Cash ☐ Check ☐ Money Order

Name _____

SHIP TO: Street _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

Legal Signature _____ Age _____

(Must be over 21)

I want my selections mailed to me C.O.D. for which I enclose \$5.00 deposit and I will pay the balance and a small handling charge when my selections arrive.



I'll guide you step by step into your own thriving business

● While keeping your present job, would
you like to gross \$14 or \$21 profit per hour?

a true story by Bob Ferrel

SOME YEARS AGO I
was a printer in a
small Michigan town.

I drew a pretty fair
pay check but it
wouldn't stretch far
enough to provide
the kind of living
I wanted for my
wife and five
children.

Then one day I was reading a magazine just
as you now are and I saw an ad. It intrigued
me. It offered me the steadily growing income
I had always hoped for. It said I would have
greater security and personal independence...
and that's what I had been wanting.

I was a little skeptical, but I said to myself,
"for a postage stamp I can find out." So I
mailed the coupon. In a few days, I got a letter
with a booklet that gave the whole story. It
opened my eyes. I could see why owning my
own business was so much easier than I had
always thought... why the day to day guid-
ance of a successful worldwide organization
could assure my own success.

I read the booklet several times. It just
seemed too good to be true. I talked it over
with my wife. We decided that now was the
time to make the forward step... there was no
reason to keep postponing an income increase.

So, I applied for a Duraclean dealership and
I was accepted. I stayed with my job... ran a
few ads... sent some mailings... contacted a
few stores and told my friends about the super-
ior services I was now equipped to give them.
Evenings and Saturdays, I rendered the ser-
vice. As the business grew, I added servicemen.

I found that I didn't have to develop a sin-
gle idea myself. Every step had been prepared
for me and pre-tested. Hundreds of other men
had already proven my methods successful.

It didn't take long to see that I was making
three to four times (yes, 3 to 4 times) as much
per hour in my own business as in my printing
job. So, after only seven months with a good
following of customers, I quit my job to go full
time on my own. In the meantime, I had en-
joyed all this extra income on top of my salary.

Each day, we realized what a **serious** mis-
take not mailing that coupon would have been
... and how that little act that seemed so triv-
ial at the time actually changed our lives.

The steadily growing income brought us

many things we could not afford before. My
efforts were so much more productive. I sched-
uled my time to my own liking. When we
wanted a day or two off, we took it. I worked
hard but, if I wanted to be home early or quit
at noon, I did.

This is not a business for a lazy man. But if
a man is ambitious and will work to deserve
those nice things in life we all want, this busi-
ness is made to order for such a man.

I became so enthusiastic about this business
and so appreciative of what it had brought my
family that, whenever a man opened a dealer-
ship near me, I helped him get a quick start.

The company learned about this and had
each new dealer in my section of Michigan
spend a day with me. One day the president of
Duraclean Company asked me how I would
like to move to Headquarters and spend my
entire time helping dealers to increase their
sales and profits.

That was good news to my ears. Since then
I have worked with hundreds of our dealers in
their own towns and at regional meetings, con-
ventions and dealer group meetings. But much
of the time I am right here at my desk in touch
with our dealers by letter and telephone.

Incidentally I sold my dealership at a good
profit. Dealers sell their Duraclean businesses
for up to ten times their cost. After 30 months,
Leo Lubel sold for \$7,116 above his cost. If for
any reason a dealer wants to sell, we maintain
a service to locate buyers and help him sell.

Our job here at headquarters is to show each
individual Duraclean dealer how to use his
own abilities to bring him greatest success. I
know hundreds of our dealers on a first name
basis. We work together as one happy family.
If you become a Duraclean dealer, I'll be as
close to you as your telephone or mail box.

It's Easier than You Think To Build Your Own Business

If you've wanted to BE YOUR OWN BOSS...
to become financially independent and have a
fast growing income, now YOU CAN. And
you own a Nationally Advertised business.

You can stay at your present job while your
customer list grows... then switch to full
time, lining up jobs for your servicemen to do.
One job a day brings a good starting income.

If you hire two servicemen (full or part time)
while you keep your job, the national price
guide provides you a gross profit of \$14 an
hour on their work and this is much easier to
do than you think. **We show you how...**
step by step. That's \$490 for a 35 hour week.

Your gross profit on three servicemen is \$21
per hour. Duraclean dealers find it easy to
gross \$7 per hour on EACH serviceman plus
\$12 an hour on any service they themselves
render. The 24 page illustrated booklet we'll
mail you (with no obligation) explains how
most of your gross profit becomes **clear net
profit**. Your income is limited only by the
number of servicemen you employ.

You can operate from a shop, office, or your
home. Equipment is light and portable.

At the start, you may want to render service
yourself... or you can start with full or part
time servicemen. This business is easy to learn
... easy to start... so easy to service that
women dealers do it. We prefer you have no
experience... not have to "unlearn" old ways.

We are NOW enlarging this worldwide sys-
tem of individually-owned service businesses.
If you are reliable, honest and willing to work
to become financially independent, we invite
you to mail the coupon.

When you receive our illustrated booklet,
you will see the way we show you **step by step**
how to quickly get customers... and still
more customers from their recommendations.

You have 7 superior services that are ren-
dered "on location" in homes, offices, hotels,
theaters, clubs, motels and institutions.

These are not ordinary services. You have

the prestige and endorsement of leading furni-
ture makers and carpet mills, of Parents'
Magazine and McCall's, of Research and Test-
ing Laboratories.

National magazine advertising explains su-
perior merits of **your** services, builds **your** cus-
tomer confidence and brings job leads to **you**.

We and a Duraclean dealer will train you
and assist you. He'll reveal his successful,
proven methods. You have pre-tested news-
paper and yellow-page ads, commercials, and
a full mailing program.

Stores, upholsterers, insurance adjustors,
and decorators refer jobs to our dealers. These
year 'round services are in constant demand.

Start Small, Grow Big in this Booming Business

Many men have said to us, "I can't afford to
give up my job till I know I have a sure thing
... a sound business that will provide both
security and a better living for my family."

That made sense to us so we worked out
such a plan... and those same men are now
enjoying a Duraclean dealership in many com-
munities. You don't experiment. You use
tested, proven methods. You have our **back-
ing** and "**know how**."

Does this appeal to you? Don't decide now.
Mail the coupon so you'll have the facts to
decide wisely. There is no obligation. You'll
then know whether this is what you want.

You can start small and grow big. A third
century ago Duraclean was an idea... but it
caught fire and spread to a world wide service.
Why did it spread? (1) **superior processes**. (2) **proven customer-getting methods** (3) **Day to day guidance from Headquarters**.

Our first service, the care of upholstery and
carpets not only cleans, it enlivens the fibers
... revives dull colors. Pile rises with **new life**.
There's no harsh machine scrubbing. No soak-
ing. Mild aerated foam lightly applied lifts out
dirt, grease, many unsightly spots like magic.
Furnishings are used again in a few hours.

Government figures show service businesses
are **growing faster** than industries and stores
... \$750 million yearly potential just in rug
and furniture cleaning. Your **6 other services**
are explained in the free booklet we'll mail you.

Less than \$1500 establishes **YOUR OWN**
business. A day's profit more than pays the
monthly payments we finance for you.

Men frequently take in partners.

We furnish electric equipment and, with
first shipment, enough materials to **return
your TOTAL investment**. If you have good
habits and know the importance of customer
satisfaction, you can likely qualify for a Dura-
clean dealership.

TODAY is the time to reserve a Duraclean
dealership, **before** someone takes your location.

It's been said, "Opportunity knocks but
once at every man's door." This could be that
one rare opportunity in **your life**.

It is surprisingly easy to learn this business.
You can decide from the information we will
send you whether to apply for a dealership.
So, with **no obligation whatever**, mail the
coupon **TODAY**. Cut it out **NOW** so you
won't forget to mail it.

Mail this coupon TODAY
It may put you in business

Duraclean International
5-319 Duraclean Bldg., Deerfield, Ill. 60015

With no obligation, mail 24 page illustrated booklet
telling how and why I can quickly increase my income
and family security while still employed, how you'll
help finance me. No salesman will call.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State & Zip _____

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Full flavor to match
the best of times.
RALEIGH



These 7-power, 35 mm Bushnell binoculars are yours with free B&W coupons, the valuable extra on every pack of Raleigh.

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